







# THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.

---

Vol. IV.—JANUARY, 1879.—No. 13.

---

## THEORIES OF EDUCATION AND OF LIFE.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

TO write a perfect logic, it would be necessary to write a perfect treatise on man; and a complete theory of education would be a complete philosophy of human nature. The aim and end of education is to bring out and strengthen man's faculties, physical, intellectual, and moral; to call into healthful play his manifold capacities; and to promote also with due subordination their harmonious exercise; and thus to fit him to fulfil his high and heaven-given mission, and to attain his true destiny. This would seem to be simple enough, and the most opposite schools of thought would probably find this statement sufficiently large to embrace all their differences. Nevertheless the subject of education is among the most involved and difficult, as it is among those which bear most directly upon the highest and holiest interests of mankind. The difficulty comes in part from the nature of man, which is complex. By thought he belongs to the world of intellect; by will to the moral world; his body makes him brother to the sluggish clod; his soul gives him companionship with angels, and the whole circumstance of his existence involves him in the most complicated relations with his fellow-beings. There is not merely diversity in his endowments, but contrariety.

The difficulty increases when we come to consider the modifications produced by his surroundings;—the ever-varying and counter-acting influences which affect his character; and yet, in such manner that to assign to each cause its proper effect in the total result is impossible. Again, the phases of human nature in the same



individual are so various; the types of collective bodies of men, so dissimilar; the features of the different national characters, so unlike; the effects produced by the same cause upon the same person, at different times, so opposite; the force of climate, of physical constitution, and even of the most trivial accidental circumstances, so marked and yet so little subject to human foresight, that, taken collectively, these facts of themselves seem to show, that the question of man's perfect and complete education is most intricate and involved. No one has a clear knowledge of the history even of his own life; of the causes of his progress and retrogression; of the influences that surrounded the birth of his affections and the cradle of his thoughts; of the motives that impelled him in this direction or in that. Were it possible to see ourselves as we are, it would yet be impossible to see clearly the causes which have made us what we are. Religious faith; the circumstances of birth and country; the national institutions and literature; the scenes and occupations of childhood; habits, whether good or evil, formed in youth; these and a thousand other influences, often obscure and difficult to trace, go to mould a human character.

There are persons who have been confirmed in virtue by having the bitterness of sin and the folly of wrongdoing brought home to them by sad experience. Others, on the contrary, having once gone astray, never return to the right path, but wander and ever wander, as though, like our first parents, by a first fall, their very nature had been tainted. Who can determine the influence of temperament and of inherited disposition in any given character? And yet this influence ought to be kept in view by the educator. There are natures which are strengthened and ennobled by a discipline, which would weaken and degrade those whose endowments are of a different kind. What fine discernment and deep insight are needed to bring out the antagonistic faculties without permitting them to clash and mutilate one another. The mechanical trade which requires the use of the arms alone, gives to them an abnormal strength at the expense of other members of the body, and thus destroys the symmetry and beauty of the human frame. Excess of physical exercise diminishes the power to think; and great devotion to intellectual culture has a tendency, not only to weaken the body, but to enfeeble the strength of moral conviction also, and consequently to undermine the basis of all true character. The pure intellect is not the sufficient measure of the reality of things, and overweening confidence in its power leads to skepticism. In the same way the development of the will and of moral consciousness, without corresponding mental enlightenment, may beget superstition and fanaticism,—“the zeal which is not of knowledge.” Even in the same faculty there is such a diversity of opera-



tion, that the education of the intellect or of the conscience alone, if we could consider them as isolated, would still be most difficult. Imagination is developed at the expense of judgment; the power of analysis interferes with the more wholesome synthetic operations of the mind; and metaphysical intuition is often found in inverse ratio to common sense. Equilibrium of moral character is not more easily produced. Considered in themselves, the virtues all conspire to form the perfect man; but the limitations of human nature prevent this ideal harmony; and hence, we find that courage interferes with meekness, independence with humility, generosity with economy, and confidence with prudence. The difficulty then is manifest, and it is also evident that no system can be devised by which a perfect education will be secured. And, in fact, to trust greatly to any educational mechanism is a dangerous illusion. Growth of soul is a spiritual process, and can be promoted only by spiritual agencies. Man, and not the school system, is the true educator; and to believe that machinery so powerful within its own sphere, is also able to form worthy men and women, is a gross superstition. It is none the less true, however, that education cannot be carried on without the aid of mechanical appliances; and hence, the necessity of systems, and of attempts to realize them. Every system of education is based upon a theory, which is derived from views concerning man's nature and destiny. What is man? What ought he to be? What is his chief business in this life? Has he a destiny beyond this life? If so, has his conduct in this life a bearing upon his future state? These are questions which necessarily come up for consideration when we attempt to form a theory of education; and this theory will be shaped by the answers which we accept. A system of education is, in fact, the expression of a universal philosophy, embracing God, man, and nature; and hence, nothing throws more light upon the real thought of an age than its views upon this subject. An attentive examination of this matter will not only reveal what men really hold to be true, but it will also bring out, as in relief, the relative importance which they attach to their professed beliefs, and the strength of conviction with which they hold them.

In illustration, we will first revert to the classic nations, whose religion was a kind of nature-worship, and who, though they believed in a future existence, looked upon this life as alone joyous and happy. Hellenic religion, which had its origin in the deification of nature, found its highest expression in the state, whose tutelary divinities were the heroes by whom it had been founded or successfully defended. The state was absolute and supreme; and man's first duty and privilege was to be of service to his country. The future life was to be cheerless in the land of shadows

and gloom; here we drink in the blessed light and air of heaven; here is the green earth, here the flowing waters, here all things invite to joy.

In accordance with these views of man and life, education among the Greeks, is patriotic and æsthetic. In Sparta, the sole aim is to discipline the man into the perfect soldier, and at Athens an element of culture and refinement is added, which is opposed to the warlike temper and the influence of which led to the decay of Grecian civilization. The moral education which teaches the individual that he has duties and responsibilities which transcend his earthly sphere, and which make him accountable to an infinite Being, and an order of things which is eternal, was neglected. In his noblest work Plato has left us an elaborate theory of education, in which he sacrifices both the freedom of the individual and the rights of the family to the state.

With the Romans, too, the state was supreme; but their character was more serious and practical than that of the cheerful and pleasure-loving Greeks. And hence, to the military training which prepared them to win victories for their country, was added a juristic education which taught them to watch jealously over their rights. When by the conquest of Greece, they were brought into contact with æsthetic culture, it was again found incompatible with the patriotic and military temper, and gradually undermined Roman as it had destroyed Grecian civilization. Religion was held to be a function of the state, and hence religious education was made subordinate and auxiliary to the patriotic spirit. Man's first and highest duty was to his country; and both the individual and the family were sacrificed to the state. Hellenism is negatively characterized by want of moral earnestness. The Greek is intellectually active; is eager to see things as they are, and finds the most childlike and real delight in whatever is beautiful; but he has no sense of sin, no awful consciousness of God's presence and holiness. He argues and disputes; creates philosophy and poetry and all the arts, but perishes for having failed to perceive the paramount importance of conduct. His desire to see things as they are, degenerates into sophistry; his love of the beautiful becomes sensuality; and he himself remains an eternal example of the impotence of the noblest endowments, where there is no basis of moral earnestness and religious faith.

Judaism took a different view of man, and consequently formed a different theory of education. The idea of God, the Creator of all things, and wholly free from the control of nature, is the dominant thought of Hebraism. Hence man's primal duty is not to deified personifications of natural forces, but to God, who loves righteousness and hates iniquity; whose will is law, and its fulfil-



ment blessedness; and its violation, which is sin, the only evil and supreme misery. Nature is no longer independent and self-existent, as in the Greek's conception, but a creature, and hence the Hebrew is freed from her control, and loves and fears God alone. Far from adoring as divine, the beauty revealed in nature, he flees from it as a temptation to idolatry. For a similar reason, the state can not be absolute and supreme, and prominence is given to the family. Education is patriarchal and religious, and is directed chiefly to morality.

To illustrate still further the manner in which the theory of education conforms to the generally accepted ideal of man, let us turn from the consideration of national types to the class type.

In the Middle Ages, the most characteristic figures are the knight and the monk. The ideal of chivalry is free military service in behalf of Christendom, and consequently in behalf of all who are wronged and oppressed; and among these, woman takes precedence by virtue of the supreme charm with which she appeals to the heart of man. With a view to fit him for this noble career, the boy, when he was seven years old, began to learn the manner of offensive and defensive warfare, on foot and on horseback; and between his sixteenth and eighteenth year he was raised to knighthood by a formal ceremony. His intellectual education was neglected, as having nothing to do with the main purpose of his life. His hand was to hold the sword and not the pen; and even in modern times we find, in proportion as the aristocratic spirit is powerful, a want of mental flexibility and openness to ideas in the nobility. Great development was given to the moral qualities which go to form the knightly character, especially courage and the sense of honor. To be a true knight, was to be *sans peur et sans reproche*. The exaggerated notion of the worth of courage and the extreme sensibility to honor, which were fostered by this education, led to the fantastic extravagancy of knighterrancy, and finally degenerated into vagabondism and quixotism, which were the harbingers of the decline and dissolution of chivalry.

The ideal of monasticism is free spiritual service in behalf of Christendom, and consequently in behalf of all who are wronged and oppressed or weak and helpless, and especially of the slave and the poor. The monk is the chevalier of the soul. Obedience takes the place of fealty, poverty gives the right and the power to speak words of hope and consolation to those who have nothing, and charity elevates to a spiritual and free kingdom, where the fetters that bind the wedded are unknown, and where there is yet the most intense and real love. And so obedience is not the negation of liberty; nor poverty, of work; nor chastity, of the family. The ideal monk realizes heaven more truly than earth, is more

conscious of his soul than of his body or his mind. Hence, his education is primarily spiritual and unworldly. He loves solitude and silence, meditates much upon the vanity of life, the certainty of death, and the unreality of all earthly hopes. His thoughts are in eternity with God, and the great world-drama of human life seems to him like a phantasmagoria. He studies, but learning is made subordinate to spiritual progress; he labors, but not that he may enrich himself, but that he may teach the idle to work, and that he may have wherewith to help the poor. His education is interfered with or made impossible when the monastic state is lifted out of humility and poverty by the gratitude and love of the people or the munificence of princes, or when he abandons the seclusion of his cloister to mingle in worldly affairs.

Education is the effort to create the ideal man, whether absolutely or relatively to special vocations, and hence the theory will conform to the received notions concerning this ideal. When the first requisite of a perfect man is thought to be a strong and athletic body, gymnastic exercise will take precedence of intellectual training; when the chief good is held to be an enlightened mind, mental activity will be stimulated, even though the body should suffer. Again, each vocation will have its special education. The training of the soldier will be different from that of the lawyer; the physician will not be educated like the priest. A fashionable mother, who thinks woman's vocation is to please and to be pleased, will send her daughter to a school of manners, where she will be taught the graces and accomplishments of artificial and frivolous society. The unlikeness of the different special educations arises from the dissimilar ideals of the various vocations. Knowledge, whether got in a military academy or a commercial college, is equally good, but knowledge is not education. Habits of thought and of life are more than knowledge, and the habits which are necessarily acquired during the process of education may render knowledge useless or hurtful. Every educated man knows much that may be to his advantage in any position, but in getting this knowledge he has probably formed habits which, in avocations different from the one for which he has been trained, will be of greater injury than his learning of help. And hence our American axiom, that "knowledge is power," is fallacious. The soldier has doubtless learned many things which the tradesman ought to know, but he has also conceived a notion of life, of honor, of the value of courage, as compared with other qualities, which, were he forced to become a merchant, would prove to be obstacles to his success.

"An Oxford education," says Mr. Froude, "fits a man extremely well for the trade of gentleman. I do not know for what other trade it does fit him as at present constituted. More than one man



who has taken high honors there, who has learnt faithfully all that the university undertakes to teach him, has been seen in these late years breaking stones upon a road in Australia." A better stone-breaker he would doubtless be had he never studied at Oxford.

An illustration of the truth upon which I am here insisting is furnished by American society. A scientific education gives to the farmer knowledge which he can put to practical use in a thousand ways. Chemistry, zoology, botany, physiology, mineralogy, and physics generally, may in his hands be converted into money. Shall we not, then, give to every farmer a scientific education? No; for the habits of thought and sentiment which such education creates would render farm life distasteful to him, and in fact, we find in our own country that even a little education tends to drive the young men from tillage of the land to the shop life of towns and cities, or, worse still, into the learned professions, and our agricultural colleges train young men for everything except the end for which they were organized.

It can hardly be necessary to insist further upon the essential relation which exists between the theory of human destiny and the theory of human education. The question, what education shall I give my child? can be answered only by asking another question, what do you desire your child to be and to do? The accepted end of man determines the aim of the educator and prescribes his system. Now there are two radically different ways of viewing human life, and but two. We may consider it as complete in this world, or as preparatory to a higher state of existence, and corresponding to these opposite views we have the secular and the religious theories of education. If there is no future life, a system of education based upon the recognition of such life must be false and hurtful. The human mind in matters of this kind refuses to accept arguments drawn from expediency. To hold that there is no God and no immortal human soul, and yet to educate men to believe in God and in the soul from a notion that such teaching has a social value, is an outrage. Rather let the race perish than be kept alive by an infinite lie and worldwide imposture. On the other hand, to hold that God is and that the soul is immortal, and yet to refuse to make the system of education conformable to this belief, is an outrage; and here again the human mind refuses to accept arguments drawn from expedience. Whether or not this kind of education will best serve the cause of what is called civilization and progress, is of small moment. If God is, He is first, He is all in all; if the soul is, it is more than civilization and progress.

These two opposite views of human life are in fatal antagonism, and there can be no thought of compromise; they give form and character to the two hostile armies in the eternal warfare between

spirit and matter, the temporal and the eternal, the Christ and the world. That the view, whose horizon is bounded by man's present life is widely accepted, there can be no doubt. It has its philosophy, its ethics, its political economy, its sociology, its pedagogy, and hopes to have its religion. It is not a happy or joyful belief, yet it is full of confidence and eager courage, a confidence and a courage born not of an accidental or a casual insight into the nature of things, but of a range of thought which embraces the universe, which weighs the atom and the sun, which meditates devoutly upon the life of the animalcule and seeks to trace it in uninterrupted ascent to man, which studies with a courage that never despairs the most hidden nerve-force, hoping against hope that it will yet detect it breaking into thought and soul life. It has not the mocking and frivolous temper of Voltaire, nor the satanic mood of Byron. So wide has its thought grown, that fanaticism is almost impossible. As Schiller grieved over the dead gods of Greece, this new philosophy is filled with the quiet sorrow of fatalism in contemplating the old faith. There is a kind of exultation as the light breaks in upon the hidden mysteries of nature, but in every cry of triumph there is an undertone of sadness, almost of despair, as from a half-conscious feeling that the end of all is death and darkness and nothingness, so that what began as the most self-satisfied optimism, now fatally turns to pessimism, which is the protest of the unbelieving soul against sensualism and atheism.

Let us trace the theoretical development of this earth-creed, and then study its historical manifestation, in so far as it bears upon the question of education and man's destiny. I shall not go further back than Kant, who is the father of the critical philosophy, and who gave the impulse to the intellectual movement, which, outside the Church, is bearing the modern mind farther and farther away from metaphysics. It was he who first inspired a profound distrust of whatever is beyond the sphere of experience; and who relegated to the region of the unknown the reality which underlies the phenomenon. The result of his thinkings is this: The phenomenon alone can be known; the *nommenon* is not cognoscible.

The human reason is involved in radical contradictions whenever it attempts to dogmatize concerning God, the soul, and the universe; and hence arise, by a necessary process, the paralogisms of theology, the gratuitous hypotheses of psychology and the antinomies of cosmology. Here we have the essential principles of the Positivism of Comte, and of the Cosmism of Herbert Spencer—absolute condemnation of metaphysics, skepticism concerning the operations of our highest faculties, and the elimination of all reality which is not perceived by the senses.

The influence of Hegel, which has been so profoundly felt by



the modern world, is in the same direction. The identity of being and not being; the personality of God, an absurdity unworthy of the attention of serious thinkers; the efficient and final cause of the world immanent in the world; nothing is, but everything is becoming; truth and reality consequently nothing absolute, but fugitive forms of what neither is, nor is not—a kind of intellectual star-dust, which is not nothing nor anything. These are some of the characteristic doctrines of Hegelian pantheism, and whatever else may be thought of them, they unmistakably confine the life of man to this world, which is its own efficient and final cause. The universe is an eternal flow, in which truth and beauty and goodness, are but the changeful waves that float upon the great world-current of matter. Each fact, each individual, is a point of momentary rest in the midst of universal mobility.

In this system religion has but an accidental value, and the interest which it inspires is chiefly historical and psychological. The forms in which man has clothed his dreams of the divine are curious as an archæological study or as a branch of ethnology. The vulgar and passionate polemics of Protestantism and rationalism are obsolete. Nothing is false or in bad taste, but dogmatism. Christianity is man's highest effort to give form and body to the infinite, and when criticism shall have finally done away with all its dogmas, it will be left to the inspirations of the heart, to be transformed indefinitely to suit the requirements of progress and civilization. There is no God, but there are divine things,—culture, liberty and love. This is the religion of sentiment, so familiar to us Americans, so frequent upon the lips of eloquent preachers, for whom it were charitable to pray, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." This is the soil in which the religion of humanity flourishes: the worship of man taking the place of the worship of God. In the beginning there is no God, there is nothing, only a becoming; in the end, there is man. He is the highest, let us serve him. And since the individual is but a bubble that bursts and reemerges in the general air, a snow-drop, remelting into the element from which it was assumed and congealed into separateness, let him dwindle and let the race be more and more. Let the weak perish, let the fittest survive, let all things belong to the strong. This is the eternal law of our sacred mother, Nature, who alone is supreme. An ideal humanity, truly, is only an abstraction; it does not exist, it will never exist; it is but a phantom. The individual is contemptible. The race is found only in the individual. All this is undeniable. But what will you have? Our hypothesis excludes God, and this phantom of humanity is all that remains to persuade us that to eat and to drink is not the only wisdom. In this system too, the

religion of pantheistic mysticism, the faith of Mr. Carlyle and of Mr. Emerson, finds its justification. Pantheism is obscure and nebular, and mysticism loves the uncertain light of a symbolical and oracular phraseology, and when the two are combined, it is not easy to seize the real thought. The thought, however, is pantheistic, the mood is mystic. The central idea, upon which the thousand changes of poetic and prophetic rhapsody are rung, and from which also proceed objurgation, scorn, anger, indignation, withering contempt, whether in the jolting, interrupted, epigrammatic style of Mr. Emerson, or in the tumultuous, turgid, apodictic manner of Mr. Carlyle, is Hegelian Pantheism. For both the efficient and final cause of the world is immanent in the world, and the transcendentalism is modal and accidental. To both, systems and creeds are hateful, and to be "a swallower of formulas" is the highest glory. As there is no absolute truth, there is no permanent symbol. To be spontaneous, original, and strong, is the only merit. The world's great men know no other law than the fatality of their genius. To be weak is, as Milton says, the true misery.

"Thus," says Mr. Carlyle, "like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur through the unknown deep. Thus like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit-host, we emerge from the inane, haste stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the inane." A rushing forth from nothing back into nothing—this is all. The educator's business is to prepare man to make this stormful haste across the astonished earth in a becoming manner.

Pedagogy cannot aspire to fit him for an existence in the inane. For this life must man be educated; of another, if other there be, neither knowledge nor faith can give us true account. The hero of Mr. Carlyle's profoundest and most eloquent work, walks wearisomely through this world, having lost all tidings of another and higher. Fixed, starless, tartarean darkness envelops his soul. "The everlasting NO had said: 'Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the universe is mine.'" The hero made answer: "I am not thine, but free, and forever hate thee." This wild protest against despair leads him to the Centre of Indifference, from which in grim mockery he hurls his objurgations: "God," he says, "must needs laugh outright, could such a thing be, to see his wondrous manikins here below." He is in the wilderness; it is the wide world in an atheistic century.

Lying here in this Centre of Indifference he awakes to a new heaven and a new earth. From a high table-land he gazes upon the world and contemplates its myriadfold and ever-changing forms



of beauty and life. "How thou fermentest," he exclaims, "and elaboratest in thy great fermenting vat and laboratory of an atmosphere, of a world. Oh, nature! or, what is nature? Ha! Why do I not name thee God? Art not thou the 'living garment of God?' Oh, Heavens, is it, in very deed, He, then, that ever speaks through thee; that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me?"

And to this pantheism the spirit of mysticism comes to seek a new worship. The Mythos of Christianity is obsolete. "The temple thereof, founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures." A worship and an ideal nevertheless must be found. Speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices. Thought fatally leads to the abyss in which all things whirl in inextricable confusion, and in which nothing can be seen or known with certainty; for in the lowest deep a lower depth still opening, swallows the thinker and his thought, beyond plummet's sounding, yea, beyond the reach of fantasy. The end of life, therefore, is not to think but to act. Not that we might in morbid self-introspection eat our own hearts; projecting upon the world we rail at our diseased imaginations, have we emerged from the inane. Goethe is right. His immortal precept opens a new era and founds a new religion. Study, he says, how to live; that is, study how to make the most of life. "Fool! the ideal is in thyself, the impediment too is in thyself; thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same ideal out of; what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth. The thing thou seekest is already with thee, 'here or nowhere,' couldst thou only see." Here or nowhere, study how to make the most of life. This is the path that leads upward from tartarean darkness and endless chaos to the light and serenity of cosmic harmony. Mr. Carlyle, most assuredly, is no materialist, he is no utilitarian; and just as little is he a sensualist or a scientific atheist. Against all these things his soul cries out in fiery and convulsive indignation. What an imperishable odor is there not in those "pig propositions" in which he gives us the materialist and utilitarian theory of the world? The universe is an immeasurable swine's trough. Moral evil is unattainability of pig's wash. Paradise, called also, state of innocence, age of gold, was unlimited attainability of pig's wash. It is the mission of universal pighood, and the duty of all pigs, at all times, to diminish the quantity of unattainable, and increase that of attainable. All knowledge and device and effort ought to be directed thither, and thither only.

Pig poetry ought to consist of universal recognition of the excellence of pig's wash and ground barley, and the felicity of pigs whose trough is in order, and who have had enough. Humph! Who made the pig? Unknown;—perhaps the pork butcher.

The cold and pitiless irony of Swift is here seething hot, like molten lava.

Scientific atheism, too, with its superficial and self-conceited rationalism, fills him with contempt, in which there is also an element of fiery anger. "Thou wilt have no mystery and mysticism, he exclaims; wilt walk through thy world by the sunshine of what thou callest truth, or even by the hand-lamp of what I call attorney-logic, and 'explain' all, 'account' for all, or believe nothing of it. Nay, thou wilt attempt laughter; whoso recognizes the unfathomable, all-pervading domain of mystery, which is everywhere, under our feet and among our hands; to whom the universe is an oracle and temple, as well as a kitchen and cattle-stall—he shall be a delirious mystic; to him, thou, with sniffing charity, wilt protrusively proffer thy hand-lamp and shriek, as one injured when he kicks his foot through it." The universe is awful, mysterious. "Thy daily life is girt with wonder, and based on wonder; thy very blankets and breeches are miracles." The unspeakable divine significance lies in all things. "Atheistic science babbles poorly of it, with scientific nomenclatures, experiments, and what not, as if it were a poor dead thing to be bottled up in Leyden jars and sold over counters. But the natural sense of man, in all times, if he will honestly apply his sense, knows it to be a living thing,—ah, an unspeakable, Godlike thing, towards which the best attitude for us after never so much science, is awe, devout prostration and humility of soul; worship, if not in words, then in silence." This indignant rebuke to atheism proceeds from a fervent soul. Impiety is offensive to Mr. Carlyle, to whom whatever is, is divine, is God. All religions he holds are good, if only men are sincere. The only idolatry is that from which the sentiment has departed. To worship sticks and stones with all one's heart and in downright honesty, is better than all the conventional pieties of our modern world. The value of religion is purely subjective; it is in the sentiment. The object is of small moment, for all possible symbols are but representations of the mysterious unknown which lies beneath appearance. But for Mr. Carlyle, as for all, who deny the existence of a personal God, man is the highest; and his religion is hero-worship. His view is fixed upon this life alone; he knows no other. Here or nowhere. Man rushes forth from nothing back into nothing. To educate him for a future life, would be as absurd as to educate him for a past life. In fact, as he had no past life, so will he have no future life. Study, therefore, to make the most of



this; and to teach this highest and only wisdom, should be the educator's aim and purpose. Mr. Carlyle, however, has no faith in any mechanism or system of education. A gerund-grinding pedagogue is to him no better than the wood and leather man, whom the Nurembergers were to build, and "who should reason as well as most country parsons." The curse of the age is its belief in mechanism. The soul of man, the soul of society, the soul of religion, is come to be considered the product of mechanical action. If the wheels, cogs, valves, pistons, and checks are in order, all is well. Man's happiness and worth are no longer believed to be within himself; his ideal is not a spiritual and divine something, but an outward condition, in which there will be a well-oiled and smoothly working machine for manufacturing everything; from patent creeds and codes to patent breeches. This is atheism, this is infinite evil, infinite despair, and no religion. "We have forgotten God," he says, "in the most modern dialect and very pith of the matter, we have taken up the fact of this universe as it *is not*. We have quietly closed our eyes to the eternal substance of things, and opened them only to the shows and shams of things. We quietly believe the universe to be intrinsically a great unintelligible PERHAPS; extrinsically clear enough it is a great, most extensive cattlefold and workhouse, with most extensive kitchen ranges, dining tables,—whereat he is wise who can find a place! All the truth of this universe is uncertain; only the profit and loss of it, the pudding and praise of it, are and remain very visible to the practical man. There is no God any longer for us! God's laws are become a greatest happiness principle, a parliamentary expediency; the heavens overarch us only as an astronomical time-keeper. . . . This is verily the plague-spot centre of the universal social gangrene, threatening all modern things with frightful death. To him that will consider it, here is the stem, with its roots and tap-root, with its world-wide upas-boughs and accursed poison exudations, under which the world lies writhing in atrophy and agony. You touch the fatal centre of all our disease, of our frightful nosology of diseases, when you lay your hand on this. "There is no religion; there is no God; man has lost his soul, and vainly seeks antiseptic salt." The blight of this faith in what is dead, godless and mechanic, corrupts our modern education, which regards only what is practical and economic, and wholly abandons to moral dry-rot man's spiritual and religious nature. The science of the age is physical, chemical, physiological. Even mathematics is valued only for its mechanic use, in building bridges, constructing forts, and indicating the proper angle for killing men at given distances. The inventor of the spinning-jenny and sewing-machine has his reward. The philosopher is without honor. Thought is

secreted by the brain; and poetry and religion are "a product of the smaller intestines." What other than a mechanical education is possible to men who breathe this mephitic, soul-stifling air? The mind is littered, as though it grew like a vegetable, with etymological and other compost; it is crammed with dead vocables; it is taught that its chief use is to calculate profit and loss; and when it is burnt out to a grammatical and arithmetical cinder, its education is complete.

"Alas, so is it everywhere, so will it ever be; till the hodman is discharged or reduced to hod-bearing; and an architect is hired, and on all hands fitly encouraged; till communities and individuals discover, not without surprise, that fashioning the souls of a generation by knowledge, can rank on a level with blowing their bodies to pieces by gunpowder; that with generals and field-m Marshals, for killing, there should be world-honored dignitaries, and were it possible, true God-ordained priests for teaching."

No hidebound pedant can educate. Of man, such a one knows only that he has a faculty called memory, and that it can be acted on through the muscular integument by birchen rods. To educate we must touch the mysterious springs of love, fear, and wonder, of enthusiasm, poetry, religion. These are the inward and vital powers of man; who cannot be roused into deep, all-pervading effort by any computable prospect of profit and loss, for any definite finite object, but only for what is invisible and infinite. "When we can drain the ocean into our mill-ponds, and bottle up the force of gravity, to be sold by retail in our gas-jars, then may we hope to comprehend the infinitudes of man's soul under formulas of profit and loss; and rule over this too, as over a patent engine, by checks and valves and balances."

One of Mr. Carlyle's great merits, is the vividness and force with which he brings out man's spiritual nature; his craving for the infinite; his inborn and necessary dissatisfaction with whatever is not eternal and all-perfect. Out of the meanness and littleness and emptiness of the world which surrounds him, he takes refuge in the eternities, the immensities, the veracities. It is at least singular that the most gifted and earnest writers of the England of the nineteenth century, in spite of their innumerable differences in thought and temper, should agree in their estimate of English life. That it is low and vulgar, selfish and insincere, without high ideals or generous impulses or noble aspirations, is the common testimony of Mr. Carlyle and John Stuart Mill, of Dickens and Thackeray, of Byron and Mr. Tennyson, of Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Matthew Arnold. Macaulay, indeed, is inclined to optimistic views in whatever concerns England, but he is purely literary; lives on the surface, which he rounds off with a polished and ornate phrase, and leaves untouched the deep central heart of things.



What gloomy energy is there not in the following words of Mr. Carlyle !

"Like the valley of Jehoshaphat it lies round us, one nightmare wilderness, and wreck of dead men's bones, this false modern world; and no rapt Ezekiel imaged to himself things sadder, more horrible and terrible, than the eyes of men, if they are awake, may now deliberately see."

And in these other words, what depth of truth is there not discernible !

"Faith strengthens us, enlightens us, for all endeavors and endurances; with faith we can do all, and dare all, and life itself has a thousand times been joyfully given away. But the sum of man's misery is even this, that he feel himself crushed under the Juggernaut wheels, and know that Juggernaut is no divinity, but a dead mechanical idol."

And again, the angry voice breaks forth in sullen, almost despairing protest:

"Not Godhead, but an iron, ignoble circle of necessity embraces all things; binds the youth of these times into a sluggish thrall, or else exasperates him into a rebel. Heroic action is paralyzed; for what worth now remains unquestionable with him? At the fervid period, when his whole nature cries aloud for action, there is nothing sacred under whose banner he can act; the course and kind and conditions of free action are all but undiscoverable. Doubt storms in on him through every avenue; inquiries of the deepest painfullest sort must be engaged with; and the invincible energy of young years waste itself in skeptical, suicidal cavillings, in passionate questionings of destiny, whence no answer will be returned."

The weakness, the shallowness, the misery and selfishness which are the results of atheism and no-religion, are most clearly discerned and forcibly expressed by Mr. Carlyle. He sees that faith is something higher than himself, is the one thing needful for man; that to live for vulgar objects and selfish ends, is suicidal, is the denial and destruction of all that makes life worth having; and when men come with their schemes for making this earth a luxurious lubberland, where the brooks shall run wine, and the trees bend with ready-baked viands, and who bring their hand-lamp wherewith to dispel all darkness, he, without more ado, kicks his foot through it, and so leaves them and their paper contrivances. He has the gift of noble indignation. His very soul loathes all sham; he is the sworn enemy of cant, and holds sincerity to be the mother virtue. The sincere man is the divine man, the hero, the highest form which consciousness can assume. He comes to us at first hand, with tidings from the infinite unknown. The words he speaks are no other man's words: he comes from the inner fact of things, the heart of the world, the primal reality. That the hero have what men call faults is of small moment. We make too much of faults, says Mr. Carlyle. He is all fault who has no fault.

Hence Mahomet, Luther, Cromwell, Rousseau, Burns, and Napoleon, are not simply men of genius and power, but they are messengers from heaven, true prophets, to be received and heard with all reverence and obedience; nay, to be worshipped in all sincerity. "And in this so despicable age of ours,—be the bounteous heavens ever thanked for it,—two heroes have nevertheless been found. Bonaparte walked through the war-convulsed world like an all-devouring earthquake, heaving, thundering, hurling kingdom over kingdom. Goethe was as the mild-shining, inaudible light, which, notwithstanding, can again make that chaos into a creation." And now the bounteous heavens have to this so despicable age vouchsafed a third hero, who is no other than Prince Bismarck; and, to crown the work of mercy, they have inspired Mr. Froude to reveal to his generation the heroic character and sublime worth of that much-abused and misunderstood demigod, Henry VIII. And so we have verified Mr. Carlyle's doctrine that the age of miracles is not past, but even now is.

Upon those who, in this modern world, are called religious, Mr. Carlyle pours, in boundless contempt, the full vials of his scorn and wrath. They are un'veracities, chimeras, and semblances. Even the best of them keep trucking and trimming between worn-out symbols and hypocrisy. : . . "Birds of darkness are on the wing, spectres uproar, the dead walk, the living dream." The church clothes, which once held and revealed to men's eyes the holy of holies, nothing else than the divine idea of the world, have now gone sorrowfully out at elbows. "Nay, far worse, many of them have become mere hollow shapes or masks, under which no living figure or spirit any longer dwells; but only spiders and unclean beetles, in horrid accumulation, drive their trade; and the mask still glares on you, with its glass eyes, in ghastly affectation of life." The religion of the Middle Ages is something quite different, nay, wholly opposite, a living and divine reality. "In those dark ages intellect could invent glass, which now she has enough ado to grind into spectacles. Intellect built not only churches, but a church, *the* church, based on this firm earth, yet reaching and leading up as high as heaven." This church was planted on the basis of fact, and built according to the laws of statics; and its heroes and prophets are troubled by no doubt, or any sort of doubt. Their "religion is not a diseased self-introspection, an agonizing inquiry; their duties are clear to them; the way of supreme good plain, indisputable, and they are travelling on it. Religion lies over *them* like an all-embracing heavenly canopy, like an atmosphere and life element, which is not spoken of, which, in all things, is presupposed without speech. Is not serene or complete religion the



highest aspect of human nature, as serene cant or complete no-religion is the lowest and miserablest?"

"Our religion," he says—speaking of what he calls "twelfth-century Catholicism"—"is not yet a horrible, restless doubt, still less a far horribler composed cant; but a great heaven-high unquestionability, encompassing, interpenetrating the whole of life."

In this old Church, planted on the basis of fact, built according to the laws of statics, heroes were not wanting. Here, for instance, is Abbott Samson: "The great antique heart, how like a child's in its simplicity, like a man's in its earnest solemnity and depth! Heaven lies over him wheresoever he goes or stands on the earth; making all the earth a mystic temple to him, the earth's business all a kind of worship. Heaven's splendor over his head, hell's darkness under his feet. It was not a dilettantism this of Abbott Samson. It was a reality, and it is one. . . . This is Abbott Samson's Catholicism of the twelfth century. Alas! compared with any of the isms current in these poor days, what a thing!"

No one could have written a nobler history of Gregory VII. and his creative work than Mr. Carlyle; nor could he have found a grander hero; but his temper, like Milton's, led him rather to the great destroyers and mighty rebels, who walk through the convulsed world, upheaving, casting down, blowing to fragments men and their works.

In his doctrine of hero-worship there are doubtless elements of truth. The highest man is most like to God of anything that is visible in this earth. God himself has walked the earth clothed on with human nature, and of his divine gifts men are the ministers. The soul of man is more than any or all machinery. For man's sake was the Sabbath instituted, and for him all good and right institutions exist; not he for them. He is more than they. True religion must not only inspire reverence for man, but must produce heroic types of men, saints of God, who in strong and painful wrestlings with themselves and the spirits of darkness, struggle upwards to peace and light, leaving behind them a pathway, red with blood, but luminous; so that the multitudes who grope in the gloom of lower thoughts and loves, may not be left without some living testimony and effulgence of the higher world, for which all alike have been created. Even God's sacraments fall into disuse unless they are held in the hands of true, believing men. Reverence for those who are above us is not only a Christian virtue, but one which in this day has special need of being preached. And admiration, too, is wholesome and elevating. I admire the gift even where I condemn its use. The shallow spirit, which sees no greatness in man and no great men, is irreligious. But Mr. Carlyle exaggerates the value and influence of hero-wor-

ship, and his ideal is not only false but immoral. "All religion," he says, "issues in due practical hero-worship. . . . Society is founded on hero-worship. . . . I seem to see in this indestructibility of hero-worship the everlasting adamant, lower than which the confused wreck of revolutionary things cannot fall." Of all this, what Mr. Carlyle would call attorney logic, and what here may fitly enough be called common sense, cannot approve. Nevertheless, even the logic-chopper must admit that it is fairly deducible from the premises. If man springs forth from the unconscious, as Mr. Carlyle holds, he can worship only himself; for the highest consciousness must necessarily think itself the absolute highest. In fact this whole system of hero-worship is but a development of Hegel's law of history, which is pantheistic. The ideal man, in this system, is in no true sense ideal. The sincere man is not the highest, best, wisest man; for fanaticism may be sincere as well as faith, and tyranny as well as justice. Moreover, sincerity, in Mr. Carlyle's thought, is synonymous with naturalness, and it may be urged with strong reason that goodness and virtue are not natural to man. Hence, Mr. Carlyle loses more and more all ground of difference between the *natural* and the *right*; his ideal grows less and less spiritual, until finally he fails to perceive any higher test of worth than sheer strength. Whatever can get upon its feet and stand there in spite of all enemies, is thereby self-consecrated, in his eyes, as a part of the eternal laws. The force which on its way to great achievements refuses to be controlled, the genius which acknowledges no law but itself, are not only wonderful but sacred and divine. Mahomet may be lustful, Cromwell cruel, Luther coarse and sensual, Burns a drunkard, Rousseau utterly abject; but to remark this is the most unmistakable proof that one is a blockhead. Let us bear in mind that Mr. Carlyle holds nature to be divine and all natural forces to be sacred, and we shall easily get at his point of view. These men are natural, and it is therefore simply absurd to suppose that they can be immoral. With what devout reverence and admiration does he not follow Mirabeau in his lust-defiled and madly reckless career? But the Count is natural, a swallower of formulas, a contemner of custom; and is not this divine, is it not the highest? Mr. Carlyle has some most eloquent passages on the quite infinite nature of duty, and Teufelsdröckh, even in the sorrowfullest wretchedness of unbelief, has still this light to convince him that the world is God's and not the devil's. But when we try to get at the exact import of duty, we cannot perceive that in his mind it means more than sincerity, naturalness. To this infinite nature of duty Mahomet, Cromwell, Mirabeau, and Frederick the Great were true; all men,



in fact, it would seem, are true; for "man cannot but obey whatever he ought to obey."

In *Sartor Resartus* there is no more striking passage than the following: "There is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness! . . . Love not pleasure, love God. This is the everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him."

Love God, says Mr. Carlyle, but does he mean God? In the multitudinous writings which have poured from his pen since that precept was recorded, it is not found, I think, a second time. Much and often has he spoken of the eternities, the immensities, the veracities, the silences, in whose presence we should stand in awe and wonder with devout prostration of soul. Much and often too has he spoken of the unconscious, the unknown, the unnameable, the infinite nescience, the darkness and mystery that shrouds man's whole life, lies everywhere, under his feet and among his hands. God's name too he has often since written; but a second time, as it is believed, he has not called upon men to love God. Whence this ominous silence? Love, in the human and only sense in which it has a meaning for us, is of persons and not of things. If God is the eternities, the immensities, the veracities, the unconscious, it would be most preposterous and absurd to ask us to love him. Wonder and prostration, self-annihilation—all these, if you will, command, but not love, which cannot live except in the light of one who loves and knows. Do the eternities love me? Do the immensities know me? Does the unconscious care for me? I know the difficulties, I see the obscurities<sup>a</sup> when we attempt to think of God as a person. The idea of God can be expressed in human language analogically only; yet is it undeniably and forever true that the highest being who knows and loves is the absolute highest. Eternities and immensities belong to Him, not He to them. Whatever allowance we may be disposed to make in consideration of the fact that Mr. Carlyle is a rhapsodist and a seer, it is impossible not to recognize that in his thinking God is not a person, and is not therefore the God whom St. John declared to be Love. Mr. Carlyle has a disciple who is a most lucid and intelligible writer, whose thought is as transparent as the expression he gives it is precise; and he has translated his master's idea of God into the plainest and simplest language. "God," says Mr. Matthew Arnold, "is the eternal power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." . . . "The stream of tendency by which all things fulfil the law of their being." And that this "eternal power," this "stream of tendency," is not a person who thinks

and loves, he plainly tells us. The God of Christianity and of Judaism is, he says, only a magnified and non-natural man.

Here we have no mystic phrase, no uncertain light, no poetic symbolism; but the clear revelation of the eternities and the immensities. The word God is still employed because no other has such poetic and mysterious power over the human mind; and this is but an example of a general process in which the meaning of words is undergoing a complete transformation. Mr. Carlyle's God then does not love. He is "a force and thousandfold complexity of forces; a force which is not *we*. That is all, it is not *we*; it is altogether different from *us*. Force, force, everywhere force." Strength is the divine attribute; the strong are God's children; and to be weak is not only miserable, but immoral. This ideal fills him with fierce thoughts and dark imaginings. The crashing of thrones, and the falling of altars, and the lurid light of burning cities, and the horrid din of murderous battle inspire him with wild delight. Force is building temples for its worship upon the wreck and ruin of all things. He loses more and more sympathy and tenderness, until he is wholly possessed by a sarcastic and gloomy indignation. The earth becomes a charnel-house, the dead uproar; the light of heaven dies out. They only are blessed who find rest in the bosom of the unconscious. The most fanatical hater of dogmas and creeds, he is become the most intolerant of thinkers. What he esteems a sham and chimera is so for the eternal laws. A symbol worn out for him, is henceforth useless forever for all men. In such a temper contradictions must abound. He makes silence a god, and is himself a man of infinite words. The French Revolution fills him with a terrible glee, and yet he curses democracy. The end of life he declares, with Goethe, to be action and not thought; and yet he keeps thinking and does not otherwise act. To reform a world, he well says, no wise man will undertake; and yet he chafes and is angry because the world has not been reformed by his preaching. If God is only the "stream of tendency," M. Renan is doubtless a true philosopher. "The thinker," he says, "believes that he has little right to direct the affairs of his planet; and, contented with the lot which has fallen to him, he accepts his impotence without regret. A spectator in the universe, he knows that the world belongs to him only as a subject of study; and though he were able to reform it, he would perhaps find it so curious as it is, that he would lack the courage to undertake the task."

Mr. Carlyle is not an original thinker. His theories are English interpretations of German thought; but interpretations which only a man of genius could have made. His influence and significance will be lightly estimated by those alone who have not



understood him. His is the most important name in the English literature of this century, and the power which he has exercised upon the religious thought of England, and even of America, is vast and profound. In his earlier writings, in spite of the latent pantheism which has grown upon him with such fatal effect, he appealed to the higher and spiritual nature of man with an eloquence which reaches the inmost soul. He is a truer poet than Byron or Mr. Tennyson; a profounder thinker than Stuart Mill or Mr. Herbert Spencer; and a worthier historian than Macaulay or Mr. Froude. He has the most real and subtle humor; the pathos of a "divine despair;" infinite indignation; the holiest anger, and a seraph's loathing of mere matter; and by nature he is not without tenderness and the deepest sympathy.

His misfortune and defect is profound and radical skepticism concerning the highest truth. Greater and more awful than the eternities, the immensities, the unconscious, he can conceive of nothing. The many-colored picture of life is painted on a canvas of darkness, and in the background there hovers a region of doubt which thought cannot possibly transform into certainty. He fails to perceive that what forces us to recognize a reality beneath appearances, proclaims also the presence of mind in the laws and harmonies of nature. The fearful and infinite force overwhelms him, and the supreme and central power of love and wisdom is not felt. Hence we find him still, as his disciple has sung of himself:

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead,  
The other powerless to be born."

After all that can be said, has been said, in praise of Force, this still remains to be said, that it cannot be loved. And yet except in trustful love man finds no peace and no blessedness.

"Unhappy men," said St. Teresa, "who do not love!"

---

## CEDMON: HIS GENIUS AND INFLUENCE.

1. *Cædmon's Paraphrase.* Ed. Ben. Thorpe.
2. *The Ruthwell Cross.* Ed. Prof. Geo. Stephens, F.S.A.: London, 1866.
3. *Cædmon, the First English Poet.* R. S. Watson: 1875.
4. *De Carminibus Anglo-Saxonicis Cædmoni.* E. G. Sandras.
5. *History of Whitby and Whitby Abbey.* Lionel Charlton: York, 1779.
6. *Bouterwek. De Cædmone. Elberfeldæ.*
7. *Cædmon's Fall of Man.* Translated by W. H. F. Bosanquet.
8. *Bibliothek der Angelsächsischen Poesie.* 3 Bde.
9. *Ecclesiastical History of the Venerable Bede.*
10. *Early English Writers.* Henry Morley: Vols. i, ii. London.

HENRY MORLEY is a painstaking writer. He does conscientious work. But his style is not attractive. It creeps. It is characteristic of the sober earnestness with which he labors. In his *Early English Writers* he undertakes to reveal all the treasures of English literature. It is a life-work, and he seems to have laid himself out to it with hearty good-will. He certainly brings together a great deal of miscellaneous matter. He even attempts to reconstruct the intellectual and material life of the period he deals with; but he is not successful. It is as though one were to cart together the rubbish of a ruin and tell us: "These are the materials of which such and such an ancient building is composed; handle them, admire them; it is a labor of love for me to bring them together." Taine goes farther. He takes the material and reconstructs a porch, or a room, or an outhouse, and tells us: "Such is the porch, such the room; judge for yourself of the rest of the building." But sometimes he takes the stable for the dwelling-house, or the dwelling-house for the stable, according as he is prepared to praise or blame. They both fail; but for different reasons. Taine has the mental grasp and the generalizing power; but he is intellectually color-blind. Morley is an honest but awkward worker; he cannot manage his materials. Then he lacks certain primary qualities necessary for the good critic. He has no genius for psychological analysis; he cannot sift facts; he has not learned how to read between lines. Take, for instance, his treatment of Cedmon. He recognizes his greatness, but he does not know how to take it out of the myths in which it is enveloped. He seems to have a vague idea of his influence, though he cannot trace it out. He even commits himself to that fanciful theory of Palgrave's concerning the origin of the name Cedmon. As a pretty piece of word-romancing we give the latter's conclusion in his own words, without allud-



ing to the manner in which Henry Morley weaves it into his story: "Now, to the name Cædmon, whether considered as a simple or as a compound, no plain and definite meaning can be assigned, if the interpretation be sought in the Anglo-Saxon language; whilst that very name *is* the initial word of the book of Genesis in the Chaldee paraphrase, or Targum of Onkelos: *b' Cadmin* or *b' Cadmon* (the *b'* is merely a prefix) being a literal translation of *b' Raschith* or 'In principio,' the initial word of the original Hebrew text. It is hardly necessary to observe that the books of the Bible are denominated by the Jews from their initial words: they quote and call Genesis by the name of *b' Raschith*; the Chaldaic Genesis would be quoted and called by the name of *b' Cadmin*, and this custom, adopted by them at least as early as the time of St. Jerome, has continued in use until the present day."<sup>1</sup> The word Cædmon is not found in the old English dictionaries; but the word *Ced* is, and means boat or wherry; so that Cedmon would mean boatman or wherryman. It is a name still common in Yorkshire. Writing in the last century, Lionel Charlton says: "Cedmon's memory remained in great veneration, not only at Streanshalh, but also through the whole kingdom of Northumberland, where his name was long honorably used as an appellative or proper name, and after the conquest was adopted as a surname; so that there yet remain to these our days some families in Whitby and its neighborhood that are known by the name of Cedmon or Sedman; a name with us the most honorable and ancient of all others."<sup>2</sup> Bouterwek, an authority of great weight on such subjects, finds no difficulty in deriving the name from an old English origin.<sup>3</sup> The writer would scarcely lay such stress upon the mere name were it not for some attempts to build up a theory, to which Mr. Henry Morley inclines, that the Culdees and their parent Irish Church received their teachings and traditions, not from Rome, but from the East. This is a theory for which the writer, after a diligent search, has been able to discover no foundation.

But to return to Mr. Morley's book. The history of literature is at present a popular subject. But the day is past when such a

<sup>1</sup> Archæologia, vol. xxiv. p. 342.

<sup>2</sup> History of Whitby, B. i. p. 17: York, 1779.

<sup>3</sup> In a learned dissertation on the subject he says: *Ipsum Cædmonis nomen* (cf. Gr. 2, 507) *initio appellativum fuisse, dubium non est. Variæ ejus formæ sunt: Cædmon, Cædmon, Ceadmon, vox ipsa composita e mon, vir* (cf. Paraphr. p. 89, 3: *flotmon nauta*, p. 186, 12; *vraec-mon, fugitivis*), et *ced*, quod ut in glossis a Cl. Monio editis est (p. 331) *lintrem denotat. Cædmon tamen non nautam significare videtur, sed potius idem valere quod scegdhmon, pirata, a scegdh, sceigdh liburna, scapha.* cf. Gr. 3, 437, ibique Gl. Monii. Hoc vero nomen nihil infame habuisse, alia ejusmodi veterum nomina, *e. g. landsceatha latro, hros-diop, heriwolf, beowulf* cet. satis luculenter testanter. cf. Gr. 3, 785, notam.—*De Cædmone, Elberfeldæ*, p. 9.

history must be a string of crude notes concerning an author with a few specimen verses tagged on to the tail end. Literature is representative of something deeper than itself, and as such must be treated. It is the outcome of history. It is the expressed thought and sentiment of an age as well as of an individual. We expect to find how far it records the one and the other; and there is no excuse for not being able so to handle literature. One's impressions of a book are not an adequate criticism of the book. The Schlegels, and Sainte-Beuve, and Matthew Arnold do not so criticize; and they are good models in their method, if not in their treatment. Though of Matthew Arnold we must add, that we speak exclusively of his literary criticisms, for when he enters on the domain of religion he becomes silly. Henry Morley is the first historian of English literature who tries to do full justice to Cedmon, and endeavors to say all that can be said concerning him. It is a subject worthy of his learning; and, considering his slender stock of materials, his effort is as creditable to him as it is praiseworthy. It is the purpose of the writer to endeavor to unravel fact from legend in the life of this great poet, to dwell upon his poetry as the outcome of circumstances, and to trace his influence so far as he can find a perceptible clue to its action.

## I.

Let us forget the England of to-day and go back to the seventh century. Rest we on the sea-beaten cliffs of Whitby. It was then known as Streanshalh, and received its more modern name only from the Danes. The zealous and devoted Bishop Aidann is still actively at work. It was in 640, at Hartlepool, that he founded the first nunnery in Northumberland, and placed at its head an Irish lady, called Heru. Later on he builds a monastery at Whitby. He appoints to govern it the abbess Hilda. A most remarkable woman was this saint. Baptized at the age of fourteen by Paulinus, she preserved unspotted the robe of innocence, with which, on that day, she was clothed. She lived with her relatives and friends till the age of thirty-three, when she enters a convent in East Anglia and consecrates herself to God. Thence she is called by Aidann to govern the new-built monastery at Whitby. It is a double monastery, having a house for men and one for women, according to a custom prevalent in those days.<sup>1</sup> With both is Hilda charged, and well and efficiently does she govern them. The monastery of men becomes a shrine of learning and science, and is noted as the nursery whence issued several saintly bishops. The pru-

---

<sup>1</sup> See Lingard's "Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church," for examples and authorities, pp. 82, 83; also Vit. St. Liobæ apud Mab, Sæc. 3.



dence, tact, and holy life of the abbess extend their beneficial influence far beyond the convent walls. Bishops and kings consult her under difficulties.<sup>1</sup> Contesting parties refer their feuds to her and abide by her decision. Her tact in this respect was noteworthy. No one ever thought of appealing from her word. She died in 680, in her sixty-third year, deplored by all, and left in the north of England a name undimmed by centuries. Her memory is still kept green by the gratitude of a people to whose ancestors she was a benefactor. Everything strange or wonderful in the neighborhood of Whitby occurs through her interposition. Nothing hurtful might approach her abode. Wild geese could not fly over her monastery.<sup>2</sup> Ammonites abound in that district; to the fancies of the people they are snakes turned to stone by the dear St. Hilda. Under favorable circumstances a mirage may be seen in one of the windows of the ruins of the church still standing; it is the dear St. Hilda, who continues to show her love for the good people of Whitby, by watching over them from this window.<sup>3</sup> Childish fancies these of a childlike people, who thus embody their gratitude and devotion in legend which outlives history and hard fact. But it is not for any or all of these things that the writer introduces St. Hilda; it is rather because she fostered the greatest poet of her age. She encouraged and drew out the genius that was to revolutionize the popular mind. She was the fast friend of Cedmon. And thus it is, that at the cradle of English Christian song, as at that of the Christian religion among the English, as at that of the same in Judea, as at that of humanity itself, sits a woman.

## II.

The life of Cedmon, like that of his great successor, Shakspeare, lies buried in fable and obscurity. But through the mists in which

<sup>1</sup> Butler, "Lives of the Saints," vol. iv. p. 370.

<sup>2</sup> Camden.

<sup>3</sup> A paper that was formerly printed and sold in Whitby alludes to these legends. It may be found in Grose's "Antiquities of England," vol. vi. p. 163. Therein St. Hilda is represented as speaking in the following rude verses, written with more affection than good taste:

"Likewise a window there I placed,  
That you might see me as undressed:  
In morning gown and night-vail there,  
All the day long fairly appear.  
At the west end of the church you'll see  
Nine paces there, in each degree;  
But if one foot you stir aside,  
My comely presence is denied;  
Now this is true what I have said,  
So unto death my due I've paid."

his name is enveloped, we can discern enough whereby to know that he was advanced in years before he became a monk; that prior thereto he was an eminently pious man; that he sought rather to obey the dictates of his conscience than to please men; that his genius was appreciated in his own day, and that he was regarded as one of the brightest glories of his age. The first glimpse we get of him is at festivals and entertainments. On such occasions, when the guests were well filled with meat and warmed up with beer, it was customary for each to contribute to the common amusement of all by singing a song. To this we find Cedmon uniformly objecting. When he saw the musical instrument approach, he arose from the table and went home. At first sight such conduct would mark him as being unsocial. Why might he not let the harp pass him by? Others there were who could not sing, and still who remained and enjoyed the occasion. The usual penalty for such delinquencies was to be compelled to take a certain quantity of beer in one drink. He might have paid the penalty or allowed himself to be mulcted in some other manner, and not have persistently marred the pleasures of the festival by leaving in so abrupt a manner. Reason there must have been, and reason there was, for the strange proceeding. Cedmon's was no sullen disposition. It is not, as the Venerable Bede informs us, because he could not, so much as because he would not, sing, that he left the festive hall so frequently. His companions knew that he could sing, and in all probability anticipated from him the crowning effort of the occasion. It was to avoid their displeasure and perhaps their anger by a direct refusal, that he chose to leave at some favorable moment prior to the placing of the harp in his hand. And what were those songs he did not choose to sing? They were not the pretty sentimentalities of modern drawing-rooms. Such things were unknown in Cedmon's day. They were not soundings of the deeper feeling of love. That too was unknown as a sentiment to be sung and played with. "That cultivated feeling," says Sharon Turner, "which we call love, in its intellectual tenderness and finer sympathies, was neither predominant nor probably known. The stern and active passions were the rules of society, and all the amusements were gross or severe."<sup>1</sup> They might have been martial lays; but to these Cedmon would scarcely have objected. He who sang so well of the warrings of the angels in heaven, and described so graphically the submersion of Pharaoh's hosts, could not find it in him to refuse to chant a strophe of the Fight of Finnesburgh or sing the deeds of Beowulf. He had sung them from boyhood; he had been fired by their spirit; he knew them by heart; they were

---

<sup>1</sup> "Anglo-Saxons," vol. iii, p. 263.



part of his thinking. Not to these did he have repugnance; but there was another species of song popular at festivals, which it grieved his soul to listen to. It was the mythic deeds of Thor and Odin, and the other pagan gods, that he refused to sing. "It might easily be proved," says Dr. Guest, "that our fathers had poems on almost all the subjects which were once thought peculiar to the Edda."<sup>1</sup> And there was still another kind of poetry, which was at first connected with the rites and ceremonies of the pagan religion, and which, long after these rites and ceremonies had fallen into disuse, continued to be sung at festivals and wakes. It was a practice common to many of the Teuton races. And the songs used were generally of a most unspeakable character.<sup>2</sup> Now, as late as the middle of the ninth century, Leo IV. forbade the Saxons to sing the diabolical hymns which the common people were accustomed to sing over their dead.<sup>3</sup> This was the singing that shocked Cedmon's Christian sensitiveness. It clouded the sunshine of his naturally convivial disposition. He felt that it was unworthy of a Christian's lips to utter, or a Christian's ear to listen to. It was made up of words bearing an idolatrous import, and possessed of a demoralizing influence. He saw that no good came of it. And once he was at an entertainment in the neighborhood of Whitby Abbey; the company was in a rejoicing mood; the beer flowed freely; the harp was taken up; one of the feasters began to sing; the song was of this objectionable kind. Cedmon could not endure it; he left the hall in sadness. With heavy heart he went out to the stable to take care of the horses. It was the custom for one of the company to guard the horses during the night; for at this time honesty was not one of the English virtues, and theft was considered a crime only when detected. In his solitude the heinousness of these pagan songs among a Christian people weighs him down. It is a thought that has been growing upon him. For some time past he has been asking himself if there is no way by which to banish this last remnant of paganism still clinging to the English mind. While revolving the subject in his heart he looks across the plain and discerns the lights from Streaneshalch stream in upon him. He remembers the Abbess Hilda; he thinks of the good monks who live under her mild and motherly protection; he is not unmindful of the calm and peaceful life they lead; he contrasts it with the rude scenes through which he has frequently to

<sup>1</sup> "English Rhythms," vol. ii. p. 241.

<sup>2</sup> Thus of the Lombards did Gregory the Great write: *More suo immolaverunt caput capræ diabolo, hoc ei per circuitum currentes, et carmine nefando dedicantes.*—*Greg. M. Dialog.* iii. cap. 28.

<sup>3</sup> *Carmina diabolica putæ nocturnis horis super mortuos vulgus facere solet.* See Wackernagel, "Das Wessebrunner Gebet," p. 25.

pass. He remembers the boisterous feast-making from which he came, and then he thinks that just at that very moment those good monks and nuns are also rejoicing, but after another fashion. They too express their sentiments in canticles of gladness and sorrow as varied as the emotions of human nature. "There," he said to himself, "is heaven upon earth; there are men and women leading angels' lives, and like those around the throne of God, singing the praises of their Creator." Thereupon he muses upon heaven; he remembers the angelic choirs; he feels his soul within him flutter with eager desire to sing of the abode of the blessed, of the creation of the world, of the ways of Providence towards men; and then and there he determines to render himself worthy of the honor of singing of these high themes by purifying his heart still more, and making it a fitting instrument to be played upon by the Divine Hand. He resolves to consecrate the remainder of his days to the noble purpose of making poems that will supersede the shameful songs that still bind so many Christian hearts to the pagan world of thought. Then and there does he feel the new mantle of inspiration descend upon him; he sings the creation; he dreams of it; he remembers the next morning the lines he had composed the night previous; he also remembers his good resolution. He goes to the Abbess Hilda and tells her of his purpose. He repeats to her the introductory lines he improvised on the Creator and His works. She calls together several of the learned men in her monastery and has Cedmon to repeat his verses before them; for she is first desirous of knowing whether the verses he repeats are his own, or whether or no he is an impostor. But they all of them are favorably impressed with his rare talents. "They concluded," says Bede, "that heavenly grace had been conferred on him by our Lord." Still they resolve to put him to a further test. So they recite for him some passages from the Holy Scriptures; these they explain to him, and request him to compose some verses on them. He goes home, constructs his poem, and returns next morning with the whole idea done up in most excellent poetry. St. Hilda is delighted. Embracing the grace of God in the man, she encouraged him to adopt the monastic habit.<sup>1</sup> He did so, and she associated him with the brethren in her monastery, leaving instructions that he be taught sacred history. And as he learned its meaning and spirit, he turned various parts of the sacred Scripture into English poetry.

The English language had never before clothed such sublime thoughts. Never was its power of expression stretched to its full

---

<sup>1</sup> Unde mox abbatissa amplexata gratiam Dei in viro, secularem illum habitum relinquere, et monachicum suscipere propositum docuit. "Hist. Eccl.," Lib. iv. cap. 24.

bent. None but the greatest genius could render it adequate to the themes. But Cedmon was equal to the task. He succeeded admirably. His poems became popular. "The revolution," says Guest, "effected by Cedmon appears to be complete."<sup>1</sup> All imitation of his works only showed how inimitable they were. "Others after him," says Bede, "attempted, in the English nation, to compose religious poems, but none could ever compare with him."<sup>2</sup> He created that intense and earnest religious feeling in the popular mind which was so prevalent down to the days of the Venerable Bede.<sup>3</sup> The pagan hymns became less frequent. The strong light of his bright song dimmed their last rays. Expressions so forcible and verses so harmonious laid strong hold upon the popular thinking. The man singing so beautifully must have been inspired by Heaven. So thought the people. And some among them had a dim recollection of a great poet who had been first a shepherd, and having learned how to sing in a dream, remembered what he had composed in his sleep, sang it next day and continued to sing beautiful things till death. It mattered little to them about the name; but among them was a poet who must have learned after some such manner. Perhaps an angel taught him. So it was believed in the days of the Venerable Bede. But let us recall the earlier myth. It is related of Hallbiörn that he was a shepherd lad who watched his flock near by the grave of the poet Thorleifr. One day he took it in his head to sing a hymn of praise in honor of the poet; "but," we are told, "because the lad was entirely uneducated, he was unable to carry out his pious design. Then, one night did the hillock open up, and a stately man walked up to the shepherd, touched his tongue, repeated a verse aloud for him, and returned to his grave. When Hallbiörn awoke he remembered the verse which he had heard, and from that day forth became a celebrated poet."<sup>4</sup> Thus it was that Cedmon had come to be regarded as a divinely inspired shepherd.

Once more we catch a glimpse of the man. He himself lifts the veil for us. He is at the pinnacle of his fame; old age is closing

<sup>1</sup> Rhythms, II. p. 241.

<sup>2</sup> Loc. cit.

<sup>3</sup> Wright, Essay on Anglo-Saxon Literature, in *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, vol. i.

<sup>4</sup> Bouterwek, Cædmon's Dichtungen, Vorrede. Cf. Thorleifr Saga Cp. vii. Script. Hist. Island, iii. 106. Grimm. Myth. 855. Prof. Stephens erroneously places this legend in the tenth or beginning of the eleventh century. Bouterwek says: "Vorliebe für das Scandinavische Heidenthum könnte in Cædmons Wunderberuf zum Dichter eine Erinnerung an einen ins Christenthum herübergenommenen heidnischen Mythos erblicken." Pausanias relates a similar tradition of Æschylus: "Æschylus says of himself that when a boy he once fell asleep in a field, where he was watching some grapes, and that Bacchus appeared to him in a dream and exhorted him to write tragedies." Lib. i. cap. xxi. 2, p. 28, ed. Dindorfii. Pausanias lived about A. D. 170.



upon him with an iron grasp; friends are dropping away from him into the grave; the old faces have passed; the new ones may have more admiration for his genius, but he cannot make them bosom friends. A large stone cross is to be erected. It is a costly monument, a great artistic effort for that day. Our Lord is represented as standing on two swine. A Latin inscription tells us that He is a judge of equity, and that the wild beasts acknowledge the Saviour of the world in the desert.<sup>1</sup> Lower still Paul and Anthony are pictured breaking their loaf in the desert; another Latin inscription speaks the fact. But as in olden times similar stone monuments had the praises of some heathen god inscribed in Runic characters, so is it now desired to have a Christian hymn perpetuated upon this. Who is so capable as Cedmon? Time and again, as he himself tells us, has he composed such inscriptions. And in this, his last, he seems to have thrown his whole soul. He has a dream, in which the Rood speaks to him and recounts its feelings and emotions as the Redeemer was transfixed to it:

“Methought I saw a Tree in mid-air hang—  
Of trees the brightest—mantling o’er with light-streaks;  
A beacon stood it, glittering with gold.”<sup>2</sup>

Long lay he, looking with sorrow upon the Healer’s Tree—*Hælendes treow*—till at last it spake and told how it grew upon the wood’s edge, was cut down and set upon a hill. It says:

“I spied the Frey<sup>3</sup> of man with eager haste  
Approach to mount me; neither bend nor break  
I durst, for so it was decreed above,  
Though earth about me shook.”

And then the Rood tells the whole story of the suffering and death and burial and resurrection of the Saviour. It further speaks of its becoming honored since that memorable event, though once it was reckoned “hardest punishment, loathliest among men, ere life’s way it had made straight and broad to speech-bearing mortals.” For which it considers itself honored more than all other trees, even as

“His Mother, Mary’s self, Almighty God,  
Most worthily hath raised above all women.”

---

<sup>1</sup> Jesus Christus iudex aequitatis. Bestiæ et dracones cognoverunt in deserto salvatorem mundi,

<sup>2</sup> Thuhte me thæt ic gesawe syllicre treow  
On lyfte lædan, leóhtê bewunden,  
Beama beohrtost. Eall thæt beacen waes  
Begoten mid golde.

<sup>3</sup> Frey is the God of peace. When its mythological significancy was lost, it became an epithet of honor for princes, and is found frequently applied to our Lord and God the Father. Notice that Cedmon gives the expression to the Rood, but nowhere in the poem uses it himself.

And now the poet enters into himself and expresses his great confidence in obtaining salvation through the Cross. This confidence is all the greater inasmuch as he hath sung its glories so frequently.

“Soul-longings many in my day I’ve had,  
My life’s hope now is that the Tree of Triumph  
Must seek I. Than all others oftener  
Did I alone extol its glories;  
Thereto my will is bent, and when I need  
A claim for shelter, to the Rood I’ll go.  
Of mightiest friends, from me are many now  
Unclasped, and far away from our world’s joys;  
They sought the Lord of Hosts, and now in Heaven,  
With the High-Father, live in glee and glory;  
And for the day most longingly I wait,  
When the Saviour’s Rood that here I contemplate,  
From this frail life shall take me into bliss—  
The bliss of Heaven’s wards: the Lord’s folk there  
Is seated at the feast; there’s joy unending;  
And He shall set me there in glory,  
And with the saints their pleasures I shall share.”<sup>1</sup>

The poem breathes throughout charity, sweetness, piety. It is a dream, an allegory, the forerunner of the numerous dreams that subsequently figure in English literature: of Langland’s and Chaucer’s and Lydgate’s and Dunbar’s and Lindsay’s and John Bunyan’s. But this wail of Cedmon’s for the friends of other days, with which the poem closes; this longing hope soon to join them; this living by anticipation in the celestial mansions, is the last glimpse we get of the man till the hour when his desires are to be fulfilled and his poetic soul passes from the beauties of earth to the bliss of heaven.

Living in so elevated a sphere of thought, Cedmon could find it in himself to write nothing but what tended to elevate and spiritualize the aspirations and emotions of human nature. The Venerable Bede bears testimony to this effect: “He never could compose frivolous and useless poems, but those alone pertaining to religion became his religious tongue.”<sup>2</sup> But withal, wide was the range of his themes. He did not confine himself to the mere paraphrasing of Scripture, or allegorizing upon the Rood. He also sang of the Divine attributes; of the judgments and the mercy of God to men; of the beauty of virtue and the hideousness of vice; but he sang with such fervor and persuasion that he led many from

<sup>1</sup> The Ruthwell cross. That Cedmon wrote this poem is stated on the stone: *Cedmon mæ fauatho*.

<sup>2</sup> Nihil unquam frivoli et supervacui poematis facere potuit; sed ea tantummodo quæ ad religionem pertinent, religiosam ejus linguam decebant. Hist. Eccl. lib. iv. cap. xxiv.

their evil ways to the practice of good deeds. This is no fictional assertion. The historian takes the pains to inform us of it. "By his verses," says the Venerable Bede, "many were often excited to despise the world, and to aspire to heaven." What unction there must have been in them, thus to stir up the normally obtuse feelings of his English brethren! And with what loving admiration those verses must have been read and recited. "A new poem by Cedmon!"—with joy did these words ring in the ears of the people; eagerly did they flock around the good monk who brought them the tidings and came to read the poem for them. Soon their singers and harpers knew it by heart and went about reciting it. Warmly were they received and well were they repaid for their services. No doubt some jealous ones there were among them, who still clung to the old pagan songs, and who attempted to belittle the productions of the heaven-inspired bard. But they daily lost ground with the people and soon found that in order to make a living they must know the poems of Cedmon. Parents taught them to their children, and in every household in Northumbria were they sung. And as they became part of the people's thinking the recollections of paganism faded out into the dim mists of the past, occasionally to be remembered in order to weave a legend about some Christian great one, such as that they applied to Cedmon himself. Only Shakspeare, King James's version of the Bible, and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, ever took such hold on the popular English mind as did Cedmon's poems.

The secret of his success was twofold. It lay in his great genius and in his holy life. Of the first it is not easy, at this distance of time, to form an adequate idea. Conceive a people with the ignorance and mental inaction of centuries weighing them down and making them of the earth, earthy; knowing only the use of the instruments of war and the chase; brutal in their habits; material in their thoughts; their uncouth natures slightly glossed with a varnish of Christianity; Christian indeed in name and in creed, but pagan in many of their customs and manners;—conceive all this, and then remember that this people is daily witnessing scenes of war and bloodshed. The old English chroniclers record them with an admirable coolness. "A. 658. This year Kenwalh fought against the Welsh at Peonna. . . . A. 661. This year, during Easter, Kenwalh fought at Pontesbury, and Wulfhere, the son of Penda, laid the country waste as far as Ashdown. . . . And Wulfhere, the son of Penda, laid waste Wight, and gave the people of Wight to Ethelwalde, king of the South Saxons, because Wulfhere had been his sponsor at baptism. . . . A. 675. This year, Wulfhere, the son of Penda, and Escwin, the son of Cenfus, fought at Beaden-head. . . . A. 676. And Ethelred, king of the Mer-



cians, laid waste Kent. . . . A. 679. This year, Elfwin was slain near the Trent, where Egfrid and Ethelred fought, and St. Etheldrida died." The death of a saint, a battle, the slaying of a man, are all told in the same breath; they are all of them events of almost daily occurrence. These are the scenes in which Cedmon lived and moved. In the midst of all this din, he raised his voice and was heard. He sang the substance of which all the ancient myths were but the shadow. He led men to forget more and more the pagan past; to exchange the dirges on the death of Baldr for the doleful strains on the Saviour's passion; to let the glories of Valhalla become dimmed by the more spiritual and real splendors of the heavenly kingdom. This was a great work; it was a noble task; it was moulding the popular mind into new shape; it was helping to spiritualize their natures; it was preparing the soil for the seeds of grace. None but the greatest genius could have achieved it all. He brought the Oriental imagery of the Bible within the comprehension of the humblest English mind; he draped it in the English fashion of thinking; he made its purely spiritual language palpable to the English imagination. He did it in language musical and flowing. His verses have been the admiration of all those who gave them attention. "His accent," says Guest, "always falls in the right place, and the emphatic syllable is ever supported by a strong one. His rhythm changes with the thought—now marching slowly with a stately theme, and now running off with all the joyousness of triumph, when his subject teems with gladness and exultation."

But the holiness of his life no less than the strength of his genius added weight to his words, and made them strike with such force. The Venerable Bede bears testimony to his virtues. He was an eminently religious man, fond of prayer, devoted to the reception of the sacraments of the Church, attentive and punctual in the performance of his various duties. He was a cheerful worker in God's service, submissive in all things to the will of his superiors, happy when he saw others the same; but he was the terror of those whom he found disorderly and lagging in their duties towards their Creator. Having entered religion late in life, he was prepared to appreciate its quiet, peaceful, undisturbed ways, as he contrasted them with the fickleness and boisterousness of the world he had abandoned, and he thought that others should in this respect feel as he felt. His happy, cheerful disposition—always prepared with a kind word or a pleasant saying—tended to make the religious life attractive to others. There was nothing gloomy in his piety. He was no friend of moroseness. This last he re-

---

<sup>1</sup> Rhythms, II. p. 50.

garded in its true light, rather as a hindrance than a help to genuine religious feeling. Leading such a life, how else could his death be than happy also? And such the Venerable Bede tells us it was. Let us linger over his last days, and watch the going out of that brilliant meteor of English song. To be able to stand by the death-bed of England's first great poet is a rare privilege. For some time a disease, the nature of which is not mentioned, had been undermining his constitution; during two weeks he felt it weakening him beyond recovery; and now he feels that the day of his dissolution is at hand. Nothing daunted, he moves about among his brethren; his cheery soul sheds sunshine into their hearts; in whatever mood he finds them, he leaves them with a laughing face and a pleasant thought. The evening of this last day he walks over to the infirmary, and asks those in attendance to prepare a bed for him, which they do with no small share of surprise. He stays up till after midnight, keeping everybody enlivened with his pleasant conversation. Midnight passed, he asked to communicate in the reception of the holy Eucharist. And they answered: "What need of the Eucharist? for you are not likely to die, since you talk so merrily with us, as if you were in perfect health." But he insisted on receiving it, and according to the custom of that day it was placed in his hands. He then asked those around him whether they were all in charity with him and free from rancor. There was only one answer—a unanimous "Yes." How else could they be with such a genial companion, holy religious, and great poet? He was full of life and humor; he had frequently made them laugh, but it was not at the expense of charity, it was not by giving pain to others. So, when the same question was put to him immediately after, well might he say: "I am in charity, my children, with all the servants of God." But the ruling passion asserted itself even in death. Cedmon desires to hear once more the praises of God sung, before he goes to sing them in heaven in union with the angelic choirs and the friends who passed before him. He would have his soul wafted upon the song of prayer and benediction ascending from the chapel near by. So he asks how soon the time was when the brothers were to sing the nocturnal praises of the Lord; and when told that it was not far off, he said: "Let us await that hour;" and signing himself with the sign of the cross, he laid his head on the pillow, and falling into a slumber, his soul passed away.<sup>1</sup> A death befitting his life.

Let us now address ourselves to that which still lives of him,—his spirit as embodied in his poetry.

---

<sup>1</sup> Bede, loc. cit.

## III.

Cedmon's genius, in its first flight, disdains all midway courses, and soars into the celestial empyrean. With the deeds of human heroes he is familiar; but he will none of them. In praise of his holy Creator alone—Heaven's Ward—will he attune his harp. The gods of his English ancestors have been extolled; right proper is it then that the true God—the Glory-King of hosts—have a lay dedicated to him. And so the poet bursts forth into a most eloquent prelude; every word is brimful of meaning; every line bends beneath the weight of his theme, and word and line show each alike how he labored to grapple with his subject in a manner adequate to its dignity.

“ Mickle right it is that we, heaven's guard,  
Glory-King of hosts! with words should praise,  
With hearts should love. He is of powers the efficacy;  
Head of all high creations;  
Lord Almighty! In him beginning never  
Or origin hath been; but he is aye supreme  
Over heaven-thrones, with high majesty  
Righteous and mighty.”<sup>1</sup>

Never, in the history of old English thought, was such a poetic beginning heard. It is the song of a soul strong in its convictions of the greatness and majesty of Him it extols. This is the passage said to have been composed by the poet that memorable night he watched in the stable. Then follows a brief account of the rebellion and fall of the angels, which, in all probability, was the theme given him by the learned men of the community as a test; for he afterwards reverts at length to the same subject. The description is vividly English. God is a stern Overlord who treats his adversaries with an iron hand. “ Stern of mood he was; he gript them in his wrath; with hostile hands he gript them, and crushed them in his grasp.” This was succeeded by peace. On earth, it was a rare thing in his day; so he lives to sing of it in heaven.

“ Then as before was peace in heaven—  
Fair peaceful ways; the Lord beloved of all—  
The ruler of His Thanes—in splendor grew;  
The good all bliss full-sharing with their Lord.”<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Tha waes sóth swa ær, sibb on heofnum—  
faegre freotho-theawas; frea eallum leof—  
theoden his thegnum—thrymmas weoxon;  
dugutha mid drihtne dreàm-hæbbendra.

—*Thorpe's Cedmon*, p. 5.

<sup>1</sup> Guest's Translation in “English Rhythms,” vol. ii.



As the subject grows upon the poet in all its greatness, he also rises with it. Could we be witnesses of the labor with which, as he pondered over verse after verse of the Bible, he struck out those flashes of light that shone in his day, and are not yet undimmed, we would see a giantlike struggle between matter and spirit; the limited utterance and the unbounded desire; the strong determination breaking up the new field of poesy with fierce energy. He read the sublime opening of Genesis. The awful sublimity of those words penetrated him: "And the earth was void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved over the waters."<sup>1</sup> Some expressions in it reminded him of his old English cosmogony. "The earth was void and empty." "This," thought he, "is the Ginunga-gap, the yawning abyss, of which my ancestors sang. I must sing of it too without introducing the flesh and bones of Ymir." Therefore he sang:

"Here yet did naught exist save cavern shade,  
But deep and dim did stand this wide abyss."<sup>2</sup>

And in these lines, if the poet remembered, he also anticipated. The "wide abyss"—*wîda grund*—is the Ginunga-gap—the yawning abyss—of the Edda; but so also is the "cavern shade"—*heolster-sceado*—the "darkness visible" of Milton.<sup>3</sup> Again the coloring of the older poems of his English ancestors clings to his description of things in that beginning of times. He remembers how it was sung: "When Ymir lived no earth was found, nor heaven above; one chaos all, and nowhere grass."<sup>4</sup> These were not the words, but they were clearly the idea in his mind when he dictated or penned these lines:

"Earth's surface was  
With grass not yet begreened; while far and wide,  
The dusky ways, with black, unending night,  
Did ocean cover."<sup>5</sup>

Thus he worked and thought in the smithy of his brain, as he hammered out his golden verses. Thus he brought the Scripture-thoughts within the grasp of the popular mind. But as he advances he leaves behind him still more the imagery of the past, and accommodates himself more closely to the new order of ideas. Even his metre changes to suit his mood. Thus, when discours-

<sup>1</sup> Genesis, chap. i. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Ne waes hêr thâ giet nymthe heolster-sceado  
wiht geworden, ac thes wîda grund stôd deôp and dim.—Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> cf. Job. x. 22.

<sup>4</sup> Edda.

<sup>5</sup> Folde waes thâ gyt  
*graes ungrêne*: gârsecg theahte  
sweart synnihte sîde and wîde,  
thonne waëgâs.—ll. 122-5.

ing on heaven and on the prerogatives of Satan, the line lengthens out into most solemn expression :

“ So fair was he made—so beauteous his form—  
Received from the Lord of hosts—he was bright  
As are the bright stars. His task was to praise  
The works of his Lord ; his heavenly joys  
To cherish most dear ; their Giver to thank  
For beauty and light upon him bestowed.”

Long might Satan have enjoyed his glory in heaven. But he began to plot. The poet read of it in Isaiah : “ How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, who didst rise in the morning ? how art thou fallen to the earth, that didst wound the nations ? And thou saidst in thy heart : I will ascend into heaven ; I will exalt my throne above the stars of God ; I will sit in the mountain of the covenant, in the sides of the north ; I will ascend above the height of the clouds ; I will be like the Most High.”<sup>1</sup> Upon this passage he builds up a long argument of plotting on the part of Lucifer.

“ ‘ Wherefore,’ he said, ‘ shall I toil ?  
No need have I of master. I can work  
With my own hands great marvels, and have power  
To build a throne more worthy of a God,  
Higher in heaven. Why shall I, for His smile,  
Serve Him, bend to Him thus in vassalage ?  
I may be God as He.  
Stand by me, strong supporters, firm in strife.  
Hard-mooded heroes, famous warriors,  
Have chosen me for chief ; one may take thought  
With such for counsel, and with such secure  
Large following. My friends in earnest they,  
Faithful in all the shaping of their minds ;  
I am the master, and may rule this realm.’ ”<sup>2</sup>

Such rebellious language is severely punished. Satan and his adherents are cast into the infernal regions. These the poet also describes at length. Here again he combines the Scripture account of hell with the ancient English idea of it. To his ancestors fire had no terrors ; it was rather the cold, dreary, inactive life that made hell unendurable to them. Therefore, Cedmon combines the two ideas :

“ Each fiend through long and dreary evening,  
Hath fire renewed about him ; cometh then,  
Ere dawn, an eastern wind, fierce cold upon it—  
The dart of fire or frost must rankle there—  
Same hard affliction each must ever have.”<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Isaiah xiv. 12, 13, 14.

<sup>2</sup> Morley's version in “ A First Sketch of English Literature,” p. 19.

<sup>3</sup> Thaer hæbbath heo on éfyn ungemet lange  
ealra feonda gehwile, fyr éðneowe :  
thonne cymth on uhtan easterne wind,  
forst fyrnum cald symble fyr oththe gār  
sum heard geswinc habban sceoldon.

In this abode of suffering Satan addresses his companions in misery. He bemoans his plight. He surveys the torments by which he is surrounded. But the most unendurable of all is the thought that Adam is to take his place in heaven. Here the poet has some truly sublime touches. He combines, in a rare degree of excellence, dramatic action with descriptive power. The abrupt manner, and the sudden turn of expression, couched in the strongest language possible, speak of an enraged soul. We miss fiendish acuteness, but we find in its stead pride and churlishness enough.

“And Satan spake—he who in hell should rule—  
 Govern th’ abyss henceforth—in sorrow spake,  
 God’s angel erst, in heaven white he shone,  
 Till urged his mind, and most of all his pride,  
 To do no honor to the Lord’s sweet word.  
 Within him boiled his thoughts about his heart;  
 Without, the wrathful fire pressed hot upon him—  
 He said: ‘This narrow place is most unlike  
 That other we once knew in heaven high,  
 And which my Lord gave me; though own it now  
 We must not, but to Him must cede our realm,  
 Yet right He hath not done to strike us down  
 To hell’s abyss—of heaven’s realm bereft—  
 Which with mankind to people He hath planned.  
 Pain sorest this, that Adam, wrought of earth,  
 On my strong throne shall sit, enjoying bliss,  
 Whilst we endure these pangs—hell-torments dire—  
 Woe! woe is me! could I but use my hands  
 And might I be from here one little hour—  
 One winter’s hour—then with this host would I—  
 —But press me hard these iron bands—this coil  
 Of chain—and powerless I am, so fast  
 I’m bound. Above is fire; below is fire;  
 A loathier landscape never have I seen;  
 Nor smoulders aye the fire, but hot throughout.  
 In chains; my pathway barred; my feet tied down;  
 Those hell-doors bolted all; I may not move  
 From out these limb-bands; binds me iron hard—  
 Hot-forged great griples! God has griped me tight  
 About the neck.’”

And so Satan continues addressing his associates, asking them to stand by him and not fail in the strife—“heroes stern of mood—renowned warriors—they have chosen me for chief.” The whole passage reminds one of the sublimest strains in *Paradise Lost*. There is less reasoning in Cedmon; he is more objective; the sufferings of his Satan are all physical, except the one pang of envy he feels at the thought that man is to be installed in his place. Milton is more subjective; his Satan despises the mere physical pain; it is the agony of mind incident upon humiliation and defeat that weighs upon him. Cedmon tells us of his hero’s pride; we



feel the pride of Milton's Satan. This difference is due to their respective ages rather than to their geniuses. In Cedmon's day men did not analyze feelings and emotions; they acted and suffered and endured and spoke out the results of their thinking rather than its processes. When Milton wrote, thought was more developed; men were more reflective and analyzing, and it was natural for them to enter into the springs and motives of action.

But man must be made to share these hell-torments. So forthwith Satan undertakes to tempt him. He arrives in the garden of Paradise. There are the trees of good and evil. "The fruit was not alike. . . . The one was so pleasant, so fair and beautiful, so soft and delicate." He might have life eternal who ate of that. "There was the other, utterly black; that was death's tree, which much of bitter bare." There was no mistaking them. Satan pretends to be a messenger from God. Adam receives him with suspicion; tells him he understands God's commands, but nought of what he says. Satan pretends displeasure, threatens his Master's vengeance for the insult offered. Thereupon Adam asks him for some pledge or token by which he may know him to be sincere; but Satan has none, and forthwith, like a good keeper of his Overlord's place, Adam bids him begone: "Therefore I cannot thee obey, but thou mayst take thee hence." But Satan, nothing daunted, "turned him, wroth of mood, to where he saw the woman, on earth's realm, Eve standing, beautifully formed." With her he is successful in his evil design; for the poet takes care to assure us, "to her a weaker mind had the Creator assigned."<sup>1</sup> But Cedmon treats mother Eve with great tenderness. He seeks to palliate the evil she brought upon herself and the whole human race: "Yet did she it through faithful mind; she knew not that hence so many ills, sinful woes, must follow to mankind." However, the deed is consummated, and now it is Satan's turn to rejoice: "Then laughed and played the bitter-purposed messenger." Such is the story of the Fall, as sung by Cedmon. He sings it as he might have sung any domestic episode. We would not take it as the measure of his power. But later on, when he describes the flight of the Israelites and the destruction of Pharaoh, he is at home. Then the whole strength of his genius breaks out. The old Bersekr blood rises in him. He is no longer the historian, nor is he the translator. He is the true poet, the seer. The vision is before him in all its dread reality. The old spirit that used to fire the company with such themes as the Battle of Finnesburgh, inspires him to rival that soul-stirring poem. We will not attempt a met-

<sup>1</sup> Hæfde hire wacran hige

Metod gemearcod.—*Cedmon*, Thorpe's ed. p. 37.

rical version. We prefer transcribing a literal rendering; it will thus retain more of the original fire. See, for instance, with what an apparent relish he paints preparations for battle: "They prepared their arms; the war advanced; bucklers glittered, trumpets blared, standards rattled; they trod the nation's frontier; around them screamed the fowls of war; the raven sang greedy of battle—dewy-feathered. Over the bodies of the host—dark choosers of the slain—the wolves sang their horrid even song." This is the language of one who has vividly before him what he pictures to the mind's eye. And now, take the destruction of Pharaoh and his host. It is a torrent of words, and re-echoes the thunders of Niagara:

"The folk were affrighted, the flood-dread seized on their sad souls; ocean wailed with death; the mountain heights were with blood besteam'd, the sea foamed gore; crying was in the waves, the water full of weapons; a death-mist rose; the Egyptians were turned back; trembling they fled, they felt fear; gladly would that host find their homes; their vaunt grew sadder: against them, as a cloud, rose the fell rolling of the waves; there came not any of that host to home, but from behind inclosed them fate with the wave. Where ways ere lay sea now raged. Their might was merged, the streams stood, the storm rose high to heaven, the loudest army-cry the hostile uttered; the air above was thickened with dying voices; blood pervaded the flood, the shield-walls were riven; shook the firmament that greatest of sea-deaths. . . . The bursting ocean whooped a bloody storm the seaman's way; till that the true God through Moses' hand enlarged its force, widely drove it, it swept death in its embrace. . . . Ocean raged, drew itself up on high, the storms rose, the corpses rolled. . . . The Guardian of the flood struck the unsheltering wave of the foamy gulfs with an ancient falchion, that in the swoon of death these armies slept."<sup>1</sup>

Here is destruction with a vengeance. It was with full zest the poet undertook to recount it. "The bursting ocean whooped a bloody storm . . . the storms rose, the corpses rolled." Were we not told it all was the work of the true God, we might well imagine we had found another relic of the vikings in their fierce pagan days. With this sublime outburst we cease quoting from *Cædmon*. It is in such passages, in which we pass behind the poem and its scriptural basis, that we are enabled to measure the strength of the poet's genius. He not only speaks the old language; he also thinks in the old routine of thinking, with his thoughts somewhat purified; but there is no ideal above that of personal bravery or brute force; anything higher was yet beyond the grasp of the old English mind; the spiritual element is there, but it is still a foreign element. He never rises above the sublimities of the Bible; he frequently lowers them to bring them within the compass of the popular thinking. His heaven is no longer the Walhalla of the Teutonic North. It becomes a costly, well-ordered church: "There the gate is golden, fretted with gems, with joys encircled for those who into the light of glory—to God's kingdom—may go; and,

<sup>1</sup> *Cædmon*, xlvii. p. 206.

round the walls appear beauteous angel-spirits and blessed souls—those who from hence depart; where martyrs give delight to the Creator and praise the Supreme Father—the King in his city—with holy voices.” Had he spoken otherwise he would have been ill-understood; his genius would have failed of reaching the general intelligence. He would not have fulfilled his mission.

## IV.

Such, then, is the poetry Cedmon sang. To us it sounds rude and abrupt. But in order to its appreciation we must set aside our modern standards of criticism and our polished phrasings, and go back to the rude age of the poet. Men’s thoughts still ran in the old pagan groove. They were few and limited. What Stendhall says of the man of the tenth, applies more aptly to him of the seventh century,—that he desired only two things, viz., not to be killed, and to have a good leather coat. The people went to mass and listened to the instructions; but the routine of their daily life ran in the same groove with that of their pagan ancestors. They clung to the old superstitions. A pagan thread runs through English thought even to the present day, but it has lost its significance. The names of the days of the week, those of Yule-tide and Easter, are all so many relics of the old creed. So also is the May-pole. Unconsciously it is a perpetuation of the rites originally performed in honor of Phol.<sup>1</sup> The still familiar term Old Nick comes to us from the water-spirit Nicor. “It is not going too far,” says Kemble, “to assert that the boar’s head, which yet forms the ornament of our festive tables, especially at Christmas, may have been inherited from heathen days; and that the vows made upon it in the Middle Ages may have had their sanction in ancient paganism.”<sup>2</sup> Nearly all the charms and spells that abound in the English provincial districts are remnants of the old superstitions, with the names of God and His saints substituted for those of the pagan divinities. Such was the case with a widespread charm for a sprained limb. The conjury ran thus, whilst a black woollen thread, with nine knots, was wound round the injured limb.

The Lord rade,  
And the foal slade;  
He lighted  
And he righted;  
Set joint to joint,  
Bone to bone,  
And sinew to sinew;  
Heal in the Holy Ghost’s name.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> “In England richtet man allgemein am ersten Mai einen sogenannten *maypole* auf wobei zwar an *pole*, *pfal*, *palus* ags. *pol* gedacht werden kann; doch dürften Pol, Phol anschlagen.”—*Grimm, Myth.* p. 581.

<sup>2</sup> *Anglo-Saxons*, vol. i. p. 357.

<sup>3</sup> Chalmers’s *Nursery Tales*.



This charm, with slight changes, is to be found in Holland and Belgium as well. In 1842 the original pagan form was discovered "on the spare leaf of a MS.," at Merseberg. It reads as follows:

Phol endi Wódan  
Vuorum zi holza,  
Da wart demo Balderes volon  
Sin vuoze birenkit;  
Thu biguolen Sinthgunt  
Sunná era suister;  
Thu biguolen Frua,  
Volla era suister;  
Thu biguolen Wódan  
Só he wola conda:  
*Sósé bénrénki, sósé bluotrenki,*  
*Sósé lidirenki;*  
*Bén zi bēna,*  
*Bluot zi bluoda,*  
*lid zi geliden,*  
*Sósé gelimida sin.*<sup>1</sup>

Phol and Wodan  
Went to the wood,  
Then of Balder's colt  
The foot was wrenched;  
Then Sinthgunt charmed him  
And her sister Sunna;  
Then Frua charmed him  
And her sister Folla;  
Then Wodan charmed him  
As he well could do:  
*Both wrench of bone and wrench of blood,*  
*And wrench of limb;*  
*Bone to bone,*  
*Blood to blood,*  
*limb to limb,*  
*As if they were glued together.*

Such was the charm used in the old continental homestead by common ancestors both of English and Flemish. Its discovery was hailed with enthusiasm by antiquary and mythmonger—not so much for the sake of the subject-matter, nor for mere linguistic purposes, as that it contained the fullest list extant of the old English pagan divinities.<sup>2</sup> And if that list has come to be so scant—if in the whole range of old English literature so few definite allusions are to be found—if in the days of the Venerable Bede much of the pagan mythology has dropped out of men's thinking and many of the consequent practices have been abandoned, it is due in a great degree to the popularity of Cedmon's songs and Scripture paraphrasings. And another there was who shares the glory with him, but to whom we can only give a passing mention. He was a youth just merging into manhood when Cedmon was passing away from this life. He may have seen the poet of Whitby. He must have been an admirer of his verses. He must have heard of the wonders wrought through their influence, and his poet-soul must have yearned to do a similar work amongst the West Saxons. That other was Aldhelm, abbot of Malmesbury. He also notices how hard it is to penetrate the crust of habit that has grown over the naturally slow-moving intelligence of the people. His heart beats in sympathy with them; he yearns to see them elevated into a more refined and a more spiritual atmosphere. A learned man, versed in Latin, Greek and Hebrew—and in this respect he differs from Cedmon—he forgets his learning and brings himself down to the level of those children in intelligence. Standing on a bridge,

<sup>1</sup> Kemble, *Saxons in England*, vol. i. p. 364.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

he sings to them, in the mother tongue, hymns so sweet and impressive that in the days of Alfred, two centuries later, some of them are remembered.

The poetry of Cedmon was a revelation to the people. It brought the sublime thoughts of the Bible within their grasp. It enlarged their views of Christian teachings. It solved in a manner, primitive enough, but satisfactory for them, some of the questionings that must have arisen in their souls on hearing recounted the history of God's wonders from the beginning. It gave palpable shape and form to many of the mysteries of religion. The rebellion of the angels; the fall of man; original sin, and its consequences, became henceforth no longer vague notions, but rather, living, present things to their minds. Is it not told how the angels fought and fell, and how they were punished? Is not their abode of torment described? And have we not the very words of Lucifer? And do we not listen to Adam and Eve discoursing over the apple? Are not the words that Satan spoke to Eve recorded therein? It is all a new mythology, substituted for the old, but it is a harmless one. It is a framing in which to group the truths of Christianity and the history of God's providences. Later the same framing will be slightly modified for a similar purpose, and it will be known as the Miracle-play. Milton will adopt it in his epic, and the popular mind will be educated to regard almost as positive truths the imaginary descriptions there given of things unseen.

It is noteworthy that there is no modern language so impregnated with Scriptural thought and colored with Scriptural allusions as is the English. It accommodates itself to the most solemn utterances. It has been so from the beginning. When St. Augustine lands in England he brings with him a small library of nine volumes. They are: 1, The Holy Bible, in two volumes; 2, the Psalter; 3, the Gospels; 4, another Psalter; 5, another copy of the Gospels; 6, the Apocryphal Lives of the Apostles; 7, the Lives of the Martyrs; 8, an Exposition of the Gospels and Epistles. *Hæc sunt primitiæ librorum totius Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, says the *Canterbury Book*.<sup>1</sup> Of these nine volumes, six are Scriptural and one explanatory of the Scriptures. True, these books are locked up in a language unknown to the people. It is the merit of Cedmon to have placed their contents before them in the only manner in which they would have reached their "business and bosoms." And henceforth the Old and New Testaments become popular. Henceforth, in a sense, they are the people's horn-books. Much of the old English poetry, afterwards, is all the more read for being Scriptural at least in name. We meet with a poem on Christ, one called

---

<sup>1</sup> Edwards, *Memoirs of Libraries*, chap. ii. p. 100.

Judith; another is a dialogue between Saturn and Solomon. Even the unknown Christian poet, who gives us the extant version of the poem of Beowulf, becomes so unmindful of the pagan people of whom he sings, that he introduces the Gleeman singing Cedmon's song of the creation:

And sound of harp was there; sweet sang the poet;  
He told the origin of men from far—  
Told that the Almighty wrought the earth—the plain  
In beauty bright embraced by waters;  
And, victor-proved, the sun and moon did set—  
Light-giving flames to dwellers on the land;  
And decked earth's varied parts with boughs and leaves;  
And eke created life of every kind.<sup>1</sup>

Thus it is that the poet preserves the tradition of his song. And the historian, in the person of the Venerable Bede, crystallizes in his immortal pages the glory and the greatness of his name, the loveliness and saintliness of his life. Nor is this all.

In the ninth century his poems became known in France. Louis the Pious introduced them. This good monarch, not content that the knowledge of the divine books be confined to the learned and erudite, resolved, and by the interposition of Providence it was so managed, that all his subjects speaking the German language should become familiar with them. So speaks the Latin Preface to the paraphrase.<sup>2</sup> And, in order to show how Providence aided the king, it adds: A certain person ordered a man of the Saxon race, who was esteemed a great poet, to devote himself to the poetical translation into the German, of the Old and the New Testaments, so that the sacred reading of the divine precepts be open to learned and ignorant alike.<sup>3</sup> There was no need for a new translation. The language of Cedmon was that of Louis. There might have been—as no doubt there were—slight variations of dialect; but the people of one nation understood those of the other. Long previously had commercial relations been established between them. They were Franks whom St. Augustine took with him as interpreters, on his first going to England.<sup>4</sup> No doubt the Preface wished to pay a compliment to Louis, when it gave him the credit of or-

<sup>1</sup> Beowulf, i. 180, *et seq.*

<sup>2</sup> This Preface is found among Hincmar's letters: *Magna Bibliotheca Veterum Patrum*. Labigne, Paris, 1654, t. xvi. p. 609. I have been unable to find it in the Migne Edition.

<sup>3</sup> *Precepit namque quidam viro de gente Saxonum, qui apud suos non ignobilis vates habebatur, ut vetus ac novum Testamentum in Germanican linguam poetice transferre studeret, quatenus non solum literatis, verum etiam illiteratis, sacra divinorum præceptorum lectio panderetur.*—*Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> Butler, *Lives of the Saints*, ii. p. 278. For additional proof, see W. Howel, *Inst. Gen. Hist.* iv. p. 435.



dering the translation. Be this as it may, it adds the more important information that the poet sang from the creation of the world to the end of the Old and the New Testaments, interpreting and explaining as he went along so lucidly and elegantly that he delighted all who heard and understood. It then refers to his having received his powers in a dream. "It is said that this same poet, whilst yet entirely ignorant of his art, was admonished in a dream to arrange the precepts of the sacred law in a style suitable to his own tongue." This is evidently a tradition of the legend told by the Venerable Bede in the previous century. A poem attached to the Preface speaks still more clearly of his peasant origin.<sup>1</sup> That the poet was appreciated, may be learned from the rather fulsome praise of the Preface: "So great was the fluency of his words, so great shone the excellence of the matter, that his poetry surpassed all German poems by its polish. The diction is clear; clearer still is the sense."<sup>2</sup> And this, be it remembered, was no publisher's advertisement. It was written after the poems had been some time among the people. It only records a fact. They had already won popular favor. And after all it is scarcely less praise than that bestowed on them by Bede. True, the poet is not named in the Preface; but the coincidence in the lives of the poets, in the matters of their poetry, in the unanimous testimony to its excellence and influence, is too great not to admit of identity. Both are of the people; both are admonished in a dream to sing the sacred truths of religion; both sing of the creation; both paraphrase the Old and New Testaments; the productions of both are universally lauded. It is because both are one, and that one is Cedmon.

And now, it would seem as though his spirit continued to live and labor through the whole Teutonic race. In France and Germany, as well as in England, Scripture paraphrasings became the popular rage. They are the drama and the novel of the people. They are more. They are not read or listened to for amusement's sake. They are pored over and dwelt upon with passionate earnestness, to be lived and acted out. Through them, the people become familiarized with the thoughts and deeds of the Redeemer, and learn to follow them more closely. Some of these old horn-books of that day have come down to us. We have the poem called *Krist*;<sup>3</sup> we have a song of the Samaritan Woman;<sup>4</sup> we have a poem on the Last Judgment;<sup>5</sup> translations of several psalms, and

---

<sup>1</sup> *Incipe divinas recitare ex ordine leges,  
Transfere in propriam clarissima dogmata linguam;  
Nec mora, post tanti fuerat miracula dicti:  
Qui prius Agricola, mox et fuit ille Poeta.*

*Versus de Poeta, et interprete hujus Codicis. Bib. Patr., loc cit.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*    <sup>3</sup> Ottfried, Koenigsberg, 1831.    <sup>4</sup> Schiller, Thesaurus, II.    <sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*

a harmony of the four Gospels, called Heliand.<sup>1</sup> This last was widely known and highly prized. There are extant traditions of its popularity in Germany and England.<sup>2</sup> It is written in a dialect to be understood by both nations. There has been much conjecture as to the authorship. Schmeller thinks it was written by an English missionary. Grein wished to identify it with that of the translation made in the time of Louis the Pious, but with no success. Evidently this version is of the ninth century, and the production of some ecclesiastic intimate with the Scriptures, and at least aware of the apocryphal Gospels; for he tells us that many disciples of Christ endeavored to write God's holy word with their own hands in a magnificent book; only four were chosen, and to them were given "God's power, help from heaven, the Holy Spirit, and strength from Christ: *maht godes helpa fan himila helagna gest craft fan christæ.*" Now, be it remembered that about the time this form of poetry became so general, English missionaries returned to christianize their kinsfolk in the old homestead; hosts of them, under Willibrord and Boniface, invaded Friesland and Germany, bringing with them the light and life of the Gospel and the Church. They were not unmindful of the experience and traditions of other days in their own country; that which was so skilful a weapon in the hands of Cedmon, and Aldhelm, and Bede himself, they did not neglect. It may have been the same songs they repeated; it was certainly the same in sense, and in the same spirit, that they sang. It is Cedmon who still speaks.

Nor is he forgotten later. The sole manuscript of his works that is known to be extant is of the tenth century, and even that is fragmentary. It is divided into two books, and of these only the first is continuous; the second is hopelessly broken up. The MS. is in the Bodleian Library. It is illuminated. Some of the scenes represented are evidently those which, in that early day, must have been enacted in the Miracle-plays.<sup>3</sup> The tradition of the creation and fall, as preserved in these plays, is that handed down by Cedmon. But in this manuscript we must not look for the identical poem that Cedmon sang. In passing from generation to generation for three centuries, various changes must have imperceptibly entered into the text. A version in the West-Saxon dialect might not conform to that in the Northumbrian; meddlesome scribes

<sup>1</sup> J. Andreas Schmeller, Stuttgart, 1830. This is mainly a print of the Cotton MS. in the British Museum.

<sup>2</sup> Poema istud non solum in Anglia, sed etiam in Germania et quidem Wirceburgi extare, teste G. Eccardo (in Monum. vet. Quaternione Lipsiæ MDCCXX. fol. 42, et in Comm. de rebus Franciæ or. MDCCXXIV. tom. ii. fol. 325), jam pridem inter antiquitatum curiosos rumor fuerat.—*Schmeller, Prefatio Editoris*, p. viii.

<sup>3</sup> This places Miracle-plays a century earlier than the date usually assigned to them.

might occasionally undertake to improve the poem; others again might be too ignorant to write it correctly; and so from one cause to another, while the general tenor would remain, special passages might read differently. This accounts for the discrepancies in the reading of the opening lines of the poem, as found in King Alfred's translation of the Venerable Bede's Ecclesiastical History, and in the manuscript. No doubt, Cedmon would be at some trouble to identify the songs he sang with the present transcript of them. But he is not alone in this respect. Imagine Tasso coming among the gondoliers of Venice as they chant his Jerusalem Delivered. And would not Shakspeare and Æschylus be equally at a loss to recognize in our modern texts of their masterpieces the verses they indited? The MS. belonged to Usher, who gave it to Francis Junius or Dejon. This latter it was that assigned the poem to Cedmon, and as Cedmon's had it printed in 1655. And Dejon had a friend to whom he communicated his literary projects; that friend was then in his forty-seventh year, and was meditating a grand epic; he saw this MS.; no doubt he possessed a copy of the printed poem; it decided his subject and its treatment; the materials he had collected for a Miracle-play he made use of in this new project, and forthwith he produced a work of great genius. That man was Milton, the poem was *Paradise Lost*.<sup>1</sup>

Here terminates the direct and immediate influence of Cedmon. Beyond whatever of expression and allusion may have been preserved by Milton, or passed into our thinking, that influence is for us dead. We may rehabilitate his life and imagine the times in which it was spent; but those times are past, and with them the magnetism of his influence. It remains but as a record. His poetry has no responsive chord in the modern heart. Another poet must come amongst us, with faith as lively and genius as brilliant, whose song shall thrill the age, and whose burning words will thaw out the ice of skepticism that is settling upon it hard and fast.

---

<sup>1</sup> Johnson's Life of Milton, Works, vol. ii. p. 33.

---



## THE HUMAN SOUL AND BODY.

THEIR UNION CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE TO DIFFERENT THEORIES  
FOR EXPLAINING THE NATURE OF MATERIAL SUBSTANCE.

“Where there is no knowledge of the soul, there is no good.”—PROV. xix. 2.

THE hypothesis which any one adopts in philosophizing about the union between man's soul and body, must depend not only on the theory employed by him for explaining the nature of the soul itself, but also on the theory followed by him in explaining the essential constitution of matter, or the nature of material substance. This union of soul and body in man has, at the best, its obscurity and mysteriousness, as St. Augustine observed (*De Civitate Dei*, lib. 21, cap. 10), and as acknowledged by all the greatest Christian philosophers; but yet there are some general truths bearing on the subject which can be known by natural reason, more or less clearly and distinctly, and which it is good not to allow the “scientists” or modern “scientism” to involve in doubt and darkness.

Pure materialism can scarcely be recognized as constituting any genuine system of philosophy at all; for the spirituality of the human soul is among the first truths which it is the office of philosophy to demonstrate, and it is then treated as a fundamental principle in every system; the schools of philosophy dividing, not on this truth of the soul's immaterial and spiritual nature, but rather on the consequences derivable from it. The materialist denies that man has any principle in the composition of his nature that is not purely material; and he asserts, therefore, that man has no spiritual soul, he is only body. It follows, then, that the present inquiry concerning the nature of the human compound, or the nature of that union which is between man's soul and body, cannot be addressed directly to the materialist; the spirituality of the human soul is here supposed, and as he denies that truth he must be left to pursue his own investigations, “with the snout of grovelling appetite,” into “dirt philosophy.” Materialism may be justly characterized as the lowest and grossest type of thought or learning which lays claim to be called speculative science and reasoning; pure idealism, an opposite extreme, is the absurdest and most abhorrent to reason. As the idealist denies the objective reality of things external to the mind, neither can the subject herein proposed be rightly discussed with him; for he more completely than even the materialist repudiates all the realities and all the first principles which must be postulated, when the question to be

argued is, what is the nature of that union which is between man's soul and body?

But even among those who admit, or, at least, do not deny, that there is a principle in man superior to mere matter; that man's ideas are objectively real, and, consequently that the outer world is made up of physical realities, there are many theories proposed for explaining the intrinsic nature of the visible substances around us; and it is no wonder, then, that the advocates of those conflicting theories hold very divergent opinions concerning man as having a nature that is both corporeal and intellectual. These various systems, devised to explain the nature and essential constituents of material objects, may be ranged with, perhaps, sufficient comprehensiveness, under three principal classes, or three leading hypotheses. 1st. The hypothesis according to which the ultimate elements or components of bodies are really simple entities. 2d. The theory which reduces all the visible creation to persistent force, and the modifications of this one persistent force. 3d. The theory that matter or body is, of its nature, a compound substance, which is really and physically extended. It is plain that these theories must furnish very different answers to the questions: How is man at the same time both corporeal and intellectual in his nature? Are matter and spirit so united in man as to constitute him one nature, one personal being? Are matter and spirit associated in companionship, by an accidental and extrinsic union, without constituting a compound nature that is really one? Are soul and body commingled; or are they united into one substance chemically, as oxygen and hydrogen unite chemically, so as to constitute one substance, water?

It is not proposed, in this article, minutely to state and describe the theories of matter above classified, nor to recount the manifold systems which may be included under these heads. But it will not be amiss here to consider some general truths which cannot be ignored, not only if we would reason correctly concerning the nature and essential constituents of material substance, but also, if we would rightly conceive the unity of man's nature, especially as no argumentation on any subject can lead to valid results, which starts from erroneous first principles, or from premises false in fact. This subject of inquiry is one in which Bacon's celebrated rule of induction has legitimate application; for surely no theory for explaining the intrinsic nature of matter is genuine or really valid, which is not a logical deduction from known facts. An hypothesis that is arbitrarily assumed *a priori*, must either directly deny evident facts, or else it must, with Procrustean violence, force those facts into required shapes and dimensions; for example, Fichte chooses to assume that the human mind makes the objects of its own ideas,

and that external things could have no share in the production of those ideas; it is, therefore, denied by him that the objects of thought possess any other reality than that which is subjective to the mind having those thoughts. This is a sweeping denial of facts, which is made in order to meet the requirements of theory.

The human mind naturally comes to the knowledge of things really and physically existing, only by means of their action and the effects produced by that action. Man can know a cause to be simple by first knowing its effects to be such as none but a simple cause can produce; just as he can also know a cause to be complex or compound by means of its effects; as, for example, when the geologist observes in the strata of the earth's surface effects which he may legitimately conclude could have been produced only by the combined agency of heat, air, and water. This relationship of cause and effect, by which one is distinguished from the other, and by which the one being apprehended the other thereby becomes known, is evident to our minds, and it is perceived by way of a primitive fact, just as color is perceived through the eye by way of primitive fact. Hence, inductive reasoning is based on this general principle as its logical criterion: we may legitimately conclude from actual effects to their cause or sufficient reason. Applying this method of reasoning, which our minds naturally pursue whenever we investigate facts, to the study of man's nature, we may analyze that nature, and learn by means of its various action the real components or constituent principles of that nature. Following this logical process, the great mass of mankind have always agreed upon a few well-known general conclusions; as, for example, man's body, in common with the mineral, has specific gravity, reflects light, has quantity or volume, etc.; in common with the vegetable, it has vital growth, by intussusception and assimilation of nutriment; in common with the brute or irrational animal, it has sensation, self-locomotion; finally, what is peculiar and specific to man among all objects of the visible creation, he judges intellectually, reasons, knows the supersensible, and wills deliberately. Since man thus combines in himself all grades of perfection that are discernible in the universe, he is not inappropriately styled a "microcosm," or "little world," "the epitome of creation."

The desire for change, or fondness for what is new, may happen to be as disastrous to the cause of genuine philosophical truth (and genuine truth is in itself not subject to mutation), as it has sometimes proved to be to the efficacy of unchangeable principles in the moral order. It is not more strange for Cicero to comment on the fact noticed by him, that no hypothesis is so absurd as not to have been defended by some philosopher, than it is to find Sallust to have reproved the generation of his day for seeking after



change and novelties in the civil and social order. Even then as in the day of our keenest English satirist, it might have been said of minds tired of evident truths admitted by all candid thinkers :

“ So, schismatics the plain believers quit,  
And are but damned for having too much wit.”

That hypothesis surely exacts too much, which requires us to reject the plain well-known conclusions of common sense for the sake of theory. Doubtless Laménais was absurd in maintaining that the common consent of mankind is the ultimate criterion of all certainty; for this ultimate standard or motive of certainty must be something internal and subjective to our minds, not something merely extrinsic. It is generally agreed among sounder philosophers and more correct reasoners, belonging to every school of opinions, that the ultimate motive and criterion of all certainty is reducible to evidence possessed by the mind: in physical and metaphysical matter, it is evidence coming from the object to the mind, either immediately, as happens when the truth or object is self-evident; or else mediately, as happens when that truth or object becomes known only by means of demonstration, or by reasoning to it from other truths that are evident to the mind. In moral certainty, this ultimate criterion of truth is evidence that the testimony is credible.

Laménais's theory of certainty, then, is not tenable; but, nevertheless, it is undeniable that the testimony of good common sense has its own order or species of objects within which it may give unerring certainty; and of such objects are all those plain sensible facts with the obvious first conclusions from them, which are known to all persons of ordinary experience and ability to judge. To deny or call in question this testimony of the human faculties to truths and objects the most immediately and evidently known to them, is not to philosophize; it is to do away with what genuine philosophy must regard as being a first principle in its own order.

Is it a fact that mankind at large attributes to matter some predicates as common to all forms of material substance, and that such predicates express the obvious first judgments which the human mind naturally or instinctively forms and affirms of what it perceives through the senses? Are there self-evident facts concerning sensible qualities or properties inhering in all bodies of matter, which science cannot legitimately explain away, but which some “scientists” claim to explain away?

It is a fact that the great mass of mankind do give predicates of the sort to all forms of material substances falling under their senses; and it seems to be equally a fact that, if the human faculties are false or erroneous in these first and direct acts of cogni-

tion, then, all science and philosophy, so far as they concern matter, are reducible to mere idealism and baseless speculation.

Let us apply the preceding principles to a consideration of the human compound, or to man's nature as consisting of both matter and spirit. Viewing the question only in the light of unaided natural reason, which theory best serves to explain satisfactorily man's nature as being both corporeal and intellectual: the theory that "all things are force with the modifications of force," the theory that "all matter or body is composed of simple elements," or the theory which teaches that "matter or body is, of its nature, really and physically extended?"

It is plain that the theory which one adopts in order to account for the manner in which spirit and matter are combined in man, must be based, in part, at least, on the hypothesis employed by him to explain material substance or body; as it will depend also on what such one conceives the human soul to be. This statement presents the subject as an extensive one; too extensive to be herein fully treated. Besides, this whole question, as to the nature of body, the precise manner in which spirit and matter unite so as to constitute the human compound or man, is disputed, even in the schools of the Church. Discussion conducted in a right spirit, helps the cause of truth; with the desire of contributing something towards so commendable a work, the writer here ventures, with much deference for the opinions of those who may think differently from himself, to give some reasons why one of those theories seems preferable to the others.

It is difficult to comprehend what either the soul or body is, or how they unite in man, if they must be conceived and defined in accordance with the theory of *force*. It is true, that there are two schools of theorists who propound the doctrine of *force*: first, they who, with Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, etc., dispatch in a few words, all questions concerning the nature of the human soul as a spiritual substance, as they do all subjects pertaining to God as a personal being, by pronouncing them to be *unknowable*. A second school of theorists hold that all bodies may be reduced to force and its modifications, but, at the same time, they admit the human soul to be a substantial and spiritual nature.

Locke, in his essay on Human Understanding, rather aims to show what the mind of man does not know, and cannot know, than to explain things that can be known and comprehended by us; his subject is more properly the unknowable than it is the knowable. In this, Locke gave origin to a new conception and new *style* of philosophizing; this style yet prevails, and it is as plainly discernible in the writings of Mill as in those of Locke himself. To brand a rejected thesis as pertaining to the "unknowable," and

then, with Huxley, class it among "questions of lunar politics," or with Maudsley put it among "fruitless controversies in barren metaphysics," is thus made an easy and compendious method of solving all troublesome difficulties. Locke consigns to this category of the unknowable the question, whether or not mere matter or body can think intellectually? The atheistic author of a recent volume on "Theism" sneers at the absurdity into which this assertion betrays Locke when subsequently attempting to demonstrate the existence of God as the spiritual and intelligent first cause; he refutes Locke's argument for the existence of God, by using for the purpose Locke's own doctrine of the unknowable. But is not this *force* itself, which comprises every capability, of which all phenomena are but "modifications," and which suffices to account for all knowable things, also something quite unknowable? Either this force is something subsistent, as substance is, or it is not; if it is, then what is gained for philosophy or science by changing the name of substance to that of "force," which, as generally conceived, is only a property or accident of substance? If it is not substance, and yet everything is force, then truly, in the phraseology of Locke, the master among "scientists," is it "something inconceivable by our minds." What can be more "unknowable" than "force," which does not exist alone or by itself, like substance; which does not inhere in any subject, and nevertheless is everything? Among unknowable things, nothing is so unknowable. But let us state the principle on which this theory of "force" is based. There is one persistent force; persistent, because it never gains or loses any real force; its chief "modifications," or quasi species, are heat, light, electricity, nerve force, chemical force, momentum of bodies in motion, and energy of position. The theory does not attempt to account for difference in the species of things, nor does it explain how there can come from this obscure entity, styled "force," separate and complete things, of the same species; it thus reduces all objects to the category of the unknowable.

The union of man's soul and body, conceived in accordance with the principles of such doctrine and expressed in its terms, can propose no object to the mind which is not utterly incomprehensible. To this difficulty, however, Mill, in his *Logic*, Introduction, and in Chapter III., on "substance," gives the answer for the "scientists" of this school, when he asserts the impossibility of proving the existence of matter or spirit, or of knowing what they are really. It is sure this theory of force gives no explanation of the subject, it can give none; it can only deny that soul or matter is knowable, and pronounce gratuitously that the nature of the



union between man's soul and body, is consequently something unknowable.

But omitting further controversy with the theory of force, which certainly affords no adequate explanation of the manner in which matter and spirit combine and coexist so as to constitute the personal being, man the question may be here asked, which of the two other systems better solves all difficulties growing out of the subject; that of "simple elements," or the system maintaining that matter or body is really and physically extended? Which of these two theories accounts more consistently for what we evidently and certainly know concerning reason in man, and his corporeal nature? It is plain that these two systems exclude each other; they cannot both be true; nor, therefore, is it possible that they should harmonize equally well with what we positively, or as a fact, know of matter and spirit.

Matter has certain properties or predicates which are truly and really in every form of matter, whether it be only mineral, or be organized and living; and it is by means of these real qualities that we actually know bodies. Some of these predicates which are common to all forms of matter can be evidently and positively known by mankind at large, and, as a fact, they are thus known to every one of average ability to perceive and judge. Can genuine philosophy demonstrate *a priori* that these qualities which mankind attribute to all matter as perceived through their senses, are unreal or false?

If the mass of men, throughout ages, and now to-day, fall into *error of fact*, in their first obvious judgments as to what they actually and evidently perceive through their senses, then we have left no certain principle concerning sensible objects on which to reason against idealism or skepticism. If this direct and immediate testimony of the human faculties to fact, is false in every man, and in all men, then surely enough are science and philosophy of real things reduced to empty speculation about meaningless abstractions. The testimony of the senses to sensible facts, and also the obvious first judgments that affirm those facts, are among the special or peculiar objects to which common sense applies; and, as thus understood, it is a witness to positive things, to the positive premise in philosophizing, which cannot be gainsaid or doubted without disastrous consequences to any hypothesis which has to be defended by denying or explaining its testimony away. This was always verified in the past, from the days of Pyrrho in Athens, to those of Berkeley and Hume in England.

Is real extension in matter by way of *physicum continuum*, one of those predicates which, as a fact, the mass of mankind give to bodies falling evidently under the cognizance of their senses? It

is not denied that mankind do thus apprehend and judge of matter or body; "but," it is alleged, "mankind judge erroneously the fact which they perceive; for, what they take to be real and physical extension, is only a phenomenon which they misconceive. The people ridicule the philosopher who proves that there can be no real mathematical extension in matter, as an idealist, as visionary and eccentric, because they suppose him to deny also the phenomenon which they see evidently, namely, phenomenal extension." But here it might be asked, which is the appointed and reliable means of learning this primitive and positive fact; is it our natural faculties perceiving it directly and immediately through its own evidence, or is it an abstract hypothesis claiming to demonstrate *a priori* what it is we must see? And this inquiry is all the more pertinent, when it is question, as in the present case, of a predicate or property of matter which is "a common sensible," as it is styled; for, the "common sensible" is perceivable through more senses than one, and, therefore, our means of knowing it completely, through the senses, is all the more perfect. It is further urged that "these obvious first judgments affirming primitive sensible facts, are sometimes plainly erroneous; as, for example, before the rotary motion of the earth on its axis was discovered, the sun was said to *rise* and to *set*, thereby affirming that it was the sun which moved."

This fact, however, of the inference made by men, from what they saw, that the sun moved, is not at all relevant to the point; for the first obvious judgment affirmed by men on the testimony of their senses was *real motion*; their reasoning, inference, or opinion as to the cause of that motion, is beside the present question. In order for that fact to be a pertinent objection against the principle herein defended, it would be necessary to show that mankind was also deceived as to seeing any *real motion*, by which the sun was now at the horizon, now on the meridian of the observer's place, etc. In like manner mankind have always perceived through their senses *real extension* in matter or body; and just as real motion was the sensible object seen and affirmed, in the one case, so is real extension the object directly perceived and affirmed in the other. The science of astronomy subsequently explained the nature or cause of that real motion, but it could not prove that there was no motion; in like manner, the science of physics may ultimately explain the nature or cause of real extension in matter, but it can never discover that there is no real extension in matter.

It belongs to science and philosophy to investigate the causes of primitive facts knowable through man's natural faculties; but it is a poor theory which requires for its defence the denying or explaining away of those facts. The defenders of the "force" theory

profess not to deny the reality of extension in matter or body; but they affirm it to be only a modification or phenomenon of force. In the theory of "simple elements," extension as physically continuous, is not a real predicate of matter at all; it is not a property that is really inherent in matter or body; but yet body occupies extension, the simple elements of which a body is constituted being as a collection of mathematical points separated by small intervening spaces. These simple elements, composing body, are kept in their relation to each other by duly balanced attraction and repulsion; they are *in* mathematical extension, therefore, but they have no extension.

In order to conceive "body" as thus composed, then it becomes necessary to explain away physical quantity or real extension, as being any real property of matter, and consequently to deny that we can perceive such property through our senses. In the theory, physical continuous extension as a *real* predicate or property of matter, does not exist, and it cannot exist. It is not claimed that experimental science furnishes demonstrative proof of this assertion; for experimental science is limited to matter as an object of the senses, and the senses apprehend matter only as having extension. The defenders of the system claim to demonstrate theoretically and *a priori* that it is impossible, in the very nature of things, for matter to be *really extended*. The mass of mankind would answer, "we see evidently through our senses that matter or body is really extended," and "facts are stubborn things." Indeed, the "fact" is here the refutation of theory.

But what argument demonstrates apodictically the impossibility of real and physical extension in matter? If such thing can be thus demonstrated at all, it can be done by one argument, for when a conclusion is true, as following from the very nature of things, or *a priori*, the medium of demonstration, or the reason, is really one;<sup>1</sup> then, what is that one necessary and conclusive reason? There is no such proof to be given, and consequently, "the system of simple

---

<sup>1</sup> "In speculativis medium demonstrationis, quod perfecte demonstrat conclusionem, est unum tantum; sed media probabilia sunt multa. Et similiter in operativis quando id quod est ad finem, adæquat, ut ita dixerim, finem, non requiritur quod sit nisi unum tantum." St. Thomas's Summa, p. 1, qu. 47, a. 2 ad 3. In the speculative order (or order of necessary truth), the medium of demonstration, which demonstrates the conclusion perfectly, is only one. Similarly in practical things also when the means to an end, so to say it, equals that end, there is required only one means to that end.

In other words, there is one, and only one demonstration for any conclusion following by necessary sequence from principles that are absolutely true; and this holds, whether that conclusion be one which follows immediately from the principles, or one which is deduced by valid and necessary sequence, as more remote; for, "the medium of demonstration" may consist of several arguments, one following through another as its medium.



elements" cannot rightfully claim to offer what is, at the best, more than a plausible or probable hypothesis for explaining the composition of bodies.

There are those, however, who contend that a conclusive reason why matter cannot, in the nature of things, be really extended, is because in such hypothesis, matter should be infinitely divisible, whereas this infinite divisibility of matter is something impossible, or it would lead to absurd consequences. It does not necessarily follow, however, that "matter being really extended, matter is therefore infinitely divisible," since the existence of any body of matter could, by the choice of God, be made actually dependent on a particular degree of real quantity or extension. But even admitting that we may predicate of matter as really extended, infinite divisibility by way of infinite series, what absurdity thence follows? All real extension as extension is thus divisible, as the textbooks of mathematics explain; but what essential difference is there between the difficulty of comprehending clearly infinite divisibility as a true predicate of the mathematical line, surface, or solid really described by movement of your hand, and that of comprehending infinite divisibility as a true predicate of this or that quantity of matter really extended? No absurd consequence follows from predicating infinite divisibility in either case; for such division can never become actually infinite, either in the one or in the other. All mere logical difficulty concerning this point is obviated for him who understands the axiom which is here to be applied: "from the indefinite infinite to the actual infinite there is no illation;" infinite divisibility can never reach infinite actual division, since these two things mutually exclude each other. It follows, then, that the *infinite* can never be an actual predicate or property of any quantity, whether physical and real quantity or only mathematical; and thus the objection becomes a mere equivocation on the words "infinite divisibility," which neither assert nor imply that body, as really extended, must, on that account, be actually susceptible of the predicate, infinite, under any possible respect. Besides, if we assume that matter or body is not really extended, would we, or even could we then perceive it through our senses, just as we now actually perceive it? Or, supposing matter or body to be really extended, would we, or even could we then perceive it through our senses in a different manner from that in which we actually perceive it? The idealist evades argumentation which concerns external objects; he denies objective realities and the facts furnished by them; he devises, instead, ideas, which he can more easily explain than he can objects not produced by him; for those ideas are figments of his own, which he trims, amends, or adds to, as required for maintaining their factitious consistency.

How shall we account for the different species of matter or bodies, in the hypothesis that all matter is composed of simple elements? Much must be explained away before the theory can be fitted to meet that difficulty. Moreover, in that theory, either these simple elements act at a distance, or they do not; if the former be required by the theory, it is absurd, as against the evident axiom, "*nihil agit in distans*," nothing can act at a distance. If the latter be admitted by the theory, then the simple elements are united by a real medium, which is really and physically extended; but this, however, contradicts the fundamental principle of the theory, namely, that real extension in matter is impossible.

If we suppose a body to be before us, composed, in accordance with the theory, only of simple elements, it is difficult even to conceive how such a collection of entities, in themselves really simple, can, by being placed in the vicinity of each other, become an object of the senses. In such a supposition all the terms now employed to express the realities in matter or body as perceived evidently through the senses and affirmed by obvious first judgments of reason, must actually express an erroneous meaning. But truly the faculties of mankind are not deceived in their direct and natural act of perceiving their own objects, when those objects are intuitively evident to them.

Some theories proposed in recent times for explaining the nature of matter and the composition of bodies obscure and weaken, if indeed they do not tend totally to destroy, all the main arguments for demonstrating the immateriality and spirituality of the human soul. Such systems have helped not a little to confirm many minds in their adhesion to Locke's opinion, who asserts that material substance is unknowable, and that reason is unable to demonstrate the impossibility for matter or body to think intellectually. This happens all the more easily since some of those hypotheses, as before said, either deny or else explain away many predicates or properties of matter which were always commonly given to it by mankind, and which at the same time were heretofore regarded as certainly distinguishing material substance or body from spiritual substance. If any matter is in itself simple and subsistent, and such the simple elements are held to be, then how shall we demonstrate the falsity of Mr. Locke's words, that "for aught we know, matter is susceptible of intellectual power and thought?" What becomes of the argument for the soul's spirituality, founded on its properties and action as a simple substance? The evident qualities of all matter, and the distinctive characteristics of reason, or of intellectual action, are known by way of first facts and judgments. To deny or doubt them, with the idealist or skeptic, is to give up truths that serve as first principles for explaining the nature of the

human soul and discriminating between spirit and matter. If these plain facts and truths are really deceptive and uncertain, or merely present phenomena which are erroneously conceived by the minds of men, on what then shall we base a genuine distinction between matter and spirit?

The difficulties raised up by these new hypotheses, in regard to the distinction between matter and spirit, lead to the further and consequent difficulty of accounting by them for the union of the material and the intellectual principles in man. Tyndall, whose doctrine seems to combine the "force" theory with "positivism," passes by this difficulty in the *Nineteenth Century*, for November, 1878, as unanswerable; yet he claims that science will finally explain how matter can think intellectually. Others of his school simply remit the whole subject to questions belonging to the category of the unknowable—that dark pit to which Herbert Spencer also consigns all inquiry concerning the existence of a personal God.

It will not be amiss, perhaps, if this point in Spencer's doctrine be here stated, in a passing way: Spencer contends that God, as He is usually conceived by men, is only an anthropomorphous God: that is, God, as generally conceived by the human mind, is only a man fully perfected in his species.<sup>1</sup> One aim of Spencer's

<sup>1</sup> It has been proposed among the learned, more than once, rigorously to banish all figurative terms from the language of philosophy or metaphysics. Dugald Stewart once favored such an undertaking; but subsequently, on more mature thought, he concluded, with D'Alembert, that "the total proscription of figurative terms from all abstract discussions," was merely a visionary project, and not reducible to practice. (Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Edinburgh, T. and T. Clark, 1877, vol. iv. part iii. chapter ii. section iii.) A style that is ornamented with tropes and figures, is gross and unprecise in philosophy; yet all terms used by us in reasoning from visible or sensible things, to the supersensible or abstract order of objects, have more or less of an analogical meaning, since it is only by means of analogies and relations that our minds make the transition from one order to the other.

Those "scientists" of the present day who defend materialism, desire, with Maudsley (see preface to *Body and Mind*) to interdict all "words which have meanings of a metaphysical kind attached to them." Both of these schemes to change language, but founded on contrary reasons, however, are mere conceits, proposing what is wholly impractical; for, first, those designs are based on what is false; and, secondly, the natural good sense of mankind cannot be led into extravagances of that sort, since such changes would upset both their thought and language.

The general tendency of sound thinkers who treat abstract and metaphysical questions is towards a certain unity of terminology in philosophy, on the basis of the ancient classic languages, especially the Latin, from which most of the borrowed terms used by metaphysicians are derived. This tendency is opposed by the school of erratic essayists who are for "no dogma," and who prefer to contemplate stern truth as mitigated with some vagueness and obscurity of the words in which it is enunciated. As an example: for how many fallacies do they not prepare the way, by confounding the signification of "mind" with that of "soul," of "believe" with that of "know?" Ballerini gives a similar instance of effort made to render words obscure or equivocal, the words chosen for the purpose being "actus humanus" and "actus hominis." Words with their



philosophy, of all genuine philosophy, his followers assert, is, as called by Mr. Fiske, in his *Cosmic Philosophy*, the *deanthropomorphization* of God; to which it may be added, in a corresponding jumble of Latin and Greek, that it is, moreover, the *detheozation* of God, by burying Him in outer darkness, among the condemned objects making up the comprehensive and convenient category of the unknowable. Spencer's reasoning on this subject is subtle, and it is specious enough actually to have deceived some, among whom may be included Fiske; but, in reality, it amounts to what is merely an equivocation. It is true that we reach our idea of God, with His attributes, by analogical reasoning; but it is not true to say that therefore a personal God, as conceived by us, is of man's nature, or that He has, as conceived by our minds, any attribute common to Him and man; for He transcends all genus and species, as actually conceived by us. Analogical unity does not suppose real identity of attribute, for then it would be, not analogy at all, but similarity, between the objects compared. God and creature agree by analogy which is transcendental; the note in which they agree has not a univocal meaning or name in God and creature. Analogy may be intrinsic to one of its terms, without being at all intrinsic to the other; as, for example, a *healthy* man, a *healthy* climate. Thus, analogy may relate objects to one another which are of a totally different order. Creatures are truly related to God, and by means of that relation we can reason from creatures to God; but in doing so we wholly abstract from, or drop from our conclusion to God, all predicate of what is real in creatures, since we use no term as univocal in its application to creature and to God. Had Spencer considered the nature of analogy more thoroughly, as, for example, that between ideas and their physical objects, the agreement of words and things, etc., he would, perhaps, have interpreted differently the language of his supposed watch, as speaking intelligently of things belonging to a higher species than itself, in terms of watch-wheels, springs, lever, crystal, hands, etc.

It must be admitted, then, that the theories of material substance

---

meanings thus craftily perplexed, are like counterfeit coins. An opposite class of minds have argued that metaphysical and theological questions should be discussed only in the Latin language, in imitation of Brahminical exclusiveness for Sanscrit.

There is a degree of truth implied, at least, in all these extreme notions; but yet, they are extreme opinions, and the simple truth is midway between them. The Church adopts the Latin language in her ritual, her doctrinal decisions, and in all her official utterances; for the words of a fixed language do not change their meaning or become equivocal. For wise reasons, aspirants to the priesthood are taught philosophy and theology mainly in the Latin language. But the Church does not prescribe a language in which her children must think, speak, and write their philosophical or theological speculations. That is left to be determined by custom, education, actual expediency, and the like.

which deny or explain away all those real and obvious facts of matter on which reasoning must rest, leave little to be said by them on the subject, except that we know nothing either of soul or body, and therefore we cannot say with any certainty what they are: whether they are anything real, whether they are distinct or identical. For them the question, "how are man's soul and body united?" has little value and even little meaning.

Among those theorists who admit real extension as an inherent property of matter, and other qualities and accidents of matter to be just what they are judged to be, as facts, by mankind perceiving them through their senses, there are various and very different hypotheses proposed for explaining the essential constitution of matter or the nature of bodies. The aim of this article does not require, nor would its limits permit, those different systems to be here stated and discussed. It suffices for the purpose and whole object herein intended that all those theories hold the sensible qualities and properties of matter or body to be really what they are perceived through the senses to be.

Among those who admit, explicitly or impliedly, the reality of sensible qualities in matter as conceived by mankind on the testimony of their senses, there is also much diversity of opinion concerning the nature of the union between the human soul and body.

With this class of thinkers it is a common form of expression to style the body "the tenement of the soul," "the prison of the soul," "the instrument of the soul," and the like. The idea of the soul being in the body and ruling over it as an intelligent and living principle is possessed by all; but the manner of its indwelling there is something of which many have but vague and obscure notions. Even in our standard English literature, taken all in all, language often occurs which leaves no doubt of its being a prevailing notion that the soul's union with the body is an extrinsic one, and not an intrinsic union in composition so as to constitute of soul and body one living substantial nature, one personal being. The soul and body are usually spoken of as acting and reacting on each other, as mutually communicating influences received, etc. But it is plain that those who employ such language conceive the soul and body to have this facility of influencing each other, owing merely to their close proximity, the body being the dwelling-place of the soul, as the room is tenanted by a person, or, perhaps, somewhat as the shell is tenanted by the snail or lobster. In this manner of conceiving the connection between soul and body they are made completely distinct and really separate from each other, having only accidental union that arises from juxtaposition in place. It is thus the "theory of physical influence" explains the union of soul and body in man.

This "theory of physical influence," as it is styled, is usually ascribed to Euler; but its principle had been laid down by Locke before Euler's time. Locke's language concerning the nature of matter and spirit, and the manner in which they unite in man, was challenged at the time by the Bishop of Worcester, who imputed to Locke materialistic tendencies. Some of Locke's remarks objected to by the bishop, were as follows: "We have ideas of matter and thinking, but possibly shall never be able to know whether any mere material being thinks or no; it being impossible for us, by contemplation of our own ideas, without revelation, to discover whether Omnipotency has not given to some systems of matter fitly disposed, a power to perceive and think, or else *joined and fixed to matter so disposed a thinking immaterial substance*; it being in respect of our notions not much more remote from our comprehension to conceive that God can, if He pleases, superadd to matter a faculty of thinking, than that He should superadd to it another substance with a faculty of thinking." Book iv., Chapter iii., No. 6.

This passage, along with the defence of it against the bishop's objections, which Mr. Locke subsequently wrote and appended to his "Essay Concerning Human Understanding," led his followers to adopt the principle of "physical influence," in accounting for the connection between the soul and body of man. Euler, who was not born when Locke died, was the first, however, to propose and defend this doctrine, as reduced to a special and carefully elaborated system under its present name. It is manifest that in this hypothesis, man is not one being, not some one, subsisting in body and soul constituting one nature; but even as man precisely, he is really two beings merely adjoined or associated, with power mutually to act and be acted on; and consequently the theory denies any real unity in man's nature as a rational animal, or as a personal being.

Some theorists have affirmed that it is physically impossible for matter and spirit to have any action and reaction on each other, though they do not directly deny either the spirituality of the soul, or any of the common predicates of matter as generally admitted among men. There are two principal schools of authors who thus think concerning spirit and matter; namely, they who defend the theory of "occasional causes," as best explaining the respective action of soul and body in man, and they who prefer, for that purpose, "the theory of pre-established harmony."

The "system of occasional causes," which is also styled "the theory of assistance," is sometimes attributed to Descartes as its originator, but with doubtful justice; for, others deduce from his language, which, however, in respect to this subject, is not wholly free from obscurity, that he, like Locke, held the doctrine of "phys-



ical influence." But this theory of occasional causes, as employed to explain the concurrence or agreement in the actions of man's soul and body, and the mutual dependence which they seem to have, is more correctly ascribed to Malebranche, who, as a fact, proposed and defended it explicitly and at length. According to his hypothesis, when any affections of the soul require corresponding action in the body or its members, and also when any influence is exercised by exterior objects on the body or its senses, which should have corresponding action in the soul, then God Himself, *on occasion* of this necessity for agreement in the action of man's soul and body, produces, as first cause, the respondent impression or action. The reason given in proof is that neither the soul nor the body can act at all, unless moved to it by the first cause; and still less are they capable of acting on each other, since spirit and matter differ from one another according to their entire species, or in all their specific powers and properties. It is manifest, however, that this reasoning proves too much, and it is therefore null; for, the *fact* is well known that man's body and soul communicate by action, which is really his own.

Leibnitz also assumed that spirit and matter can have no intercommunication through action and reaction on one another, contrary to what Locke supposed; and, in order to account for the agreement or correspondence of action in the one with action in the other, he proposed the system of "pre-established harmony," according to which, God, in His omniscience and almighty power, so predetermines, orders, and moves all action both of man's body and soul, that they always occur in perfect agreement or harmony. For example, the action of your eye, by which you see the printed words you are now reading, was preordained to be in perfect agreement with the action of your intellect by which you apprehend what the eye sees; the action of your tongue in speaking intelligible words, is foreordained to be simultaneous with that of your mind in thinking the ideas expressed by those words. In this system, then, which was subsequently developed with still more fulness by Wolff, the soul is the complete principle of all action elicited by its powers, without any concurrent influence received from the body, or from external objects acting on the organs of the body. The body is merely an automaton, and the soul would have its action the same, even if it were not connected or associated with the body at all; and, consequently, Newton could have made his famous induction from the falling apple, and demonstrated his theory of gravitation, just the same, even if we make the supposition that his soul and body were then separated, and actually in different hemispheres.

This theory of "pre-established harmony" surely violates the

precept of sound philosophy, which forbids the introducing of the first cause as immediately producing an effect, which can be satisfactorily accounted for by the agency of second causes.

These three theories are sometimes illustrated by an example, in order that their difference may be more clearly perceived; and the example usually chosen for the purpose, is that of two watches which are made to keep precisely the same time, but in three different manners, or by three different means. First, we may conceive these two watches to be kept in exact agreement by some one near them who advances or retards their respective movements, just as required, in order for them always to indicate the same time. The two watches kept together by such means, represent the theory of occasional causes, as applied to explain the concurrent action of man's soul and body. Secondly, we may suppose these two watches to have been made with such perfection that their movements exactly coincide, and they always mark the same time, because of the entire precision with which their own machinery works. The two watches keeping together in this manner serve to illustrate the theory of "pre-established harmony," according to which God so appoints and regulates all operations, both of man's soul and body, that they themselves always act in perfect agreement or harmony with each other, though one of them has no real influence on the other's action. Thirdly, we may conceive the two watches to have their springs and entire machinery so exactly adjusted or fitted to each other that one acts on the other by contact, and their movements are rendered perfectly harmonious through their real action and reaction, one so hastening or retarding the movements of the other as to make their hands denote the same time. This manner of causing the watches to keep the same time, would exemplify the "theory of physical influence," according to which man's body and soul are so affixed or joined to each other that the action of one really and physically influences the other.

There is a common objection to these three theories for explaining the union between soul and body in man, that seems to be equally conclusive against all, namely, they deny the unity of man's nature as composed of matter and spirit; or, what is the same, they assume that man as a person is made up of two distinct natures that are both complete substances, really existing and acting as such in man. It is plain that no one of these systems admits any substantial union of soul and body constituting man one living substance. But this doctrine contravenes what we positively and certainly know of man as a personal being. We can see in our own conscious and living action that man is one both as a substantial nature and as a person arising from an intimate union of his soul and

body, and not from extrinsic and accidental connection. In accordance with those hypotheses, man, as a person, has only a soul, not a body; his body is an instrument of his soul, but it is not a constituent of his personal being. Against this theorizing stands the fact, however, that man has unity of nature, as a rational animal, and he is one also as a person.<sup>1</sup>

Any one observing and reflecting on what takes place in himself, must see evidently that the action of his body or of its members is his action in a manner wholly distinct from that in which the action of an instrument, which he uses with his hand, or that of an exterior body moved by him, is his action; for example, the action of the hand that feels, holds, and directs the movements of the pen, is totally different from that of the pen itself. The pen in such case is an instrument which is an entirely distinct agent, and which is complete in itself as a substance; the hand, though acting as an instrument in respect to the person, is nevertheless, a living part of that person, in such a manner that its action is really the action of the person, "*actus sunt suppositorum.*" Consequently, the body and the members of the body are not the soul's instruments in the same sense at all that a pen, cane, and the like are instruments; for, the former are real parts of the person; the latter are extrinsic to the person, and have only accidental connection with the person. Also, sensation is not an act of the body alone, nor is it an act of the soul alone, but of both body and soul as constituting one agent.

No one of these illustrious philosophers first began to doubt obvious facts before "his head became intoxicated with a theory," to borrow the language of Stewart. The speculations of him who devises a new and strange hypothesis, are, in many instances, found to start from mere arbitrary assumptions and foregone conclusions, and in order to maintain consistency with them, the theorist is sometimes required to deny or ignore plain and positive facts in fabricating or working out the details of his fanciful system.

There is good reason for saying, and the assertion seems not too bold, that just as the theory taught in the old schools for explaining the origin of our ideas, with some modifications as to certain accidental particulars made by discoveries in the science of optics, is the one which, after all, best accords with obvious and

---

<sup>1</sup> "*Ex anima et corpore constituitur in unoquoque nostrum duplex unitas, naturæ, et personæ.*" St. Thomas, 3 part, question 2, a, 1 and 2. There is constituted of soul and body a twofold unity in each one of us, namely, unity of nature and unity of person. Plato held that the soul is united to the body, as the charioteer to the chariot that he drives; Aristotle rejected this notion, and maintained that man's soul is the formal, life-giving principle of his body, constituting, along with the body, one substance.



well-known facts ; so, the old theory for explaining the nature of material substance or the essential constitution of bodies, with some difference in the application of it, necessitated by discoveries made in the physical sciences, but which do not affect the fundamental principle of the theory, is the one which is most consistent and satisfactory to reason, and is open to the fewest objections of all the theories of matter thus far proposed. But here this desultory article must be brought to a close, leaving further discussion of its perplexed subject among contingencies of the future. Surely the theories coming down to us from antiquity deserve a better hearing than it is now the fashion to give them ; especially as, with all our positive science, we cannot claim to excel the ancients in the art of exact reasoning. A system is not therefore false, because it is an old one ; nor is a theory therefore true, because it is new. We must affirm, from what we see evidently of man's action, that the union of soul and body in him is necessarily that of substantial composition, constituting man one substantial nature, and one person ; and no other species of union between soul and body at all accounts for what we plainly perceive his action to be. The soul is the principle of life and action in the body ; they exist as one substantial nature ; so that action of the living body, or of its members, is not the action either of matter alone, or of spirit alone ; but of the two as constituting one living substance. What theory yet devised explains such a nature, such a union of matter and spirit, in a manner open to so few unanswerable difficulties, as that which makes the soul of man, the "*forma corporis*," the active, living constituent of the human compound, by whose virtue the body itself is existent, so long as the two components remain united ?

---

## THE PRESENT INDUSTRIAL CONDITION OF IRELAND.

*Acta et Decreta Synodi Plenariæ Episcoporum Hiberniæ Habitæ apud Maynutiam, An. MDCCCLXXV. Dublini: Typis Browne et Nolan, MDCCCLXXVII.*

*New Ireland*, by A. M. Sullivan, M.P. New York: P. F. Collier, 1878.

*A View of the State of Ireland.* Works of Edmund Spenser. London: Henry Washburne, MDCCCLIX.

WE have placed these works at the head of our article, not for the sake of reviewing them, but partly to comply with an established custom, and partly to foreshadow the ground we purpose to go over. Any attempt on our part to sit in judgment on the acts and decrees of the Plenary Synod of Maynooth, would be an unpardonable liberty. It is now rather late to criticize Mr. Sullivan's book; it would be *actum agere*. His book has been duly weighed and praised by some, and found fault with by others. In our humble opinion the title of the book is not just or appropriate. A section of these United States rejoice in being called *New England*; and there is a part of Australia mapped out as New Munster, New Leinster, New Ulster, and New Connaught. But the book is not written for any of these places; it is ostensibly addressed to England and Ireland. The acknowledged exponents of English thought do not betray that any radical change has occurred to authorize a writer to call England new; and we have not read of any new conquests of Ireland. The present generation of its people are directly descended from their predecessors; and if Ireland must be qualified at all, we should expect it to be by the adjective *old* or *young*, or both. Perhaps this is idle criticism. Booksellers are very exacting as to the title of their publications, and authors must generally succumb.

Spenser lived amid the scenes he describes in his *View of the State of Ireland*. Nobody will dispute the ability of the author of "The Faerie Queene;" but he was a prejudiced and deeply interested witness, and we have other and contemporary evidence to rebut his testimony. We may occasionally refer to him in the course of our remarks.

When Spenser wrote, America was just looming above the horizon. On old maps it is pictured as a land of savages and horrid monsters. Had Ireland then been an independent and self-governing country, she might have sent out colonies to its shores and perpetuated not only the race but the language, just as the Spanish, the

French, and the English have done. But the acceptable time had arrived, and the Irish were not able to avail themselves of it. Freebooters, such as Drake and Raleigh, swept the seas. The Irish looked to Spain; it was considered by many the mother country, and it professed the same creed for the maintenance of which they were so sorely afflicted.

During the calamities of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Irish sought refuge in France. The *exodus* then really began. Under the pretence that Rome keeps no faith with heretics, which is false, King William and his councillors violated their most solemn engagements. *Hæc mea sunt, veteres migrate coloni*,<sup>1</sup> was the order of the day. Those were the days of "the flight of the wild geese." The Irish fled in thousands to France, and they were received, not with jealousy, but as friends and equals; and the generosity of France has not been unrequited. When has France been in trouble that Ireland has not been deeply moved?

But no people can establish themselves in old countries except by conquest. It is only in a new land it can be fairly done; and the Irish knew that the same power that drove them out would meet them at this side of the ocean, "with bloody hands and hospitable graves." Could they have come then, we would now hear from beyond the sea less about kinships, or more, perhaps, about Irish kinship. It is since the American Revolution, that the Irish could come in considerable numbers to these shores; though there were many who took a prominent part in that struggle, and we read of no Arnold amongst them. They stood by the cradle of the Republic, and they have helped her to a vigorous manhood. The Irish now form part and parcel of the country; they contribute to its progress and share its fortunes. To parody the figure of another: whether the Irish be the feather that adorns the American eagle, is a matter of taste; but strip him of his Irish plumage, though he may not fall flat to the earth, he certainly could not soar with so bold and firm a wing.

We have some misgivings whether the foregoing be germane to the matter indicated by the heading of this article. We hope it is somewhat, so we let it stand. Of late, English writers have appealed to the people of these United States, whom they are pleased to call their kin beyond the sea. They have much to say about the mother country, meaning England; and what they write about Ireland, is not with sympathetic ink; but mostly, "*quicquid Græcia mendax audet in historia*."<sup>2</sup>

These eminent worthies serve as an occasion to remind us that

<sup>1</sup> "This is now my property, ye old occupants must quit."—*Virgil. Eclog. 9* verse, 4.

<sup>2</sup> "Greek historical lies and misrepresentations."—(*Trans.*) *Juvenal, sat. 10, v. 174.*



we are a conglomerate people; and that there is another country, a mother country, *alma virum parens*, which has a numerous kin beyond the sea, who do not feel especially enthused at the recital of the glories of Old England, and who may desire to hear about old Ireland, and how she stands. And this apology brings us to the matter in hands.

It is not our intention to inflict on our readers a repetition of the oft-told tale of Ireland's wrongs; but merely to offer a fair statement of the actual, industrial, and political condition of the country, and note its progress, if any there be. This is no easy task; and when it was first suggested to us, we wrote to a friend in Ireland, who is in every way capable of doing justice to the subject, and whose name—were it known—and position would lend weight to his words. But his modesty prevents him from writing for American readers.

Ireland lies to the northwest of Europe, and between  $51^{\circ}$  and  $55^{\circ}$  north latitude; as high up as Labrador, yet it has a better climate than Pennsylvania. This it owes to America. The great current, known as the Gulf Stream, issuing through the gates of Florida, traverses the ocean until it dashes on the Irish coast. There it gives up the heat stored within its bosom. On the wings of the winds it is diffused all over the land, clothing the valleys and mountain sides with perennial verdure; hence, she is styled the Emerald Isle, "the first flower of the earth and the first gem of the sea." All travellers testify to the fertility of the soil and genial climate. We cannot occupy space, which must be reserved for facts and figures farther on, by giving their testimony. Yet we cannot refrain from quoting very briefly from one or two. Arthur Young, who travelled through the country in 1776-78, says of Limerick and Tipperary: "It is the richest soil I ever saw." Another, who wrote in 1812, says, "Ireland may be considered as affording land of excellent quality. . . . Some places (through Meath in particular) exhibit the richest loam I ever saw turned up with a plough." "In the elements of natural fertility," says Mr. McCombie, a Scotch M.P., "only the richer parts of England and very exceptional parts of Scotland approach it." Concerning the soil and climate this must suffice.

Ireland contains over twenty millions of acres; in actual numbers, 20,819,947. Of these, in 1871, there were 10,071,285 acres in pasture, and 5,645,057 under tillage; and the returns of 1876, show that tillage is decreasing. There were 4,153,854 acres of waste, bogs, mountains, and under towns, and 627,761 acres of water. In no civilized country can water be set down as waste; it contributes to the food and convenience of man, and supplies power for manufacturing purposes. Neither should we set the bogs down

as so much surface lost. The Irish peat bogs are estimated at 2,830,000 acres; of these 1,576,000 are flat, and 1,254,000 mountain bogs. Without any enormous outlay, the greater part could be reclaimed and turned into pasture. As to the mountains: there is not very much absolutely barren mountain land in Ireland. We give in proof the instance of the Monastery of Mount Melleray, near Cappaquinn, in the county Waterford. About half a century ago the Trappist monks received, as a donation, a large tract of mountain land, which was looked upon as of no value, but by dint of hard and incessant toil they have rendered fertile the barren mountain slope. Where nothing but crag or heather formerly was to be seen, there are now rich meadows and abundant crops. We may safely estimate that of bogs and mountains, three million acres could be made available for pasture or tillage; and that in the whole island there is not much over three million acres of absolutely waste surface.

Here then is a country with a healthy climate, whose mean temperature is 50° Fahr., and with an area of eighteen million acres fit for cultivation; the question arises, what is being done with it? We do not ask whether it increases *pari passu* with other European countries; but, measuring herself by herself, we do ask whether proper use is being made of her great resources. That there has been improvement we freely admit; but whether the improvement be such as we have a right to expect, is a different question. Before we venture an opinion of our own, we give the views of another. H. S. Thompson, late President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, in his work, *Ireland in 1839 and 1869* says, "A journey of some thousand miles through the various counties of Ireland, has made it impossible for the writer to doubt that in the last thirty years there has been generally throughout the country, a great development of all the elements of national prosperity. Wealth has increased, the condition of the laboring classes has materially improved, and the progress of agriculture, with certain exceptions, has been highly satisfactory." So we must admit an improvement.

We have open before us a huge volume, *Thom's Irish Almanac and Official Directory*, for the year 1878. It contains all manner of items regarding the British Empire, from the latest act passed for the benefit, or otherwise, of Ireland, to the last grandchild born to her Majesty, now happily reigning. It bristles with facts and figures tabulated and classified, and we have only to cull them out as they suit our purpose.

We begin with the railroads. The entire length of the Irish railroads, in 1876, was 2157 miles, and the cost was £16,000 per mile, or a total cost of £34,512,000, about \$169,000,000. Granting

that the greater part of this is not Irish capital, it does not follow that Ireland is greatly enriched thereby. Railroads of themselves are not wealth, though it requires vast sums to build them. They are only means to an end, and if the end be not attained, the money spent is as water poured on sand. The figures before sustain this remark. Of the fifty railroad lines, thirty-five pay no dividend; and of the fifteen that do, some pay only  $2\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., and only one goes over 5 per cent. With us, railroads are the arteries of commercial life. They fell the forest, plough up the prairies, and create cities. But they produce no such result in Ireland. The population of her cities, except Dublin and Belfast, are dwindling away. Before their construction there were good macadamized roads in every direction; and as no part of the country can be over sixty miles from the sea, the people could easily send their produce to a port, thereby giving employment to teamsters and drovers. As a source of wealth, the Irish railroads are a failure. The shareholders are begging the government to take them off their hands. Why they have built so many, we cannot understand. Russia has built extensive railways for military purposes; so has England in India. But we do not suppose that Irish capitalists had any such purpose. Perhaps as other countries were running fast, they thought they should run fast also.

Frequently we find extracts in our papers regarding the Irish banks, but as they are mainly derived from *Thom's Directory*, we use it as authority in our brief remarks on this subject. In matters pertaining to banks we do not pretend to be scientists. However, their general conception cannot be as difficult to unravel as a hieroglyphic on Cleopatra's needle. As far as we are able to judge when in a healthy state, they represent both the wealth of persons retired from business, and the surplus funds of people engaged in the pursuits of active life; if not fully so, yet they do pretty fairly. When a country is prosperous and all goes well, banks are strong; when business is unsettled, banks are uneasy and often fail. Our own country shows this. As far as figures can prove it, the Irish banks indicate a great increase of wealth in the country, and banks do not often fail there. We were tempted to take up a whole form, as the compositor would say, giving the figures of the banks and transfer it to our pages. In 1845, the issue of notes by the six banks of issue in Ireland, was certified and fixed at £6,354,494, being the average amount of notes in circulation and gold and silver coin held by them on the 1st of May of that year. The tables give the amount of circulation during eleven years, from 1865 to 1876. Some years there was a large shrinkage; but in 1876, the notes in circulation was £1,130,000 more than the issue fixed by the act, not including over three millions of coin held by



the banks. Mr. Richmond, United States Consul at Cork, translates the above amounts into \$35,000,000 paper money, and \$14,305,589 coin reserved in the banks. In 1871, the amount of deposits in the joint stock banks was £26,049,000, and in 1877 it was £32,746,000; a considerable increase in six years. The number of depositors in the Trustee Savings Bank, in 1875, was 55,505, and the amount deposited was £2,061,193. In 1876, the number of depositors was 56,849, and the amount £2,178,266, being an increase of £117,073 in one year. But we are informed by authority that the statistics of the Trustee Savings Banks are a very imperfect test of the condition of the classes who deposit in them. They change their deposits, and the same money may thus be counted twice. Canning used to say that nothing lies like figures. In many cases they certainly do not express the truth; and we shall see how far they express the truth concerning the Irish banks.

Before quoting the markets and wages, we copy the number and value of cattle and live stock—the *New Irelanders* that now enjoy so much of the best portion of the land. They are thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. We arrange them as they stand in the order of nature. In the year 1877, by the *Official Directory*, there were in all Ireland:

		Value.
Horses and mules, . . . . .	575,529	£4,458,656
Cows, young and old, . . . . .	3,996,027	51,688,681
Asses, . . . . .	183,787	180,024
Sheep, . . . . .	3,989,178	8,517,874
Pigs, . . . . .	1,467,999	4,167,509
Goats, . . . . .	266,755	87,335
Poultry, . . . . .	13,549,526	291,576

Now, we have no fault to find with these animals if confined to their proper limits; but they should not occupy the place of man. We find by late returns in the newspapers, that horses and cattle are on the increase. Not wishing to make our pages look like a table of logarithms, we omit the tables of the different crops. The sum total value of the cereal (such as wheat, oats), and other crops in 1876, was £35,982,000. The prices of the different crops between 1851 and 1876, have increased for wheat, 20 per cent.; for barley, 45 per cent.; for butter, 70½ per cent.; and for beef, 71 per cent. But if the prices for cattle and crops have increased, so have the rates of labor increased also. Labor is now treble, and in some cases four times as high as it was twenty years ago. These prices, therefore, are by no means a safe test of the growing wealth and prosperity of the country. Our friend in Ireland who knows whereof he writes, says: "I believe the country is little richer than it had been when we were schoolboys (thirty-four years ago);

"the people are to be sure better fed, and on the whole, better housed and better clothed. The prices for cattle are much higher, and there are more of them. There is also more money in the banks. *But these symptoms are very deceptive.* Very few banks were in the country, formerly, and very few persons lodged their moneys in them. They preferred hiding them in an old stocking or an old bottle at home. If prices have risen on what they have for sale, they have risen still more on what they have to purchase: people want money much more now for their various requirements than of old. When their sons or daughters were of an age to be married, they were able to settle them; but now very commonly they are not. A very large proportion must remain on hands, or emigrate." But enough on banks and crops and prices. We now turn to another most important topic,—manufactures.

Ireland seems formed for a commercial country. The contemplation of the ocean makes men venturesome, and the Irish have almost loved the sea, as witness the voyages of St. Brendan. Those who have heard or read the speeches of O'Connell, know how he loved to describe its noble estuaries. Tacitus<sup>1</sup> and Ptolemy testify that in their day, vessels from the Mediterranean frequented the Irish ports; and even as late as the stormy reign of Charles I, Bishop Burke, in his *Hibernia Dominicana*, tells us that Galway in commercial importance was next to London. He says, it was not unusual to see thirty or forty large ships enter or clear its harbor in one day. But Cromwell put his curse upon it. He gave that city in payment to his hungry followers, and ordered that no papist should live nearer than ten miles to it. From that time commerce has taken wings from Galway to more favorable resorts; and the other cities and towns did not fare better.

As we do not aim to write an essay on the industries of Ireland, we can treat but briefly of her manufactures and commerce. She has large mineral resources, such as coal, iron, lead, copper, and even the precious metals; but it requires enterprise to call them forth from their hard and reluctant beds. Half the capital invested in the railways could be more usefully employed in developing its mines. Even the greater quantity of the iron and copper that is mined, is shipped to England and Wales in the crude state, instead of being manufactured at home. During some years, iron and copper ore to the value of at least £150,000, have been exported. In 1875, copper ore to the amount of £40,145, was sold in Swansea alone. Ireland is peculiarly adapted to sheep-raising, but it is vain to look for woollen manufactures worthy of the name. We

---

<sup>1</sup> Julii Agric. Vita, cap. 24.

give a few figures from the official register. After the Restoration, the Duke of Ormond, to encourage the woollen trade, established factories in Clonmel and Carrick-on-suir. But the extension of the Irish woollen trade interfered with that of England, and it was put down by Act of Parliament, in 1698. At that time, *recentibus odiis*, England aimed to keep the Irish as hewers of wood and half slaves, and did not like to see them skilled artisans. It was feared that if the helots learned to weave the cap of liberty, they would aspire to wear it. During the twenty years' independence of the Irish Parliament, the woollen trade revived, but it expired again with the Parliament. There were only 1374 persons employed in the woollen factories in the year 1868. The manufacture of *cotton* is equally insignificant. The number of persons employed in it in 1870, was 4157; and of these 1445 were employed in one factory near Waterford, and 683 in a mill near Drogheda. As to the flax and linen trade, it was first introduced by Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and has grown to be Ireland's national industry. The average flax crop at present is 30,985 tons, and worth over £2,000,000; the number of spindles in 1876, was 920,677, and gave employment to 60,316 persons.

Where manufactures are paralyzed, we need not expect much shipping or commerce. It is well known that the Irish seas abound in various and superior qualities of fish, and if properly worked would be a great source of wealth, and afford remunerative employment to vast numbers. But they are not. The vessels engaged in fishing on the Irish coast are mostly from Scotland, Cornwall and the Isle of Man. Not one-third are Irish, and even they, half of them at least, are only rowing boats. So far from being a source of foreign export, there were over 20,000 barrels of herrings imported in 1876 from Scotland into Ireland: this surely was carrying timber into the wood. Our readers can judge the extent of Irish shipping, when we state that in 1876 there were owned in all the Irish ports, only 1486 sailing vessels, of 165,489 tons, and 222 steamers of 55,135 tons; and there were built only 16 sailing and steam ships of 4121 tons. There were no large vessels on the list; but if they exist, they are *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, for we have failed to discover them. During the same year there were built in Scotland, 292 vessels of 166,214 tons. This certainly is not the riant aspect of New, but rather the grim visage of Old Ireland.

Writers not friendly to Ireland assert that she is now to blame for her own backwardness; as the obstacles that impeded her manufactures have been removed. They forget that habits of national industry are not acquired in a year or a generation. Aristotle says that a man grown to maturity in a cave, when first brought into the light of day would instantly recognize his Creator. He may



have the instincts of natural religion, but he would not be able to make a cotton gin or build the Great Eastern. With us government is, in theory, from the people and by the people; they need not the spur but the rein. Rivers have no charm for their eyes unless floating a steamer; and every waterfall represents power to move machinery. Companies are organized, capital invested, and factories spring up as if by the stroke of the enchanter's wand. Not so in Ireland. Her rivers are not utilized; machinery writes few wrinkles on their brow, and they flow on in their placid course, as they have done from creation's dawn. The government has played the rôle of the paternal, and while introducing "civilities," has brought manufactures into disrepute. Men of a few thousand pounds to spare would not dream of organizing a company and starting a factory. A false standard of worth has been introduced; and a swaggering fox-hunter or briefless lawyer is looked on as more respectable than an intelligent mechanic who may eventually be a prosperous manufacturer. Even were all legal obstructions cleared away, the old spirit remains. Always remember, wrote James II. to Clarendon, his viceroy and brother-in-law, that Ireland is a conquered country, though she was then his only hope. It never was the intention that English and Irish manufactures should be equally fostered; the one must be subordinated to the advancement of the other. The expenditure of the army and navy is £27,286,117, little of which is spent in Ireland. The great dépôts of supply, the arsenals and dockyards, are in England. A fair proportion of these government establishments would stimulate industry. During the short and troubled reign of James II., dockyards were established in Waterford and other ports, and an impetus given to shipbuilding. Were the Irish now to ask for any of these, they would receive in reply a new Coercion Act. The power that so long kept down Irish manufactures is unwilling to lend a hand to help their growth; and the only dependence of the people is on the land. We quote again from the letter of our friend in Ireland: "In the race for wealth through the empire the people here are left behind through the total want of manufactures, except the linen of the North, all depending on the land. It is unable to support all, and owing to the undue competition it is let at prices that leave the poor tenants in many cases scarcely better off than caretakers. Hence, the absolute necessity of some security for the tenant beyond what we have. If we had manufactures, there would not be such undue competition, and things would right themselves." This leads to what mainly induced us to put pen to this paper,—the land question.

Next after religion the land question has been the great question of Ireland, because on it depends the existence of her people.

It began with Henry II.; Elizabeth renewed it; James I. enlarged it; Cromwell smote it with the sword, and Charles II. passed an act for its settlement. It was reopened by William of Orange, and it is not settled yet. It requires heroic treatment, and that need not be expected from an alien Parliament composed chiefly of landlords.

The tenure of land now is very different from what it was in Celtic times. The Irish then held by *tanistry*, and Spenser, who lived in those days and gained 3028 acres of land by its overthrow, tells us what it was. These are his very words: "Their" (viz., the Irish) "ancestors had no estate in any of their lands, seigniories, or hereditaments, longer than during their own lives, as they allege; for all the Irish do hold their land by *tanistry*; which is (say they) no more but a personal estate for his lifetime, that is, *tanist*, by reason that he is admitted thereunto by election of the country." *Tanistry* meant fixity of tenure. The land belonged to the people, and the *Tanist* (prince) could not forfeit or alienate it, as he held only a life interest. The very doctrine of the United States Constitution, which provides that "no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood, or forfeiture, except during the life of the person attainted." *Tanistry* was racy of the soil, and the people were attached to it; but whether it could ever be expanded and adapt itself to a more complex form of life, is now mere speculation. Persons capable of judging say it could. But *Fuimus Troes*; *tanistry* is dead, and another system has long since taken its place.

The origin of feudalism is very uncertain, but its principle is very simple. Feudalism means that the absolute right of all the lands of a country is vested in the king, and the individual holding any portion was only his man or tenant. The theory is, the king can do no wrong, but his tenant can; and as the king can take back what he gave, his tenants' lands are subject to the law of forfeiture. The Irish never took to it. With an instinct almost amounting to logic, they felt it boded them no good. The function of government is to maintain justice; not the *summum jus, summa injuria* of the pagans, but justice such as St. Augustine saw it, the basis and exemplar of human law; and as one form of government may be able to administer justice as well as another, the Irish would ere now be reconciled to feudalism if it brought not only "civilitie," but just laws and prosperity. Under feudalism England grew strong and wealthy, but it was only a blight to Ireland; and we now come to examine into what it has produced there. We quote from the official report, or, as it is called, the *Doomsday Book*. It contains a list of names and figures as tiresome as Homer's catalogue of the heroes who fought before the walls of Troy. The record was not gotten up for party purposes, for we are told, "It is not in-

tended to display individual wealth, or to mark its decline, or by speculative inquiry to promote personal or political objects."

Through the instrumentality of this system every part of Ireland has been forfeited to the crown, and a horde of needy adventurers fastened on the country. Henry II. pretended a title besides his sword, and established his followers in the Pale. The Earl of Desmond was driven into rebellion, and thereby his great principality in Munster, over half a million acres, was confiscated and divided among Elizabeth's favorites. James I. had no difficulty in finding a bill of attainder against O'Neill, and he was thus enabled to bestow all Ulster on his Scotch countrymen. Strafford compelled juries to find the titles of nearly all the estates in Connaught defective, and these lands were forfeited to the king. Cromwell a second time confiscated a great part of Munster; and after the expulsion of James II., vast portions of the land were forfeited again. Thus within the last three hundred years all the land has been forfeited, and parts of it several times. The new owners of the soil had or have little or no sympathy with the people, and lived amongst them almost like any army fortified in an enemy's country. At present, all the land is owned by about 11,000 persons, omitting small holders of no special consequence. Scotland consists mainly of crags and lakes, and one-fourth of it is owned by twenty-four persons; but in England, holders of 100, and under 500 acres are in the largest proportion, that is, they own one-fifth of the land. In Ireland, the same class do not own the one-tenth; so that extensive proprietors hold by far the greatest portion of the soil. What has all this to do with the present state of Ireland? Almost as much as cause with effect. "Spend me, but defend me," was the common saying of the Irish clansman to his *tanist* or chief. His modern lord spends him by rackrents, and defends him by the crow-bar brigade. They are loud about vested rights, forgetting how they acquire them; but they are silent regarding concomitant duties. It is true there has been, since 1870, a Tenants' Compensation Act, or an act to compensate ejected tenants for their improvements; but the landlord is the stronger party in court, and the object of the act is easily defeated. It is practically almost useless. During five years, from 1870 to 1875, the amount awarded to tenants under this act was at the rate of £15,191 per annum;<sup>1</sup> no very great relief, when we learn that the number of tenant agricultural holdings, excluding towns and cities, was 608,864, with a rural population of 4,286,019. Thus nearly the entire population is almost at the mercy of a few thousand

---

<sup>1</sup> The total amount awarded to tenants during five years was £75,595.



landlords; and with what mercy they have used their power we now come to consider.

The census of the population was not regularly taken until recently. There was, indeed, a registry of the secular priests, that they may be readily found should the government require them. The tithe proctor also counted the tenth potato, the tenth sheaf, and the tenth lamb, to garnish the board of the parson; but the official census-man had not yet made his appearance. It is only in 1841 that he was materialized and became an institution. Since then we have reliable figures. The following is the summary, by provinces, of the number of persons in the four last enumerations:

PROVINCES.		POPULATION.			
		1841.	1851.	1861.	1871.
Leinster.....		1,982,169	1,682,320	1,457,635	1,339,451
Munster.....		2,404,460	1,865,600	1,513,558	1,393,485
Ulster.....		2,389,263	2,013,879	1,914,236	1,833,228
Connaught.....		1,420,705	1,012,479	913,135	846,213
Total.....		8,196,597	6,574,278	5,798,967	5,412,377
Decrease, 1841 to 1851.		Decrease, 1851 to 1861.		Decrease, 1861 to 1871.	
Persons.	Rate per cent.	Persons.	Rate per cent.	Persons.	Rate per cent.
299,849	15.13	224,685	13.36	118,184	8.11
538,860	22.41	352,042	18.87	120,073	7.93
375,384	15.71	99,643	4.95	81,008	4.23
408,226	28.73	99,314	9.81	66,922	7.33
1,622,319	19.79	775,714	11.79	386,590	6.67

Between 1841 and 1851 the population decreased about one-fifth—19.79 persons in every 100; from 1851 to 1861, 11.79 per cent.; and from 1861 to 1871, 6.67 per cent. From 1841 to 1871, thirty years, 2,783,623 persons disappeared. During the same period the population of England and Scotland steadily increased. Now Ireland is a very healthy country, as the statistics show. In 1871 the percentage of the sick to the population was only 1.3. When the planets do not move in their regular course, astronomers know there must be some disturbing force; when the population do not increase at the normal rate, there must be a deep cause.

And what that cause is we know full well,—bad laws and bad landlords.

“ Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;  
A bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed can never be supplied.”

The census-takers have divided the dwellings into four classes. The fourth class comprises all mud cabins having only one room; the third consists of a better description, of from two to four windows; the second are good farmhouses, or in town, houses having from five to nine rooms and windows; the first class includes all houses of a better description. The following table shows the house accommodation in 1841, 1851, 1861, and 1871. We give the sum total and omit the provinces.

*Ireland, Number of Inhabited Houses.*

	1841.	1851.	1861.	1871.
First class.....	40,080	50,164	55,416	60,919
Second class.....	264,184	318,758	360,698	387,660
Third class.....	533,297	541,712	489,668	357,126
Fourth class.....	491,278	135,589	89,374	155,675
Total.....	1,328,839	1,046,223	995,156	961,380

*The Number of Families in each class of House Accommodation in 1841, 1851, 1861, 1871 were as under:*

Number of families in...	1841.	1851.	1861.	1871.
First class.....	31,333	39,370	44,302	49,693
Second class.....	241,664	292,280	333,440	357,752
Third class.....	574,386	553,496	553,496	432,774
Fourth class.....	625,356	197,062	197,062	227,379
Total.....	1,472,739	1,204,319	1,128,300	1,067,598

Comparing these figures with the census of the population of the corresponding years, we find that as the people decreased, the accommodations improved, the worst class of houses being five times less in 1861 than it was twenty years before. But between 1861 and 1871 there is again a rapid increase of the worst class of houses.

We have stated that about 11,000 persons own all the land. According to a report submitted to the House of Commons, April

23d, 1872, the annual value for rating purposes was £10,180,434, but its actual value is now about £27,000,000, and of this sum one-third is spent out of the country by absentees. Some say that Ireland has only sentimental grievances. Is this a merely sentimental grievance? Were one-third of England's income spent in Dublin, Killarney, and other noted places in Ireland, would the English like that sentiment? We opine not. They would bellow louder than the bulls of Bashan, and the absentees would hurry home in hot haste.

We have attempted, perhaps with too much circumlocution, to describe the present industrial condition of Ireland. The picture is not a flattering one. "'Tis true, pity 'tis 'tis true." The author of the work second at the head of this article being on the spot must know this better than the present writer, and therefore we are amazed that he dubbed Ireland *New*. She is in the same slough of despond, and we fear will not soon emerge from it.

Were Ireland—which we by no means advocate but suppose—a State of this Union, does any intelligent, candid man imagine she would remain many years as she is? No. Her mines would be worked; her hillsides would be ablaze with the furnace and the foundry; her banks, instead of being the substitute for the old stocking, would receive and give life to industrial enterprise; her fisheries would become a source of wealth and produce a body of hardy seamen; the white sails of her commerce would spread over every sea; the vision of her orators would be partially realized; a new spirit would be abroad and make *new* the face of the land, and millions would hail her *O matre pulchra filia pulchrior*.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> "O daughter fairer than thy Mother fair."—*Hor. Od. B. I, v. 17*.



## AN AUTUMN IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. 5

## SEARCHING FOR LEWIS AND CLARKE'S PASS.

IN the summer of 1870 I started with two companies of cavalry to post them at Cadotte's Pass in the Rocky Mountains, with a view to prevent certain Indians supposed to be hostile from making use of the pass as a thoroughfare to reach the settlements on the western side of the mountains. On first arriving at Fort Shaw, we were told that Cadotte's Pass was directly behind a conical peak called the "Haystack," plainly visible from the post, and standing directly up Sun River. As this stream was the one down which Captain Lewis and his party travelled in 1807 when on his return from the Pacific coast, I anticipated a good deal of interest in tracing out his route and comparing his description of the country with its appearance at the present day. Hence I carried along a pocket edition of Lewis and Clarke's Expedition, little thinking, however, of what importance it was to prove to me. Captain Lewis must have passed the present site of Fort Shaw on the 10th of July, 1807. On the 22d of the same month, sixty-three years afterwards, we left that point and followed his track back towards the mountains. Although the appearance of the country must have looked about the same, under what different circumstances were the two trips made! Then, this region was a perfectly unknown wilderness, actually swarming with game, for Captain Lewis's journal says:

"We saw a great number of deer, goats, and wolves, and some barking squirrels (prairie dogs), and for the first time caught a distant prospect of two buffaloes. Captain Lewis here shot a large wolf, remarkable for being almost white;" and "about this time the wind, which had before blown on our backs and put the elks on their guard, shifted round, and we shot three of them and a brown bear;" and on the 10th "they (a portion of his party) had been pursued as they came along by a very large bear, on which they were afraid to fire, lest their horses, being unaccustomed to the report of a gun, might take fright and throw them."

On our trip we had no such sport in prospect, and pursued our way up the river, seeing nothing more formidable than a few timid antelopes, one of which I wounded at long range and captured after a sharp chase. We camped after a twenty-eight mile march on Captain Lewis's Shishequaw Creek, now called the Elk or South Fork of Sun River, with settlers' cabins scattered all along it. We had with us an officer who in the early spring had been conducted by one of the guides of the country to what he called Cadotte's

Pass, but I could obtain no information whatever in regard to Lewis and Clarke's Pass, nor indeed did anybody seem to know that there was such a pass in existence. To find this was therefore the first object of our search. Accordingly, the next morning, the main command was started across the country in the direction of what was supposed to be Cadotte's Pass, whilst with a few men I started along the foot-hills to try and discover any trail leading into the mountains. Passing close under the steep rocky sides of the "Hay-stack" (the only name we then knew for it), we pursued our way to the southward over rolling, grassy hills and through beautiful little timbered bottoms, in which we several times caught sight of white-tailed deer skulking, until we reached an opening in the mountains, out of which came quite a large stream, and up which led a plainly-marked trail. This was at once declared by Lieutenant S. to be the Cadotte's Pass to which he had been conducted in the spring; but our guide declared it was not Cadotte's Pass, and we at once proceeded to explore it. The guide was equally positive from the first that we were not on a *lodge-pole* trail, and after we had gone six miles into the mountains, it was patent to all that we were not in any "pass" at all, for the trail became fainter and fainter, and soon after became so overgrown with trees and obstructed with rocks as to render any further progress with horses impracticable. We therefore retraced our steps, and on coming out of the mountains found the main command waiting for us, and we went into camp for the night. Lieutenant S. was positive this was the point he had been brought to for the mouth of Cadotte's Pass, and after searching about amongst the brushwood along the bank of the stream we found the location of the camp they had made, with bits of paper and empty fruit cans lying about. The guide was sent out late in the afternoon to look for any well-marked trail leading towards the mountains, and came back to say he had discovered one, very old, but evidently made by lodge-poles. A lodge-pole trail differs from a simple horse or game trail by the fact that the dragging poles make parallel tracks, which in some places are almost as regular as wagon-wheel ruts.

The next morning we made an early start, and directing the main command to march in a certain direction, I started across the hills to strike the trail discovered by the guide the day before. Within a mile or two, we came to a plain well-worn trail of several ruts running directly south and about parallel to the mountains. Taking from my pocket the copy of Lewis and Clarke, I read:

"July 8th. At three miles from our camp we reached a stream issuing from the mountains to the southwest; . . . we called it Dearborn's River. Half a mile further we observed from a height the Shishequaw Mountain, a high insulated eminence of a conical

form, standing several miles in advance of the eastern range of the Rocky Mountains, and then about eight miles from us and immediately on our road, which was in a northwest direction."

Turning back on this trail, I rode to the top of a high ridge, and there before me, standing out in plain view and bearing in a northwest direction, was "Haystack" Bute, the Shishequaw Mountain of Lewis and Clarke, and we were in all probability upon the very trail used by Captain Lewis's party sixty odd years ago. The question would be definitely settled if in following this trail half a mile back in the other direction we should come to the Dearborn River. Directing the main column how to march so as to strike the river lower down where our wagons could get across, I took a few men and followed back on the trail. We had gone about a mile when we came to a stream answering in every way to the description given of the Dearborn by Captain Lewis, and now the only thing to be decided was as to the pass by which he crossed the main divide of the Rocky Mountains. Following the trail still to the south, we found it after a time turn to the westward and enter the mountains. Our guide was very positive that this was not the trail leading into Cadotte's Pass, and now, with the spirit of exploration strong upon us, we pushed ahead, determined to decide for ourselves where it did lead to. It was very evidently a lodge-pole trail, for as we drew closer to the mountains and entered the timber, the marks of the lodge-poles upon the trees standing close to the trail were plainly to be seen. The trail, however, had been for a long time in disuse, and as the timber got thicker, we found in several places the way obstructed by fallen trees. The ground rose more and more rapidly as we advanced, and after issuing from the dense timber and climbing a very steep hill, we at length stood upon the highest point of the ridge, and had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Turning to Captain Lewis's journal again, I read under date of July 7th:

"After travelling seven miles we reached the foot of a ridge, which we ascended in a direction north  $45^{\circ}$  east, through a low gap of easy ascent from the westward, and on descending it, were delighted at discovering that this was the dividing ridge between the waters of the Columbia and those of the Missouri. From this gap Fort Mountain is about twenty miles, in a northeastern direction."

Taking out my compass, I placed it in position, and then looking to the northeast, there stood Fort Mountain (now called Crown Bute, three miles from Fort Shaw), looming up above all the surrounding country, and forming the landmark which Captain Lewis made use of to mark out the pass by which future explorers could determine the point at which he crossed the Rocky Mountains.



The distance, however, from the top of the pass to Fort Mountain is nearer fifty miles than twenty. There could be no question now; we had been following Lewis's trail, and were standing in the very gap where he stood sixty-three years ago, "delighted at discovering" himself once more on the eastern slope of the continent. Not satisfied at reaching the top, we rode on a short distance further and looked down on the other side over that "easy ascent from the westward" to which he refers. We had started in the morning with no idea of travelling so far from camp, but had pushed on, mile after mile, carried away by the desire to solve the interesting problem, and now, late in the afternoon, found ourselves on the very top of the Rocky Mountains, tired and hungry, with horses worn out with the long trip and hard climbing. These we unsaddled and turned loose for an hour, to satisfy as best they could their cravings of hunger on the sparse grass which grew on the mountains, whilst a few mouthfuls of raw bacon, which some of the old soldiers carried in their saddle-pouches, tended to allay our cravings. The "gap" described by Captain Lewis as a "low" one was so only in reference to its surroundings, for although high peaks rose on both sides of it north and south, the gap was high enough to give a very extended view of over a hundred miles to the eastward. At certain seasons, too, it was evidently high enough to be a very breezy place, for the stunted pines which grew there were all lying bent to the eastward very close to the ground, forced to grow that way apparently by the strong western winds which sweep over the mountains.

We had now discovered the existence of a second pass through the mountains not known to the people of the country, for our guide was positive that this was not the one known as Cadotte's Pass, and our next object was to find where that was. From Lewis and Clarke's report we knew of the existence of another, called by the Indians on the western slope, "The road to the Buf-faloes," the trail through which separated from the trail to Lewis and Clarke's Pass, near a place named by Captain Lewis "The Prairie of the Knobs," and the inference was that the trail issued from the mountains to the eastward not very far from the one we were now on. As we came down from the pass therefore, we kept a lookout for any break in the mountains, but our guide could discover no landmarks by which he could locate the pass. After leaving the mountains we had a long ride over a rough country in search of our camp, which we expected to find on the Dearborn River, but when we reached the steep rocky banks of that stream it was nowhere in sight, and, as the sun was rapidly sinking behind the western mountains, we began to contemplate the possibility of having to make a supperless bivouac when we discovered a man

on a distant hill, and travelling towards him soon came in view of the camp nestling in the deep valley alongside the bright stream. Soon after we reached it our guide discovered a large plain trail crossing the river just below, and this being followed towards the mountains the next day was found to lead into what was declared by him to be the "Cadotte" Pass, named after some modern explorer who "discovered" the pass, and gave it a new name, long after it had been discovered and named by somebody else, a very common thing by the way in this Western country, one of the most notorious cases of which is the modern so-called "discovery" of the now celebrated "South Pass."

As the pass we had "discovered" was without doubt the one used by Captain Lewis and named after the two greatest explorers of the age, it became a matter of some interest to decide whether the modern "Cadotte" Pass was or not the other pass spoken of by Lewis, and called from information derived from the Indians, "The Road to the Buffaloes." To do this, explorations would have to be commenced from the western slope, and the country there compared with the description of it given by Captain Lewis.

Accordingly on the 1st of October, 1871, a party of six set out from the town of Helena, and having been kept up all the night before by a fire which threatened to destroy the town, reached the Hot Springs, three miles distant, with appetites to do justice to a good breakfast, rendered all the more enticing by a bath in the delicious waters of the springs.

These Helena Hot Springs are destined to a great celebrity at some future day. The waters are strongly medicinal, and hot enough when first issuing from the earth to boil an egg, and for bathing purposes have to be first tempered by cold water, which is pumped up from a well close by. You can have a bath of almost any temperature you please, but from  $90^{\circ}$  to  $95^{\circ}$  is usually found warm enough, and I know of no greater luxury than a bath in these waters, whether taken in hot or cold weather. The water has been analyzed and found to be essentially the same as that of the Hot Springs of Arkansas. Its use is found to be especially beneficial in rheumatic and neuralgic cases, and some astonishing cures have been effected in these complaints. The water hot from the spring is drank as well as applied externally, and the patient issues from his bath in a delicious glow and gentle perspiration, which I have never experienced from any other water. When taken after great fatigue the effect is to restore the energies in a most remarkable manner. Similar springs are very common throughout this whole region of country, and it seems as if nature had kindly placed close at hand a remedy for the diseases with which she afflicts her children in this climate. The poor miner, toiling

night and day in the cold mountain streams frequently falls a victim to painful rheumatism, and comes to these springs as to a nursing mother, to leave, after a few weeks' bathing, free from his pains and aches.

Lewis and Clarke mention several of these warm springs as existing west of the mountains, and say:

"The principal spring, which the Indians have formed into a bath by stopping the run with stones and pebbles, is of about the same temperature as the warmest bath used at the Hot Springs in Virginia. Captain Lewis could with difficulty remain in it nineteen minutes, and was then affected with a profuse perspiration. The two other springs are much hotter, their temperature being equal to that of the warmest of the Hot Springs in Virginia. Our men, as well as the Indians, amused themselves with going into the bath; the latter, according to the universal custom among them, first entering the hot bath, where they remained as long as they could bear the heat, then plunging into the creek, which was now of an icy coldness, and repeating this operation several times, but always ending with the hot bath."

Another group of such springs, which we shall see in the course of this ramble, is situated a short distance from Deer Lodge. Still another is near Camp Baker, forty or fifty miles east of Helena; a very hot one on the Yellowstone east of Fort Ellis, whilst the National Park is full of them, and all of them possess medicinal properties to a greater or less degree, besides being of immense benefit to persons afflicted with nothing more serious than dirt.

Thus fortified by our visit to the Hot Springs, we commenced to climb the main divide of the Rocky Mountains, over a winding well-graded road, and were soon amongst the clouds and timber of the summit, from which we dipped down on to waters running to the westward, and as the sun was rapidly approaching the snow-capped peaks in the west, we caught sight, far down in the valley below us, of the pretty little town of Deer Lodge. It appeared to be only a mile or two away, but, accustomed as we are to the deceptive distances in this high, rarefied atmosphere, we are not surprised when darkness overtakes us before we draw up at Sam Scott's Hotel.

Our host is a character. He "knows how to keep a hotel," as we readily acknowledge when he seats us at a table supplied with most excellent coffee, *real* cream, elegant tender *elk* steaks, and all the et ceteras which go to make up a good substantial meal. A good comfortable bed ended the day, and the next morning we were to witness our first wonders in the "*Hot Spring Mound*" of Deer Lodge valley.

This valley runs nearly due north and south, is amply supplied with



water, which is (and can be more extensively), used in irrigating its rich bottom lands, which produce the finest grasses and grains. It is surrounded by mountains in the gulches of which rich deposits of gold are found.

The Great Northern Pacific Railroad must go through or across this valley somewhere. Just exactly *where* is at present the all-important question, which is of almost vital importance to every ranche-man in it. A party of railroad engineers are encamped at present in the outskirts of the town, busy on work which is to help decide the matter.

A ride of twenty miles up the valley (south) behind Sam Scott's fast team, through a level country dotted with farmhouses, grain and grass fields, brought us to the Hot Spring Hotel, and a view of the Hot Spring Mound.

Out in the open prairie, which stretches for miles westward till it meets the foot-hills of a range of mountains wooded to their summits, and now partially covered with snow, stands a mound of what is now solid stone, some twenty or thirty feet high, and four or five times that in diameter at the base. Up the side of this we climb, and standing upon its comparatively level top, look around us. In the centre is a nearly circular opening, several feet in diameter, filled nearly to the top with water just warm enough to permit holding the hand in it for a few moments. Around this are several smaller openings, also filled with warm water, as I find to my cost. For, in attempting to play a trick upon one of the party, by pushing him into the larger hole, I stumble into one of the smaller ones and get the worst of the bargain.

We examine this mound with curiosity. It is partially covered with grass and weeds, but in places the solid stone is exposed, and is found to consist of a friable mass of yellowish substance, not unlike petrified wood in texture, and presenting every appearance of having been deposited in ages past from the water as it overflowed at the top and trickled down the sides. In this view of the matter we are confirmed by observing on the plain below what is now taking place.

Apparently this mound has worked its way up to a point beyond which it can go no further, and as the pressure from below forces the heated waters to an outlet, fissures have been formed around the base of the mound where the waters bubble up, in some places so hot that the hand cannot be held for a moment in it. This water, as it rises and overflows, deposits its sediment on the rim of each basin, and smaller mounds are rising around each spring.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> The similarity between the formation of this mound and the one in the National Park known as the Cap of Liberty, will be remarked.

But be careful how you step, for the sediment has not yet become hard like that in the principal mound, and unless you keep upon the solid turf formed by the grass, or the boards which have been carefully laid for visitors, you are liable to sink through the soft yellowish soil with the uncomfortably warm water beneath.

A strong smell of sulphur impregnates the cloud of steam which arises from these warm springs, the waters from which are conducted into a tank, and thence in pipes to the bathing-house close by.

All round the mound the low quaking ground, gradually falling away, in some places wet and miry, in others only damp, is covered with a thick, tall growth of coarse sedgy grass, through which a path leads to the mound.

We lingered a long time about this curious freak of nature, testing the heat of the various springs, and were shown one in the very midst of all the warm ones, where the water was found cool enough for palatable drinking-water. Looking at the various smaller mounds, from a few inches to two or three feet high, I could not help speculating as to the vast period it had probably taken to form and solidify the principal mound, judging from the slow process now going forward in the smaller ones. We were shown a spot in the soft yielding ground where some man, mounted on horseback and stimulated probably by that daring spirit of inquiry which "*strong waters*" sometimes give, came very near being engulfed, horse and all, in the treacherous soil beneath. Walking back from the mound and along a path made through the tall coarse grass which surrounded its base, we picked up specimens of grass covered with delicate crystals of the yellowish earth, and reminding one in everything but their color, of the appearance of the foliage on the morning after a sharp frost.

A few yards from the mound stands the hotel, a modest two-story frame building, with a neat, well-carpeted parlor, dining-room, and clean comfortable beds up stairs, which we were invited to inspect. Close by are the bathing-rooms, nicely and comfortably carpeted, and fitted up with all the articles necessary for a splendid bath in hot sulphur-water, right straight from the bowels of the earth. Here you can bathe in, drink, and smell sulphur-water to your heart's content, and if not disposed to be exclusive in your enjoyment (a thing not looked upon with much toleration in this Western country), you can go a few steps farther and enjoy a *dip* in the public bathing-tank, large enough to enable you to exercise yourself at swimming, provided it is not too full of swimmers. The water even here, so far from where it issues from the earth, is so warm that at the first plunge one is reminded forcibly of what must

be the sensation of the poor lobster when man "goes for him" as an article of diet.

Sam drove me home slowly, whilst the rest went at a more rapid pace, for Sam is an inveterate sportsman. I had my gun, and there were ponds he said along the road where ducks were in the habit of resorting about sundown. We found them where he said; three were brought down, and then, after a good deal of hard work with long poles abstracted from a farmer's fence close by, were brought out of the deep miry slough into which they had fallen, and we drove into Deer Lodge long after dark, and too late to keep an appointment we had made to sup in camp with a hospitable engineering party, but not too late to enjoy some of the good cheer set out on a long table in the open air, and afterwards the merry song and witty story around the bright camp-fire, which carried us back to many a similar scene in times not very long passed, when not quite so much boisterous noise was allowed "after taps."

I thought I had seen a wonderful thing in the Hot Spring Mound, and so I did, but the next day was destined to show me a still more wonderful one. I had heard of a Warm Spring Creek, which had a pretty fall, where all sorts of "*petrifications*" were to be found, and near which any quantity of elk, bear, and especially black grouse, were waiting at all times to be shot. I did not care so much about the petrifications. I have shot elk, though never a bear, and as "Mac" of our party says, have never *lost* one, but black grouse is my weakness, and I would travel a good way to find a flock.

The black, blue, dusky, or mountain grouse (for by all of these names it is known), is the most beautiful bird of the country, and moreover, is the most delicious for eating. It is larger than the Eastern pheasant, or partridge, its plumage of a deep slate-blue color, and its flesh as white and delicate as that of a spring chicken, whilst its body is as round and plump as an apple. It frequents only the highest mountain regions, where it lives amongst the pines, and is therefore very little known by sportsmen or others, and seldom seen unless sought for in its haunts. There, if found on the ground and disturbed, it flies at once to the trees, and sitting perfectly motionless, is difficult to distinguish from the bark and foliage of its roosting-place. Gregarious, like most of its kind, when you find one you are apt to find many, and unused as it is to the sound of a gun, the flock will sit still as if asleep on the trees, whilst you shoot down one after another from the boughs above your head.

The morning of the 3d of October was bright and beautiful, and an early hour found me driving down the fine valley of the Deer Lodge, with Sam as my guide, towards the Warm Spring Creek.



Others of the party, preferring their beds, did not rise so early, but were to join us later in the day. Ten miles brought us to the mouth of the Little Blackfoot, where locating our camp, we crossed some rolling hills and reached Mr. P——'s ranche on the Warm Spring Creek. Here, mounting our horses, we rode up a pretty little valley along a fine bold stream, which came tumbling down from the mountains seen ahead, covered to their tops with dense pine timber.

Two miles brought us to the falls, but as on first sight they did not appear to be anything very remarkable, we pushed on above them, rifles in hand ready for the elk or bear, which we expected to make their appearance every moment.

The bottom of the valley was filled with a dense growth of elder, choke-cherry, and service ("Sarvice") berry, which were broken and twisted in every direction by the bears in search of the fruit. But not a berry was to be seen, and the bears having evidently exhausted the supply, had gone to other scenes for food and we saw none, nor did we see any elk. We had now reached as far as we could go with our horses, and had begun to despair of seeing anything to shoot, when with a loud "whir," a flock of grouse rose before the dogs, and took refuge in the trees which covered the steep mountain-sides above us.

Our rifles were at once exchanged for shot-guns, and climbing the steep and rocky ground, we soon were all peering as anxiously amongst the limbs above us, as were the train of teamsters on the oak and pine clad hills of Cerro Gordo when, during the Mexican war, they happened to see the celebrated Herr Alexander stop in his buggy, and, as if unmindful of their presence, pick half a dozen fine oranges from the boughs of an *oak* tree above his head.

But we were more successful in our search for grouse than were the teamsters after oranges, and soon the silent woods re-echoed with the sound of our guns, and bird after bird fell to the ground, the stupid things sitting there all the time to be shot, as if they had no possible interest in the turmoil going on beneath them.

You may call it murder if you will, and so in sportsman's phrase it was, but we were in the condition of the boy who, being in chase of a badger, was asked if he thought he could catch it. His reply was, "Stranger, I am obleeged to catch him; *we are out of meat.*"

We were *out of meat*, but that night our larder was reinforced by nineteen fine, fat, plump grouse.

As the day was drawing to a close we started down the valley again, and reaching the falls, curiosity prompted me to stop and examine them, and richly was I repaid for the delay. I find it difficult to describe the remarkable freak of nature which was presented to us.

Imagine a narrow valley overgrown with tall grass and brushwood, and shut in by high hills, covered from foot to peak with dense pine timber. Suddenly the bottom of this valley rises 30 or 40 feet above itself, the dividing line being a precipice of that height extending all across. This precipice is, however, abrupt only in one place, the centre, where the descent of the main body of water has worn a passage for itself, and at the same time excavated a great cave. On each side of this cave, and extending back to the sides of the valley, the ascent from the lower to the upper level appears to be by successive steps or terraces, all, however, so overgrown with tall grass and brushwood, as to nearly hide the formation at a short distance.

On nearer approach the ground appeared to be quite marshy, and full of water. Stepping, as I thought, upon a soft mossy prominence, I was surprised to find my foot upon a solid rock, though covered with moss and grass, with water trickling through. Another step and then another, and I found myself standing upon a narrow ledge of solid rock, nearly circular in shape, and forming the rim of a basin filled with bright clear water, which trickled over the edge, here and there, where there were depressions. Picking my way carefully along this narrow rim, scarcely wider than the sole of my boot, and in danger every moment of either stepping off into the water to my left, or of falling off into another basin to my right, but on a lower level, I reached a point where the rim of my basin ended in a perpendicular wall, from 18 inches to 2 feet high. Here on a higher level commenced the rim of another basin, upon which stepping, I continued my walk, meeting basin after basin, and rising step by step until I had nearly reached the top. The basins are of all sizes, nearly semicircular in form, most of them filled with water, which was constantly filling the lower ones, through depressions in the rims of those above, and all filled with grass, weeds, water plants, and bushes, soil enough having accumulated in the bottoms of the basin to support, with the plentiful supply of water, the vegetation.

Picking my way partly down the steps again and passing around to the right, I found the terraces there came to an end, and a beautiful green grotto opened itself to my view. The main body of water, after breaking its way through the upright wall and forming the cascade, had, from the accumulation of debris in front, been forced back towards the wall, into the face of which it had worn so as to form a great cave, the top edge of which, at the upper level of the valley, projected far to the front, and was covered with a rank growth of bushes, grass, flowers, and vines of different kinds, the last hanging down over the edge, and the whole surface covered with a layer of deep-green moss.

A portion of the water, distributing itself over the level space above, had found its way to the edge of the cave, percolated through the grass, mosses and vines, and from every pendant leaf, twig, and tendril, trickled a tiny stream, the whole forming as beautiful, wild, and natural a cascade as I ever saw.

Passing across the face of the cave and to the other side of the valley, I found the same terraced formation there, many of the basins, however, being dry, the water having ceased to flow into them, probably where the main body broke its way through the wall.

This remarkable formation was so regular, beautiful, and novel, that the question at once arose, how was it brought about? In looking for the so-called petrifications amongst the masses of rock thrown down by the main waterfall, we found branches of trees, twigs, and leaves incased in a hard covering of rock, in some places as smooth and hard as flint. These then were probably the nuclei on which the substance in the water (probably carbonate of lime) had originally formed, and a beaver dam, formed of twigs and bushes, might possibly have, in the first instance, furnished the basis of the stone one, the upper side being filled in to a level by the washings from the mountains.

But how were the basins formed? They were evidently not washed *out* from the rock, for in that case the rims would have been irregular and broken, instead of being, as we found them, perfectly level and comparatively smooth. The horizontal edge could have been formed only from water in a state of rest. Hence, our conclusion was, that a rill of water, falling against some projection, stick, or nucleus of some kind, commenced to deposit there its sediment. This continued until the formation reached such a height that a little pool of water was formed behind, and then the still water would naturally deposit its solid matter more readily on the edge, where it was slowly flowing over the obstruction it had itself raised, and this went on, little by little, until it finally shut itself in its little basin, and then running over at separate points, it went on building up basin after basin, until the whole structure was formed as we found it.<sup>1</sup>

We gazed long and admiringly at the beautiful scene, which we named "The Terrace Falls," and my fingers fairly itched to go to work, clear away the dead tangled brushwood and rank weeds, which here and there obstruct the view, plant beautiful flowers, water-plants, lilies, etc., stock each bright little basin with gold and silver fishes, and present the whole to Central Park, as a natural

---

<sup>1</sup> This formation is almost identical with that at the Mammoth Hot Spring, in the National Park, which I had not at this time seen.



aquarium from the Rocky Mountains. What a picture it would make there for admiring thousands to gaze at! But here it is born to blush unseen, except by the few adventurous hunters who make their way to this retired spot. But even here we found that some enterprising Yankee had found his way, and speculating, doubtless, what a resort it would be at some future day when this country is filled up with the population it is destined some time to have, had stuck in the forks of a bush by the trail a piece of dirty paper, with this written upon it:

“Tak notis that I have this day settled on this *clame*, which I intend to improve and occupy accordin to law made and provided.

“JAMES BROWN.

“September 17th, 1871.”

That *clame*, in this Western country, with the addition of four logs laid crosswise on the ground to indicate the foundation of a ranche, stands good until some other more enterprising man comes along, tears down the “notis,” puts up a ranche on the foundation logs and makes it his “home.”

The water at the falls is at a pleasant tepid temperature, though a mile above, it is cool and pleasant to the taste, the warmth below being due to a hot spring which flows into it, and probably furnishes the materials out of which the walls of the basins are made. Below the falls the water grows gradually cooler, and as we rode back we could see good-sized trout darting in and out of the thick grass which grew upon the bottom.

On reaching Mr. P.’s ranch, Mrs. P., with true Western hospitality, insisted upon our sitting down to a good dinner she had prepared for us, and whilst we did justice to it she was induced by Sam to give us an account of an adventure she had had with a bear not long before, near the site of Terrace Falls.

It appears that she and her husband, who is a noted hunter in these parts and fond of collecting the young of wild animals, had gone up the creek in search of game. They encountered a bear and her young cub. The old one ran off, and Mr. P. soon succeeded in lassoing the youngster. Then, giving the end of the lasso to his wife, who was on horseback, he went with his rifle in search of the old one. The latter, attracted by the cries of her captured cub, hastened to its relief, escaped the hunter, but reached his wife and prepared to assert her maternal rights. But the impromptu nurse held her ground and the lasso, calling loudly for help, and as Mr. P. rushed back with his rifle, the bear, a large grizzly, beat a hasty retreat into the brush. Knowing how savage these animals are when their young is attacked, we could not restrain our admiration at the valor of the woman, and asked, “How near did the

bear come to you?" "About the length of this room" (twenty feet) was the reply. "How did you keep her off?" "I just said '*Sic, sic,*' when she raised up on her hind legs, and she didn't come any nearer, and then my husband came and she ran away."

Fancy, if you can, such a scene in the midst of the wild Rocky Mountains. A woman on horseback holding a struggling cub by a rope, while its furious mother, indignant at such treatment of her child, and rushing frantically to its rescue, is paralyzed by—what? The utterance by a woman of the first syllable of the proud boast of the mother of States as emblazoned on her escutcheon. This method of arresting a grizzly seemed to possess so many advantages over that pursued by Marcy's naval officer in the early days of California, that we determined to try it the first tight place we got into with one, if for nothing else than to settle the question whether or not the sex of the defendant had anything to do with the matter.

It was long after dark before we reached our camp, where we found the rest of the party snugly ensconced and waiting dinner for us. They listened with interest to our enthusiastic description of the Terraced Falls, and in a grand council afterwards it was decided to "lay over" the next day and pay a second visit to them.

The next morning, early, found us on horseback, and striking across the country in a bee-line for the falls. We went over them again with increased delight, whilst the new visitors joined us in exclamations of wonder and astonishment at the singular formation.

As the hunters of the party were induced to make this second visit as much by the hope of game as by a desire of another view of the falls, they continued their trip up the stream, and just where they found the birds the day before, came across another flock of blue grouse. Bang, bang, went the guns and down came the beautiful birds in quick succession.

The mountain-side was exceedingly steep, and climbing difficult and exhausting in the rarefied atmosphere. Whilst leaning against a tree, panting for breath and almost decided to go no higher, I happened to raise my eyes to the branches above, and there only a few feet from me sat a fine large grouse apparently unconscious of my presence. He soon dropped at my feet and further examination disclosed the presence of another, another, and another, until the trees seemed literally filled with them. I loaded and fired as quickly as a breech-loader permits, and soon had half a dozen or more fluttering at my feet or rolling down the steep mountain-side.

The birds seemed to be sitting as if half asleep, and if so, were probably resting from some migratory flight and dreaming of

other flights and fields of pasture. They appeared to be but little disturbed by the, to them, unusual sound of a gun, and it was some time before the survivors seemed to awaken to the fact that the locality was dangerous, and flew off to more peaceful parts.

By this time, however, I had bagged eleven, which, strung upon the back of one of the horses, gave him the appearance of a nondescript animal, half horse, half bird. "Daniel Boone," one of our party, coming up announced that he also had eleven. Now Daniel is an ambitious hunter, and nothing delights him so much as beating his fellow-huntsmen in the number of his game, especially when any of them happen to stand higher than he does on Uncle Sam's register. It is the only way he has of revenging himself on their higher rank. If he can beat a captain he smiles. Beating a major or lieutenant-colonel is sure to result in a succession of broad grins, with now and then a hearty laugh. But to beat a colonel is his highest ambition, and the announcement of his victory is sure to be followed by a series of yells worthy of wild Indians in their hour of triumph and glory. Knowing his weakness we set a little trap for him, into which he fell with charming simplicity.

During the rest of the hunt we separated, and it so happened that an orderly, who carried a bag containing all of Daniel's birds, accompanied me. After this I got but a single bird, which I placed in *his* bag and said nothing. He also had killed another.

On reaching camp we all assembled to witness the counting of the game. Daniel's bag was opened first, and one by one he counted out his birds until he came to the twelfth, when, seeing there was still another, he jumped to his feet and commenced uttering his yells of triumph. In vain I protested there was some mistake. He would listen to nothing, and we could hear nothing but his wild and victorious yells. At length, when he had nearly exhausted himself, I called for the man who had *his* bag.

Daniel interrupted himself in the midst of a yell as I asked the question,

"Smith, did not I kill a bird upon the side of the mountain?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do with it?"

And Daniel's face fell to twice its length, and he muttered to himself "sold" when the answer came.

"I put it in *Mr. Boone's* bag."

As the whole party had been summoned to witness Daniel's discomfiture, it was a long time before he heard the last of the joke, and frequent references were made, during the trip, to his ambition as a sportsman and his skill with the gun.

Our camp is near the site of one of the winter cantonments of



Mullan's wagon-road party, exploring a road from Fort Benton, on the Missouri River, to Walla Walla, on the Columbia, and our route the next day led up the Little Blackfoot on that road to Blackfoot City, where, instead of crossing through Mullan's Pass, we turned northward, and crossing a very rough rocky country, covered in every direction with masses of timber, struck Captain Lewis's route near Lincoln Gulch, on the Big Blackfoot, undoubtedly the stream referred to by Captain Lewis as the one called by the Indians the Cokalahishkit, or the "*River of the road to the buffaloes.*" After a visit to the somewhat dilapidated mining camp of Lincoln Gulch, we followed up this stream and encamped, in a dismal drizzling rain, just where the stream came out of the mountains. Beyond this we could not take our wheels into the mountains, and during the evening prepared to continue the trip with pack-mules, sending our vehicles around by the road, to cross the mountains and meet us at the Dearborn River on the other side.

The morning of the 8th of October opened upon us in a sufficiently discouraging way. The ground was covered with a heavy fall of snow, and it was still coming down in a way which bid fair to make our trip across the summit a disagreeable one, even if it did not put an end to it altogether. But it was no time for hesitation, for if the storm should prove a severe one we might be detained here a week, snowed in in the mountains. Preparations were therefore at once made for our departure, and in the midst of the heavily falling snow we bade good-by to our wagons, and with horses and pack-mules started up the trail towards the mountains. Being now on the route of Captain Lewis, every foot of the way is of especial interest, and the journal is consulted at every step. We look around us in the "*Prairies of the Knobs,*" so named by him "from the multitudes of knobs irregularly scattered through this country," but look in vain for the quantities of game which he reports as existing there. "We saw," he says, "goats, deer, great numbers of the burrowing squirrels, some curlew, bee-martins, woodpeckers, plover, robins, doves, ravens, hawks, ducks, a variety of sparrows, and yesterday (July 5th) observed swans on Werner's Creek." Now we see none of these, and perhaps no fact speaks more plainly of the advance made in the settlement of the country, than that a region which sixty-five years ago was teeming with game of all kinds is now a solitary wilderness. Not a living thing except ourselves is to be seen, and as we move along through the white waste, we brush from the heavily loaded limbs overhanging the long-unused trail the masses of snow which have accumulated there. There is very little wind, but the silently falling snow is very wet, and as it grows colder we begin to feel wet, chilly, and disagreeable, and finally halt to build a fire, around which

we all gather for warmth. When we resume the march, however, and commence to climb the long steep hill which leads to the summit, having previously left Lewis's trail and kept to the right on that of "the road to the buffaloes," we begin to feel the wind, which was sweeping as usual fiercely over the tops of the mountains. When at length we reached the summit, it was to find the trail totally obliterated by the deep snow, which was piled up in drifts by the heavy winds. We were in the midst of a howling storm, on the top of the Rocky Mountains, with no guide who knew anything of the features of the country, and no way to get out of it but by following a trail we could not see, except here and there where the snow was blown off of it. Our horses would not face the fierce gale and blinding clouds of snow, and we hunted for some time before discovering where the trail led down the mountain. When we at length found it, however, the marks upon the trees aided us in following it in spite of the snow, and being now protected by both the timber and the mountains from the storm we made very good progress, until we formed our bivouac high up on the eastern slope, with the design of having a hunt in the morning. Our camp was but a sorry one in the midst of the wet snow, and we had no shelter but a wagon-sheet pitched as a tent; but we put it up in a little grove of timber, and a roaring fire soon gave us all the comfort we could reasonably expect under the circumstances, and we slept the sleep of tired travellers. The next morning the storm had considerably abated, and with our rifles we started out early in search of game. But we soon became aware that the hunting days of Lewis and Clarke were past, for after climbing over miles of the rough mountain spurs without seeing so much as a single deer, we returned to camp, packed up and resumed our trip eastward down the mountains. Our guide, as we issued from the foot-hills, announced that this was the modern Cadotte's Pass, and as we got farther away from the mountains, the landmarks around the entrance of Lewis and Clark's Pass, explored in the preceding summer, were distinctly recognized at about three miles to the north of us; so that we had demonstrated not only the existence of *two* passes close together, but that they were the two described by Lewis, and named by him "Lewis and Clarke's Pass," and "the Road to the Buffaloes." We had a rough tedious ride after leaving the mountains, and it was long after dark before we reached a ranche, on the banks of the Dearborn River, where our vehicles were to meet us. Our pack-mules got separated from us in the darkness, and we were very glad to accept the hospitality of the ranche-man, eat his food and sleep on the floor in front of his blazing fire. The next morning our packs rejoined us, our wagons and buggies made their appearance, and jumping into the latter we in

a few hours drove rapidly over the thirty miles which separated us from Fort Shaw.

Passing from one side of the Rocky Mountains to the other, nothing strikes the traveller more forcibly than the contrast between the scenery on the two sides. On the east, after you leave the mountains, there is a total absence of timber, except close alongside the few streams which water the country, and the high rolling prairie-lands commence to assume those features characteristic of the "prairie country" west of the Missouri River. From the top of the *divide*, the country looks anything but like a prairie, for it is *broken up* and *washed out* into an infinite variety of hills and dales, bluffs and bottom lands, and these appear to spread out before you as you advance, into an almost endless succession. But as you overlook the country and notice the prominent points in it, you will observe that whilst some of these have evidently been projected *up* from the general surface, like "Bird Tail Rock" and the adjacent peaks, others bear such a relation to each other, that there can be no doubt they have been left standing after all the rest of the country has been *washed out*. Cast your eye along the tops of the prominent peaks in front of you, and observe how nearly the formation and general level agree with each other, and if, in your *mind's eye*, you can manage to shut out the intervening valleys, you cannot fail to trace the general outline of that vast slope, which, before the deluge of water came to wash out its valleys, stretched eastward from the mountains like the great glacis of a fort. When you descend into this region too, you will note in detail the action of the water which in times past has swept over this country with a force which only the hardest and most enduring of rocks could resist. Standing upon the parade-ground at Fort Shaw, situated in one of these washed-out valleys, you can trace in profile on the opposite side of the river the long slope, extending from the snow mountains in the west, and gradually declining out of sight to the eastward, whilst if you examine the ground under your feet, where it is exposed on the bank of the river, you will find that, low down, it is composed of large rounded boulders, which become smaller and smaller as you approach the surface, until near the surface you find nothing but pebbles and gravel surrounded by loose soil. Now, if you turn your eyes to the southward, you will notice a line of rugged bluffs, which mark the continuation of the long slope on the other side of the river, and turning still farther to the south, the top of Crown Butte (Lewis and Clarke's Fort Mountain), is seen to continue the marking of the general surface in that direction. Ascend these bluffs anywhere, and when you reach the top you will see that the general surface of all is the same, and that the heights are merely the remnants of



a former level left standing. The work of demolition is still going on, but now very slowly, for the steep ledge of hard granite near the top, is succeeded by a long slope of disintegrated rock extending to the valley below. This is yearly increased, but the rains of spring and frosts of winter work more gradually than the heavy deluges of water, which in former times swept torrent-like across the face of the country.

Turning now to the western slope, we find an entirely different state of affairs existing. There, instead of the total absence of timber, as on the eastern slope, the whole broken surface of the country is covered with a dense growth of timber, mostly pine. This probably is accounted for by the fact that the western winds, laden with moisture from the Pacific Ocean, are deprived of most of it as they pass over the high mountain ranges intervening, and after crossing the main divide, they sweep over the slope to the eastward as the dry winds so characteristic of this region. Trees will grow on the eastern slope, if only they are supplied with the requisite moisture, as has already been satisfactorily demonstrated. This is the case not only with trees, but with all sorts of grasses, all the small grains, and most of the common vegetables, and the so-called "bench lands" of the territory are destined to play an important part hereafter in agricultural products. Indian corn does not grow well, the nights are too cold, and in only a few favored localities will it mature. But the product of small grains is astonishingly large, and the flour produced from the wheat grown here makes the sweetest bread I ever tasted, although not so white as that made with Eastern flour. Vegetables, more especially roots, grow to a remarkable size, and even in soil strongly impregnated with alkali, the finest specimens of beets, turnips, carrots, etc., are produced.

These "bench lands" form a distinguishing feature of the landscape in this country, especially in the mountain valleys, where several of them are frequently found rising one above the other, forming well-marked terraces. I have often speculated as to the manner in which they were originally formed, and was much interested lately in an account of a lecture delivered by Prof. Tyndall descriptive of the so-called "parallel roads of Glen Roy," in Scotland, the description of which agrees perfectly with that of the "bench" lands of this region, except that the former are much narrower, varying from one to twenty yards. They are described as "three perfectly horizontal and parallel roads, directly opposite on each side, those on one side corresponding exactly in elevation to those on the other." It is somewhat remarkable that their perfectly horizontal position should not at once have suggested water in a state of rest as the cause of their origin, but with the charac-

teristic tendency of the popular mind to assign *any but a natural cause* for such formations, they were at first supposed "to have been made for the heroes whose deeds have been sung by Ossian," and then that "they were designed for the chase, and were made after the spots were cleared in lines from wood, in order to tempt the animals in the open paths after they were roused, in order that they might come within reach of the bowmen, who might conceal themselves in the woods above and below!" The next supposition was that they were made for irrigating purposes, but any one who reflects upon the nature of water to seek its own level, and that irrigating ditches must have a certain inclination, would find this supposition incompatible with the horizontal position of the "roads." It remained for science, in the person of Dr. MacCulloch, to suggest that these "roads" were the borders of ancient lakes, whose waters were in some way held for a long time at the several levels, to enable the washings from the surrounding hills to form the level benches in the edges of the still water. The facts in the case were afterwards brought forward by Sir Thomas Dick Landor, whose explanation could not yet be accepted for the want of a demonstration regarding the barriers necessary to hold the waters at those levels, the action of ancient glaciers not then being understood, and it remained for the great Agassiz, who had studied glacier action in his native Switzerland, to discover the marks of such action in Great Britain, and to pronounce, after a visit to Glen Roy, that the barriers which had obstructed the glens were glaciers. This ascription of glacier action attracted the attention of Prof. Tyndall, who made a visit to the Glen, in 1867, and was so perfectly satisfied with the evidences of the action of ice and water, that he says: "The theory which ascribes the parallel roads to lakes dammed by barriers of ice has, in my opinion, an amount of probability on its side which amounts to a practical demonstration of its truth."

There can, I think, be no question that the "bench" lands of this region are the result of similar action, and it only remains for science to demonstrate the existence of the remains of glaciers, some traces of which have already been observed at the outlets of the valleys, to render the demonstration perfectly conclusive.

---

## WAS SHAKESPEARE A CATHOLIC?

THE subject we propose to reopen in the following pages has an interest peculiarly its own. Removed, properly, from the heats of theological controversy, it is nevertheless not a subject of mere literary curiosity. If the inner life of great men, the prevailing and guiding motives of their actions, and all which gives significance to their history, are of more interest than their bare biographies, it cannot but interest us deeply to inquire what was the religious belief of a genius without a rival in any age or in any country. A Catholic critic, at all events, can pursue this investigation without the slightest theological bias. What can it matter to the Church whether or not Shakespeare was a Catholic? She sets as much store by the soul of the poorest and most uninstructed as by that of a Newton, a Bacon, or even a Shakespeare. It would not in the smallest degree impair her supernatural nature, nor her right to claim faith and obedience, if not one man of intellectual greatness had ever bowed his mind to her sweet yoke. But notwithstanding this, who is there of us who can affect unconcern as to the religious convictions of a man in whose company we have spent, and may still spend, so many delightful hours; who fascinates us, now by the playfulness of a satire that never wounds, now by the depth and truth of his intuitions, the sublimity of his imagination, and his vast range of thought; who, by the exhaustless energy of his creative fancy, conjures into our presence a multitude of men and women whom he himself has made, who have a place in our memory, who become the objects of our detestation or of our love, of our scorn or our admiration, in short, of every sympathy, emotion, and passion, as really and completely as if we had taken them by the hand, sat by them, spent hours with them, and heard them speak and converse; who, by the witchery of words which lends its own voice to every nicest shade of human folly or human greatness, of human baseness or of human virtue, keeps our minds rapt in suspense over the histories of the creatures of his genius, the crises of their destinies, and the inevitable catastrophe, be it ludicrous or tragic, engendered by their foibles or their crimes. And, as if this were not enough, by a yet mightier spell he carries us on the wings of fancy beyond the limits of the known creation into imaginary spheres of existence, whose denizens are presented to us in no fantastic attributes of improbability, but in forms so true and real that we feel almost as if we had known them before, and accept them without question. And yet more; in every catastrophe, and here and there throughout every history, there issue great



moral truths, like springs of transparent water in a leafy woodland carpeted with flowers, by which the ways of God are justified and man ennobled. We could be as easily indifferent as to the faith of a beloved friend as to that of Shakespeare.

We of these days of cheap newspapers and shameless interviewing can scarcely understand the utter dearth of materials from which some information may be gleaned of the private life and habits of so eminent a personage as Shakespeare; one, too, who seems to have been so beloved by his acquaintance and friends. Of those trifling incidents, familiar customs, and ordinary habits of daily life which reveal to us the inner self and real character of a man more clearly than more impressive incidents, and than his studied bearing under general observation, we know literally nothing. If we would know him we must find him in his writings. To them, too, we must have recourse, from lack of any positive information on the subject, if we would find out what was his religious belief. There are one or two facts which must be constantly had in view if so interesting an inquiry is to have any practical value.

Obviously, we cannot afford to lose sight, even for a moment, of the state of things, first, in Christendom generally, and then in particular in the country whose privilege it is to have produced our poet.

At his birth an era of faith and religious peace had closed, to be succeeded by an era of revolutions. The cradle of Shakespeare may be said to have been rocked in revolution.

The position of England with reference to Protestantism was unlike that of any other nation or people who embraced the new tenets. It is true that their adoption by whatever state resulted more from some political exigency than from religious belief, although no doubt there was mingled with this not a little of sincere but passionate and unreasoning conviction. The latter would never have prevailed without the assistance of the former. It was not the kind of spirit which could afford to dispense with the arm of the flesh. Sooner or later, however, all the populations of the kingdoms over whom the Evil Spirit prevailed acquiesced in the newfangled views of Christianity, as the multitude ever will in teachings which flatter their lower nature. And so, indeed, they did in England at last, but under circumstances which there is no necessity of recapitulating here. In Shakespeare's time there was no such acquiescence on the part of the English people. The man who tore England from the Holy See was, it is true, in insubordination, self-assertion, and intense personal pride, Protestant to the heart's core. In the dogmas of the Catholic faith, however, he was a firm believer. He had written, and ably, in their defence,

and had impaled the arch-heretic on the point of a not feeble pen. Woe to him who maintained the Protestant heresy to his face! It would have been, "Off with his head!" Even his poor creature, Cranmer, whom he thrust into the chair of St. Thomas, who canted and recanted and canted again, was compelled to conform to every dogma of the Catholic faith except the one which stood in the way of his master's lascivious and despotic will.

It happened, thus, that the separation of England from the Catholic Church was a separation not so much of doctrine or liturgical form as of jurisdiction. The doctrine and liturgical changes effected by the boy king, Edward VI., were immediately obliterated by his successor, the pious and gentle Mary. The profession of Protestantism by her successor, Elizabeth, in whose reign Shakespeare flourished, was forced upon her by the peculiarity of her position. What faith she had was undoubtedly Catholic. It can be safely affirmed that the English people, up to the time when their bastard Queen, laden with temporal glory but reft of hope, with a burdened conscience, and trying to assuage her despair by the mummeries of a grovelling sorcery, breathed her last, had not acquiesced in the new versions of Christianity which had beguiled so many of the nations.

There was, thus, in England an absence of the passionate sectarianism, or rather bitter animosity against the Church, which characterized the revolt from her gentle yoke in other countries. Neither can we distinguish any very obvious traces of political animosity. The sovereign power, which had culminated in despotism in the hands of Henry VIII., was too strong to admit of antagonism or of political partisanship. Discontent there was, but no one who wished to keep his head on his shoulders ventured to give expression to it. A passive acquiescence, even, in the criminal excesses of sovereign power was not enough. An avowed consent was often demanded, especially of those whose exalted rank and nobility of character made them objects of suspicion. Not all the virtues that adorn humanity were able to save the head of Sir Thomas More from the block. To remain in the communion of the Church was to pronounce the King an adulterer, and in that way lay martyrdom. In this respect matters were not improved under Elizabeth. In one aspect they were worse. The peculiarity of her position gave more place to the passionate heats of sectarianism. Her father had no competitor for his throne, and was too resolute and too powerful to need the alliance of any faction or party.

Elizabeth was compelled by the stress of events to profess Protestantism and to invoke its aid. Not that the Church would necessarily have deposed her on account of her birth. Illegitimacy of

birth does not necessarily incapacitate a sovereign from reigning. No doubt the Church would never concede her support to the claims of a usurper against those of the rightful heir without flagrant cause. In this case the rightful heir was a pious Catholic, and the usurper an avowed heretic and schismatic. The mortifying position of the latter, who, there is every reason to believe, held in supreme contempt the religionists into whose arms she was thrown, was rendered more intolerable to a vain and imperious woman by the circumstance that her rival excelled her as much in beauty, and in all womanly goodness and graces, as she did in the justice of her claim. And so it came to pass, by the inexorable logic of events, that for an English Catholic to profess the faith by which he hoped to be saved was tantamount to pronouncing his sovereign a usurper, and, after the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, a mean, jealous, and cruel murderess.

It is easy now to see how it happened that, during the first sixty or seventy years of the inauguration of Protestantism in England, we find so few traces of that fanatical sectarianism and bitter hatred of St. Peter's See which marked its rise and progress amongst all other apostatizing peoples, but in which England afterward enjoyed the unenviable distinction of surpassing them all. But that was a subsequent importation. It came in with Scotch James, caused a revolution, a regicide, after a restoration another revolution, and a whole subsequent history of religious discord, broils and persecutions—a dismal heritage, of whose vulgar horrors England is not quite rid even to the day in which we write. And we may without irreverence regard it as a judgment of God upon that nation for robbing Scotland of her faith, and for the infamous means she employed in order to effect her unholy purpose.

In this state of things it is probable that any English Catholic whose rank and influence did not provoke attention was able, throughout the whole reign of Elizabeth, to retain his faith and practice the essentials of his religion so long as he did not impugn the Queen's title nor show himself disaffected to the existing order of things. At the same time, for the reasons already given, it is clear that the very fact of professing the Catholic religion unavoidably placed the believer more or less in an attitude of passive opposition, as it were, to the reigning sovereign, and it was necessary for him to practice his religion with as little ostentation as possible, if not, indeed, to conceal it.

Notwithstanding all this, it is remarkable that there is no contemporary testimony upon the strength of which we can assert that Shakespeare was a Catholic; and we are driven to search his writings for inferential evidence whether he was or was not. Nevertheless, this very silence on the subject, on the part of his contem-



poraries, seems to favor the belief that he clung to the faith of his ancestors. If he had been an adherent of the new religious views, we should have been sure to have heard of it, and pretty loudly too.

Our business, however, is with the internal evidence afforded by his writings; and, bearing in mind the condition of affairs just described in England during the time when he wrote, we think we shall be able to satisfy every impartial reader, that from them we may gather very strong evidence indeed that he was not of those who sold their faith for a mess of pottage.

In searching among the dramas of Shakespeare, in order to ascertain the religious convictions of their author, it would argue great shallowness, nay frivolity, of criticism to found any conclusions on opinions, sentiments, or expressions, which fall from the lips of the characters he portrays. Every one of those must speak and act in the truth of the character with which he is invested by the magic pen that called him or her into being. Our opinion must be gathered rather from the characters themselves with which he invests his personages, from the incidents he invents, the truths he inculcates, and whatever obviously expresses himself. Having once created his *dramatis personæ*, they are, so to speak, out of his power. They must be true to themselves; but of what sort they shall be, he is the supreme arbiter.

The political exigencies of Elizabeth had already made an opening for the Puritans. Already they had sufficient influence to afflict the playwrights. The Swan of Avon was a very black swan, indeed, in their eyes, and they forced him to wing his flight across the river and settle with his play-troupe in Southwark. Had Shakespeare belonged to this class of religionists, there would not have been the slightest uncertainty as to his religious views. Every one of his Catholic characters would have been a Caliban, an Iago, a Richard III., a Goneril, or Lady Macbeth; at the best a Falstaff. All his Protestant characters would have been miracles of virtue, and favored vessels of election.

But we may go further than this. If the poet had conscientiously shared the religious profession of the reigning powers, which was a very modified form of Protestantism, it is almost certain that such of his *dramatis personæ* as were of the new English religion would have been invested with characters which would compare on the whole advantageously with the characters of those whom he portrayed in communion with the Holy See. There was everything to induce him to adopt such a course. Proprietor of a theatre, for which he wrote the dramas to be represented, it would have promoted his moneyed interests, and also indeed his literary fame, which was, at the time, involved with them. Court patronage was wealth and fame to him. Court opposition, ruin. Under

such circumstances, had his religious convictions been sincerely antagonistic to those of Rome, he could scarcely have helped portraying his characters of the respective religions in a manner conformable to his own belief, his own interest, and the belief of those in power. It would have been unnatural not to have done so. In his portrayals of the clergy of the respective religions, and especially of the Religious—those *bêtes-noirs* of the Protestants—this bias would have been especially marked. Even if he had so far subserved his own obvious advantage as to create bad priests and bad Religious, it would not have proved that he was not a Catholic. Unfortunately, there have always been a few of that class; and then, perhaps, more than now. It is quite remarkable how exactly contrary is the whole bias of Shakespeare's dramas. No one can read them through attentively without being convinced that the sympathies of the poet were with the Roman Catholic Church.

There are but two passages throughout them which militate against this conviction; one is the celebrated reply of King John to the Cardinal Legate Pandulph.

“ What earthly name to interrogatories  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?  
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.  
Tell him this tale; and, from the mouth of England,  
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
But as we are under heaven supreme head,  
So, under him, that great supremacy,  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
Without the assistance of a mortal hand;  
So tell the Pope; all reverence set apart,  
To him, and his usurped authority.”

The other is the prediction of the glory and virtue of Elizabeth put into the mouth of Cranmer.

If all the dramas of Shakespeare were pervaded by a spirit of hatred, or only of antagonism to the Catholic Church, these two passages would no doubt add their testimony to the rest. But inasmuch as all his plays are characterized by a directly opposite spirit, they scarcely afford reason for concluding him to have been an apostate from the religion of his country and his forefathers.

As to the first, whatever intimation it conveys on the subject is the other way. In King John, the poet, borrowing his colors from history, has placed before us, with all the power of his genius, an unscrupulous tyrant, ready for any crime in the prosecution of his ambitious designs, not altogether devoid of the physical bravery

for which his family was distinguished, but made, at times, a coward by his conscience, ready to trample alike on the rights of his subjects and on the rights of the Church, and equally ready, at any moment, with the vacillation of guilt, to retreat from his usurpations when the success of his cause could not be secured without. The man was at once a usurper and a murderer. He ventured to oppose the Church, but he was not a Henry VIII., nor did he live in the sixteenth century. Instead of rending his kingdom from the Church, the Church extorted from his unwilling hands a charter which secured forever the liberties of his subjects. When the poet places in the mouth of such a man the insult to the Pope we have quoted, he makes him speak as such a man would have spoken; but a more unreasonable conclusion could not be drawn than that the poet would wish it to be supposed that he himself thought in common with him.

It must be confessed, however, that the following prediction, which he fathers upon Cranmer, is not one which, at the first blush, we should have expected to have been written by a Catholic:

“ This royal infant (heaven still moves about her!)  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand, thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be  
(But few now living can behold that goodness)  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never  
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,  
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,  
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:  
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: Her own shall bless her;  
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:  
In her days every man shall eat in safety,  
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors:  
God shall be truly known; and those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,  
And by those claim their greatness not by blood.  
She shall be to the happiness of England,  
An aged princess; many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
Would I had known no more! but she must die,  
She must; the saints must have her; yet a virgin,  
A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.”

An investigation, such as that which now engages us, would be valueless if it showed any sign of bias or partiality. We are dis-



posed, therefore, to ascribe rather more than less than its due weight to the testimony offered by this passage of the alienation of its writer from the Catholic faith. The wholesale flattery of the Protestant Elizabeth has no special significance on this score. The most illustrious of the poets have been the most obsequious flatterers of princes, and Shakespeare had every possible inducement to practice this poetical imposture. But there is, at all events, one expression in this complimentary prediction, which, taken by itself, and if it be supposed to convey the sentiments of the writer, would look ugly for the theory of his having been a Catholic. We refer to the prediction, "God shall be truly known." This is obviously the sentiment of a man who sympathizes with the *fautors* of the new religion. It implies that there had not been as true a knowledge of God before her reign as there then would be. It is obvious that the whole value of such a passage as this, coupled with the gross flattery of the Protestant usurper, in the midst of which it occurs, as an indication of the writer's religious belief, depends upon whether or not it is in keeping with the general spirit and tendency of his writings. Nothing is more certain, as we have before stated, and as we shall presently endeavor to prove, than that this is not the case.

But are we obliged to suppose that, in the passage in question, the poet was giving expression to his own sentiments? Were there nothing to lead us to suppose the contrary, that undoubtedly might be a fair conclusion. When a poet throws a flattery of his sovereign into the form of antedated dramatic prediction, it is fair to conclude that he would select those subjects of praise which he himself thought redounded most to his or her glory. This it was impossible for Shakespeare to do if he were a Catholic. He must have insulted rather than flattered her. His way out of the difficulty was obvious. He lays the responsibility on one of his *dramatis personæ*. He takes the mitred tool of Henry VIII., more weak, it may be, than wicked, and makes his servile lips chant Protestant pæans in honor of Henry's illegitimate daughter. Cranmer could not have spoken otherwise. It is what we should have expected from the timid parasite of power. We must go further if we would discover any trustworthy evidence of the religion of Shakespeare.

This very play of "Henry VIII.," in all its structure, bearing and characters, and in the general spirit which pervades it, is able to throw not a little light on the subject. Not a play written by Shakespeare was so likely as it to betray antagonism to Rome, and Anglican proclivities, if he had any. Its leading incidents are marked out for him by all but contemporary history. The reigning sovereign, whose birth constitutes the catastrophe, so to speak,

whom he had every motive to propitiate, and whom it would have been fatal to offend, was the offspring of a cohabitation which Rome had pronounced adulterous. That sentence branded her with illegitimacy, and invalidated her claim to the throne. The rightful heir to the throne—a woman, too, beautiful, virtuous, accomplished, beloved—she had removed from her path by a deed which burdened her forever afterwards with the conscience of a murderess. It is impossible to imagine a position as to which a monarch, and especially a woman, must have been more intensely sensitive than Elizabeth's. We should have expected that, in those days, no one would have dared to speak for it in a tone above a whisper. One wonders that a claimant of dramatic fame and theatrical success should have ventured to embody such a theme in one of his plays, unless he were prepared to maintain, with zealous positiveness, the legitimacy of the Queen's birth, and to paint the Holy See in the blackest colors for denying it. The whole spirit and bearing of the play is the other way, and to an extent quite remarkable. The epithet, "the nurse of justice," applied to the See of Rome, which had pronounced the Queen a bastard and a usurper, need not be insisted on, because it is Cardinal Wolsey who employs it, and of itself it need not prove the religious bias of the great dramatist any more than the prediction about Elizabeth which he places in the mouth of Cranmer. Yet in such a drama, where all hinges on the justice of the Papal sentence, especially taken in connection with other incidents and characteristics, the expression is not devoid of a certain significance. These incidents and characteristics lead any unbiassed mind to the conviction that the praise of Rome placed in the mouth of Cardinal Wolsey expressed also the sentiments of the writer. For example, the father of Elizabeth, who had torn his kingdom from the communion of the Pope because His Holiness would not play the minion to his lusts and divorce him from his lawful wife, is represented as a capricious tyrant, unscrupulous in the gratification of his desires, and a hypocrite of the deepest dye. Nay, more, the hypocrisy of the pretended qualms of conscience upon the strength of which he claimed a divorce from Katherine, is depicted with all the vividness and all the power of Shakespeare's unrivalled genius.

The play opens with the somewhat licentious revels of the King at Whitehall. At a gorgeous entertainment given by Cardinal Wolsey to his royal master, the latter enters with his attendants, "as maskers habited like shepherds." He chances to select as his partner in the ensuing dance Anne Bullen, daughter of Sir Thomas Bullen, Viscount Rochford. He has scarcely led her to the dance before he addresses her as follows:

"The fairest hand I ever touched! O, beauty,  
Till now I never knew thee."

After having thrown off his disguise, he makes inquiries of his chamberlain about his recent partner, and, having been informed by that official of her name and parentage, he adds :

“By heaven, she is a dainty one,”

and immediately renews his addresses to the lady with a freedom permissible, we presume, only to a king and a tyrant.

“Sweetheart,  
I were unmannerly to take you out  
And not to kiss you.”

The roystering monarch is represented closing the entertainment with the following gallantry, in which he intimates that his unbecoming attentions to his partner of the evening were not intended by him to be the indication of a mere passing caprice :

“Lead in your ladies every one. Sweet partner,  
*I must not yet forsake you.* Let’s be merry ;  
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths  
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
To lead them once again ; and then let’s dream  
Who’s best in favor.”

The next morning the dishonored girl finds herself Marchioness of Pembroke, with a handsome income wherewith to support the title.

Even here, under circumstances so disreputable for the King, the poet contrives to insert a compliment to Elizabeth.

“I have perused her well,”

says the chamberlain, aside, whom the King has made the messenger of his interested bounty ;

“Beauty and honor in her are so mingled,  
That they have caught the King, and who knows yet,  
But from this lady may proceed a gem  
To lighten all this isle ?”

But how equivocal a compliment in such a context ! Although he pays to Elizabeth herself a personal compliment, yet he seems to go beyond all ordinary prudence in exposing the disgrace of her parentage. The fair victim of the tyrant’s unhallowed lust is represented as herself sympathizing with the injured wife.

“Here’s the pang that pinches :  
His highness having lived so long with her ; and she  
So good a lady that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonor of her,—by my life,  
She never knew harm doing ;—O how, after  
So many courses of the sun enthron’d,  
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which  
To leave is a thousand fold more bitter than  
’Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,  
To give her the avaunt ! it is a pity  
Would move a monster.”



And when, by her elevation to a rank next to that of a duchess, the royal prodigal had made manifest the evil of his designs, she says,

“It faints me  
To think what follows.  
The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence.”

A miserable morality gives great latitude to this vice in princes. But Shakespeare invests the character of the author of the Anglican schism with still baser features. He depicts him as a mean and paltry hypocrite.

Says the lord chamberlain :

“It seems the marriage with his brother’s wife  
Has crept too near his conscience.”

To which the Duke of Suffolk replies :

“No, his conscience  
Has crept too near another lady.”

With his living wife’s successor already chosen, he further says, addressing Wolsey :

“O, my lord,  
Would it not grieve an able man to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow? but conscience, conscience,  
O, ’tis a tender place, and I must leave her.”

Again :

“This respite shook  
The bosom of my conscience, entered me,  
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
The region of my breast.”

And afterwards, to the court appointed to try the cause :

“Thus hulling in  
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
Now present here together; that’s to say,  
I meant to rectify my conscience, which  
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—  
By all the reverend fathers in the land,  
And doctors learned.”

And yet when this very court proceeded according to the forms of law, this very man of such tender conscience, impatient to commit his crime, thus speaks of these “reverend fathers in the land and doctors learned :”

“I may perceive  
These cardinals trifle with me; I abhor  
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.  
My learned and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,  
Prythee, return! With thy reproach, I know,  
My comfort comes along.”

The character of Wolsey, as drawn by Shakespeare, affords also presumptive evidence not a little convincing of his Catholic predilections. No intelligent person who studies it can believe it to have been drawn by a hearty adherent of the schism originated by Henry VIII. and continued by Elizabeth. It is difficult to suppose that a zealous Anglican, or an enemy of Rome, would have missed the opportunity of turning the authentic materials supplied by the history of a cardinal, and so illustrious a one, to the worst possible account. He would have loaded him with all the vices that generally accompany ambition. Not a redeeming feature would have been admitted. He would have been painted as evil in his fall as in his greatness; and if he had been permitted to be converted in the end, his conversion would have been one of the Protestant stamp.

Very different is the Wolsey of Shakespeare. Seizing, with remarkable fidelity, the leading characteristics revealed by his history, he nevertheless presents to us a noble character. The vice which defaces it is at least a great one. It is one which changed an archangel into a demon. He aspires to the most august dignity on earth, the chair of St. Peter. Boundless prodigality, at times not too scrupulous, the removal of every one who stood in his path, and the unworthy arts of a sycophantic courtier, are among the means he employs to reach his end. But the real nobility of the man shines through all. We feel as if he were a hero who by some mischance has become a captive. We expect every moment to see him rend his fetters and be free. We are not kept long in suspense. His ambitious schemes crumble beneath him. His worldly greatness disappears like a morning dream. It is then that he becomes really great. The clogs which bound him earthward have fallen off, and the heaven-born nature rises to the summit of its greatness. A beneficent catastrophe has riven the coils of human ambition, and Wolsey is himself. We are inclined to despise him at his Whitehall revel, but when we hear him thus addressing Cromwell in answer to his inquiries:

"Never so truly happy, my dear Cromwell.  
I know myself now; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cured me;  
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,  
These ruined pillars, out of pity taken  
A load would sink a navy, too much honor;  
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me must be heard of,—say I taught thee;

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?  
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!"

And when at last, with his mortal sickness on him, we listen to him thus soliciting "the reverend abbot, with all his convent," who with the charity of religious had "honorably received him,"

"O, Father Abbot,  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;  
Give him a little earth for charity!"

we are fain to worship him.

The character of Wolsey in *Henry VIII.* is a creation of no un-Catholic hand. Within the limit of historical probability there was scope for making him an arch-villain. Such, under the circumstances, would he most certainly have been represented by an Elizabethan dramatist who was addicted to the new state of things and was disaffected toward the Roman See. In Shakespeare's hands, "this Cardinal," according to the description he himself gives of him in the mouth of Griffith, gentleman usher to Queen Katherine,

"Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashioned to much honor from his cradle.  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:  
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;  
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.  
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,  
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely: ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,  
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,  
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;  
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little:  
And, to add greater honors to his age  
Than man could give him, he died fearing God."



Of similar significance, but even to a more striking degree, is the exquisite being whom the poet presents to us in Queen Katherine. This royal lady was the daughter of the most Catholic of earthly potentates, whose son—her brother, consequently—had meditated, nay, had attempted, the extirpation from England of Elizabeth and Protestantism together. She it was whom Elizabeth's father had abandoned in the teeth of the Church's censures for the shameful intercourse of which Elizabeth was the offspring. This is the lady whom he selects to adorn with all the charms of his magic pencil. And he does it of set purpose, as we learn from his epilogue; for whether that were written by himself or by Ben Jonson matters not. It must at all events have conveyed his sentiments. In it we are told:

“For this play, at this time, is only in  
The merciful construction of good women;  
For such a one we showed 'em.”

If we have been thus long detained by this play, it is because it appears to offer a whole body of evidence that its author was an adherent of the Catholic Church. The remainder of the evidence we shall adduce to a similar effect, will be culled here and there from his different dramas, and it will tend, we believe, to add very strong confirmation to the conclusion we have already drawn from the play of “Henry VIII.”

There is one characteristic of Shakespeare's writings which is not without its weight as confirmatory evidence of his religious convictions. They are everywhere pervaded by a spirit of gentleness and sweetness, as well as a deep sympathy with the infirmities of his fellow-creatures, which presents a really striking contrast to the acid acrimoniousness and demure self-righteousness of the new religionists of every sect and persuasion.

The whole temper and spirit of Shakespeare is eminently conservative. No writer ever lashed with more merciless severity the abuse of authority by men in office to the gratification of their own selfish ends.

On the other hand, no writer has ever placed on a more lofty eminence, nor surrounded with nobler attributes, the legitimate exercise of authority on the one hand, and of dutiful obedience on the other. There was nothing of the revolutionist or free-thinker about him. His was a nature which had no more sympathy with rebellion than with tyranny. His exalted genius was little likely to be fooled by the modern inconsistency of divorcing independence of faith in religion and independence of action in morals. His plays overflow with satirical allusions to the license of thought and action introduced by the then recent revolt from the Catholic Church. His arrows aimed at the sectaries, none of which miss their mark,

hurtle in the atmosphere which surrounds them. Of such sort, we take it, is the song of the tipsy monster in the "Tempest:"

"No more dams I'll make for fish;  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring;  
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;  
'Ban, 'Ban; Cacaliban  
Has a new master; get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!"

To Escalus, whom the Duke of Vienna had deputed, with another, to govern in his absence, and who had inquired of his sovereign, who had unexpectedly returned disguised, "What news abroad i' the world?" "None," replies the Duke, "but that there is so great a fever on goodness that the dissolution of it must cure it; novelty is only in request, and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accursed. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news."

"Why, headstrong liberty is lashed with woe," says Luciana, in the "Comedy of Errors," to her sister, Adriana, who is pleading with her for "woman's rights."

In "Love's Labor's Lost," the Princess replies to a forester who had changed his mind as to her beauty, after receiving a gratuity from her:

"See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit!  
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!  
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise."

Beatrice, in "Much Ado About Nothing," says, in contempt of Benedick: "He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block."

"*Though honesty be no Puritan*," says the clown in "All's Well that Ends Well," "yet it will do no hurt, it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart." This is evidently an allusion to the new vestments affected by the ministers of the new Evangel.

Of a yet more profound satirical significance, as against the recently introduced license of private judgment, is the following speech of Lafeu in the same play:

"They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear."

When Gardiner, in Henry VIII., speaking of the new heresies, of partaking of which Cranmer was accused, says:

"If we suffer,  
 Out of our easiness and childish pity  
 To one man's honor, this contagious sickness,  
 Farewell all physic; and what follows then?  
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
 Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbors,  
 The upper Germany, can dearly witness,  
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories,"

he urges only what might be looked for in the mouth of a Catholic prelate. But the appeals to the "commotions," "uproars," "with a general taint of the whole state," which did actually follow the introduction of the new heresies; and still more where he makes his appeal to the existing state of "our neighbors the upper Germany," he goes far beyond what is needed for the verisimilitude of the character, and indicates the bearing of his own opinions.

It is in harmony with this criticism, and confirms the conclusion there seems to be every reason to adopt—that Shakespeare was a Catholic—that in every case, if our memory does not mislead us, in which he draws the character of a clergyman of the state orders, he makes him an object of contempt and derision. Sir Hugh Evans, for example, the Welsh parson, in "Merry Wives of Windsor." It needed Shakespeare's comic genius to create so ludicrous an individual as this "Jack-priest," as he is termed. That he is not a priest wielding the jurisdiction of the Church is evident. There is not an instance of Shakespeare heaping contempt on any such. But poor Sir Hugh only appears to provoke our derision. We are not left in any doubt as to whether it is a Catholic priest or one of the state clergy the poet intends to portray, for first the epithet "parson," which would seem to be the special property of the Anglican clergy, is assigned. Next, the French doctor presumably, therefore, a Catholic, and it is to be hoped a gentleman, would scarcely have so far forgotten himself, however enraged, as to have heaped torrents of opprobrious epithets on a man who, on account of his profession, was unable to resent them. A priest could not have fought a duel; a parson, it appears, could. Again, the precise epithets selected by the peppery Frenchman single out his equivocal orders as the object of his insult. Thus he calls him a Jack-priest: "By gar, he is de coward Jack-priest of de world;" a Jack-dog-priest: "Scurvy Jack-dog-priest!<sup>1</sup> by gar, me vill cut his ears." And lastly the enraged French Esculapius mocks him with

<sup>1</sup> This epithet, "Jack," applied to any rank or title, was a bitterly contumelious equivalent to the *pseudo* of modern use. A Jack-priest conveyed a similar meaning to the expression, *tulchan* bishop, applied by the Scotch Presbyterians to the Protestant bishops, to distinguish them from the Catholic ones. A *tulchan* is a calf-skin stuffed with straw, used by some of the Scotch farmers to impose upon a cow whose real calf has been removed from her, in order to induce her to give down her milk.



the Bible-mongering which so markedly characterized the votaries of the new religion. "By gar he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come."

Another instance of the kind is Nathaniel, the curate, in "Love's Labor's Lost"—a character of a different sort, but as ridiculous in its way as that of Sir Hugh. There is no more doubt of his ecclesiastical standing than that of the latter. "Master parson—*quasi* person," says Holofernes, addressing him. Jaquenetta addresses him as "Good master parson." His ecclesiastical style and kind are fixed, too, by the following expressions: "Sir, I praise the Lord for you." Again: "I praise God for you, sir." So, also: "Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously." The following smacks still stronger of the Protestant flavor: "And thank you, too; for society (*saith the text*) is the happiness of life." No Catholic priest ever talked like this.

The character of Sir Oliver Martext would seem to place the object and intention of Shakespeare beyond all controversy. The very name is redolent of Puritanism. He makes but one short appearance on the stage, and that for no conceivable object we can conjecture but that of inviting the derision of the audience to the ecclesiastical pretensions of the state clergy.

A clown has invoked his assistance to marry him quickly and suddenly to Audrey. "Will you dispatch us here under this tree?" the clown had asked; "or *shall we go with you to your chapel?*" The ceremony is interrupted, at its commencement, by the misanthropic Jaques:

"And will you," he asks, "being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to *church*, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp."

To this the jester replies:

"I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife."

Jaques perseveres:

"Go thou with me," he says, "and let me counsel thee."

The clown is persuaded; he says:

"Come, sweet Audrey:  
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.  
Farewell, good master Oliver: not,—  
O sweet Oliver,  
O brave Oliver,  
Leave me not behind thee:  
But—Wind away,  
Begone, I say,  
I will not to wedding with thee."

It must have been a bitter mortification to the vicar of the parish to have his ecclesiastical pretensions thus slighted by a clown; but he resigned himself to it in consideration of its advantages, as his successors do to this day.

"'Tis no matter," he says: "ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling."

Interspersed amongst the human and superhuman multitude created by the immortal dramatist are many real priests, bishops, and religious. Not one of them is made an object of ridicule. In no case are their ecclesiastical pretensions made an object of scorn. In every instance the genuineness of their position and of their spiritual position, is taken as a recognized fact. He does not make, it is true, a saint of every one of them. On the contrary, he makes of some few of them very great sinners, as, for example, Cardinal Beaufort, in the second part of *King Henry VI.* He would not be carrying out his own principle of "holding the mirror up to nature," if he did not. No one is foolish enough to suppose that there was ever a time when not a bad man was to be found among the clergy of the Catholic Church. If even amongst the twelve who constituted her original episcopate one was an arch criminal, it would be too much to expect that the clergy of the universal world should be free from the contamination. But his bad priests are the exception; and they are chiefly in high places, where the world has made them its prey. In this he is equally true to fact. An abettor of the new opinions would have depicted every priest and every bishop, but especially every religious, as a master of iniquity; or, if they had conceded any virtue to any one of them, they would have dealt it out with right niggard hand.

Perhaps in no particular does Shakespeare indicate more clearly his Catholic convictions than in the characters he draws of the regular clergy. The religious of whatever order were especially obnoxious to the so-called reformers. They hated them with a deadly brotherly hatred. It may be that they felt the holy severity of their rules, and the real beauty of their actions, to be, as a general rule, a reproach cast upon their favorite doctrine of faith without works. But, almost without exception, Shakespeare's religious are men of lovable characters, ever busied in doing some office of kindness to their fellow-creatures, and unaffectedly manifesting in their actions the holy maxims of the religion they profess. In short, the whole idea he conveys of the religious life throughout his plays is one of the purest and most exalted description. In the famous case of mistaken identity upon which the "*Comedy of Errors*" is founded, one of the twins takes refuge in a priory from the exasperations occasioned by the mistake. Under the impression that he is out of his wits, his wife demands him to be produced.

The Abbess refuses; she says:

“ He took this place for sanctuary,  
And it shall privilege him from your hands,  
Till I have brought him to his wits again,  
Or lose my labor in assaying it.”

And again:

“ Be patient; for I will not let him stir  
Till I have used the approved means I have,  
With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,  
To make of him a formal man again;  
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,  
A charitable duty of my order.”

And when his wife invokes justice of the Duke he replies:

“ She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;  
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.”

The Duke, in “*Measure for Measure*,” although only a friar in disguise, maintains his disguise as follows:

“ Bound by my charity and my blest order,  
I come to visit the afflicted spirits  
Here in the prison.”

In the same play, a nun describes thus the rule of her house to Isabella, a novice:

“ When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men  
But in the presence of the prioress;  
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face.”

Lucio, who has obtained an interview with Isabella in subordination to these rules, says:

“ I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted,  
By your renouncement an immortal spirit;  
And to be talked with in sincerity  
As with a saint.”

How beautiful is the office performed by the friar in “*Much Ado About Nothing*!” A suspicion has been brought upon the virtue of Hero, who is on the eve of being married to her lover, by the wiles of a villain. The facts arranged by his contrivance there appear to be no means of disproving. The friar, who had been a patient listener throughout the accusation, at length interposes thus:

“ Hear me a little; for I have only been  
Silent so long and given way unto  
This course of fortune, . . . .  
By noting of the lady I have marked  
A thousand blushing apparitions  
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames  
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;  
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,  
To burn the errors that these princes hold  
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;



Trust not my reading nor my observations,  
Which with experimental seal doth warrant  
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,  
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,  
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here  
Under some biting error."

And he was right.

Equally benevolent and lovable is the part assigned to Friar Laurence in "Romeo and Juliet;" equally pious and instructive his sayings. Among them we may quote the following:

"For nought so vile that on the earth doth live  
But to the earth some special good doth give;  
Nor aught so good but strained from that fair use  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;  
And vice sometimes by action dignified."

The good old man, in order to do a kindness to two loving souls, and above all in the hope of reconciling two princely houses, upon whose enmity rests the plot of the deepest tragedy written by our poet, puts his life as well as his character in extremest peril. Indeed, only an accidental coincidence actually saves him at last from an unjust suspicion of the foulest crimes.

This play affords still another example of the consistency with which our author invariably represents the religious as engaged in works of charity. Friar Laurence dispatches one of his subjects, Friar John, on a message to Mantua. It is a message of life and death to the hero and heroine of the play. He is prevented from his journey by a most unlucky accident, the account of which we will let the good friar give in his own words:

"Going to find a barefoot brother out,  
One of our order, to associate me,  
Here in this city visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
Suspecting that we both were in a house  
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,  
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;  
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd."

The very way of expressing himself, the turn he gives to events, the familiarity he evidences with the customs and phraseology of the Church, as well as with the discipline and habits of the Religious life, all indicate the Catholic. Had one of the new religion written "As You Like It," the conversion of the Duke would have consisted of loud protestations of what a sinner he was, irreverently familiar invocations of the Lord, professions of having seen him, with a profusion of self-righteous humility, and intensely conceited

self-abasement, depreciation of works as "filthy rags," and high-flown claims of being a chosen vessel, and a particular favorite of the Lord.

The very last thing that would have occurred to such a one would have been to make the Duke renounce his crown, strip himself of all earthly goods, and go in poverty and penitence to hide his conversion in a holy community of monks.

But it is time for us to draw these remarks to a conclusion. There is much more evidence at hand to the same effect. Enough, however, has been adduced to justify a very strong prepossession in favor of the Catholic faith of Shakespeare. In conclusion, it may be added that in a thousand different ways, in casual expressions, seemingly indifferent incidents, and a multitude of ways too numerous to particularize, he displays the habit of thought of a Catholic. His lay characters "say their beads," "go to confession," receive "the last sacraments," "pray for the dead," "invoke the saints," speak with reverence of our Lady, and so on. He speaks of the blessing of the Church as being essential to an honest marriage. Addressing Friar Laurence, Romeo says :

"How hast thou heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin absolver."

In the play of Hamlet, the circumstance of the king's assassination, which the spirit of the slain father names to his son as the cruellest, and calling the loudest for vengeance, is, to quote his own words :

"Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head."

The impartiality of criticism demands, before concluding, that we quote the only passage with which we are acquainted, which militates with any force against the supposition that Shakespeare was a believer in the Catholic faith. In "Romeo and Juliet," Juliet is represented saying to Friar Laurence :

"Are you at leisure, holy father, now;  
Or shall I come to you *at evening mass*?"

This, it must be owned, is a puzzler, if Shakespeare wrote it. There is no Catholic, in these days, so ignorant as to talk of an evening mass. It seems to drive us to one of three conclusions,—that Shakespeare did not thus write it; that the ignorance of ordinary Catholics respecting the services of the Church in those days was dense; or that Shakespeare was not a Catholic.

We doubt if one of those who have done us the honor of perusing this article, will be likely to adopt the last conclusion, in face of the evidence we have adduced to the contrary. The complete knowledge which he everywhere displays of the doctrines and discipline of the Catholic Church make the second conclusion untenable. There remains but the first. As to that, every one must form his own opinion. For our own part, we could not allow a single expression to weigh against the overwhelming testimony to the contrary afforded by all his writings. Shakespeare wrote, we know, with great rapidity, and almost without corrections. The exigencies of his plot may have seemed to him for the moment to require an evening mass, and he may have let it pass without caring much for its exact accuracy.

This hypothesis is favored by the fact that one or two very gross anachronisms are to be met with in his plays. Great geniuses are seldom very careful about particulars.

Be this as it may, if our humble efforts should have met with so much success as, in the estimation of the dispassionate reader, to have rescued so illustrious an intellect from the heretical crowd, and to have shown it manifestly crowned with the diadem of faith, ours will have been a labor of love.

---



## HOW HERESY DEALS WITH THE BIBLE.

*The Holy Bible.* According to the Authorized Version (A.D. 1611); with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary and a Revision of the Translation, by Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church. Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter, Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. New Testament, Vol. I.: St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878. Royal 8vo.

**I**F one could only swallow in good faith the boastful talk about the growth of Bible-knowledge, which has resounded through the world for the last three centuries, and which has gone on from year to year, widening its pretensions and increasing its braggart tone of self-laudation, he must needs acknowledge that this science has reached its highest point, or that it lacks very little of attaining to perfection. It is constantly dinned into our ears, in every place, from the nursery to the reading-desk and pulpit, through every channel, from the child's story-book or the daily newspaper to the learned controversial tome, that the Bible, after having been chained, hidden, suppressed, and wellnigh extinguished for over a thousand years, was at last, in an unfortunate hour for the Church of Rome, happily recovered and brought to the light of day by the monk of Wittemberg. To use Luther's own rough expression, he first "dragged it out from under the bench." Or, as Dean Stanley, in his late New York sermon, phrased it, in choicer terms, "Martin Luther first loosed the shackles of the old restraint and taught us *what the Bible really was*." It is not so easy to determine the sense and discover the truth of this bold assertion. If, by these words, are meant the nature and character of the Bible, it would be easy to show, by a thousand witnesses, that in every age of the Christian Church, from St. Peter down to Leo X., Luther's contemporary, the Bible was believed and acknowledged by all, clergy and laity, to be the inspired word of God, dictated by the Holy Ghost to faithful scribes for the benefit of mankind. Was Luther, then, the first to discover and disclose a truth which had been in the hearts and on the lips of all Christians, young and old, for fifteen centuries? It must be a bold, brazen face, indeed, that can, without blushing, repeat this before the Christian world; and forcibly recalls those who are denounced in Ezechiel as a "*domus exasperans, filii dura facie et indomabili corde*."<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Ezech. ii. 5, 4. "The provoking generation, the hard-faced, stiff-hearted race." There was no necessity for Dr. Challoner's changing into "obstinate" the "heart that cannot be tamed" of the old Douay, which is the correct rendering of St. Jerome's "*indomabili corde*." His changes are seldom improvements on the old version.

If, on the other hand, not the character of the Bible, but its true sense and meaning were intended by the speaker, it would be a sufficient answer that the Catholic Church did not learn, and needed not to learn from Luther; and it is simply absurd to represent her as either asking or receiving at his hands a key to the knowledge that she already possessed, and that she had been dispensing to the world for so many centuries. Luther taught no knowledge of the Bible to the Catholic Church, and the greater part of the Christian world—the fact must not be lost sight of—belongs to her communion.

But “he taught us,” says Dean Stanley, “what the Bible really was.” And pray, who are “we?” Surely, he does not mean the great common crowd, especially the unlearned, who go under the name of Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, etc. For these, in spite of their varying names and common theory, respect the fundamental tenets of Christianity, and, above all, cling in practice (whatever they may say or imagine to the contrary) to the great Catholic principle of authority, believing the Scriptures to be the Word of God *only* because they have so learnt from parental and Sunday-school teaching, and having their minds fully made up (even though they fancy otherwise) to understand the Bible when they read it *only* in the sense which their minister directly enforces, or indirectly suggests; and all this, because, in their innocent simplicity, they believe him to be an authorized interpreter of Divine truth. No; the Anglican divine never once thought or spoke in the name of these men, though they form the great bulk of that non-Catholic world which yet preserves something more than the empty name of Christianity. But, in his eyes, they are of no account; they are mere *laymen*, professionally speaking. Nay, perhaps, he counts them little better than “lewd fellows of the baser sort,” to use the language of his own cherished Anglican version. While addressing the New York congregation, with mild amiable egotism he was thinking, not of the great Protestant world that has yet its remnant of Christian faith, but of the advanced biblical students of Germany and England, who have taken Luther’s principles to heart, and are not ashamed to carry out to the end their logical consequences. These are they whose biblical knowledge is daily progressing in subtle doubt and bold denial, the champions of what they call by the high-sounding name of Liberal or Rational Christianity.

Amongst them Dean Stanley ranks foremost, and if he had spoken out his true sentiments on that occasion, instead of the vague, unmeaning phrase which he gave out, he would have said something to this effect: “Luther taught us something new, indeed, about the Bible, something unheard of in all Christian gen-

erations, when he taught that its dead letter was a rule of faith, which every one was at liberty to interpret. This was, indeed, a valuable discovery, for its direct tendency was to emancipate reason from the shackles of faith, and its importance will only be fully understood in the age for which we are preparing the way, when faith shall not only be dethroned but extinct, and reason shall be sole mistress of the world. But Luther likewise taught us many things about the Bible which we have unlearned long since, and put away from us as fit only for children and pious idiots, whether they be silly laymen or pretentious churchmen. Even that great man, Paul, had his lot fallen in our enlightened day, would as he says himself (1 Cor. xiii. 11), put them away from him as childish things. We hold, with Luther, that the Bible is a very nice, very interesting book, but we have only a smile of pity for the delusion that holds it to be divinely inspired. Besides, Luther's Christology was very imperfect. It could not well be otherwise, as he drew from unenlightened sources. He had imbibed all the quibbles of the Nicene theologians, all the subtleties of the monkish schoolmen. But we may pardon Luther, for the very apostles seem to have been full of lofty Messianic theories, imported into the Church from Judaism, or rather Rabbinism. We now know, what Luther unfortunately did not, that Christ was nothing more than one of the great Teachers and Apostles of humanity, and, it may be granted, superior to Zoroaster, Confucius, Mahomet, and many others who went before or came after him." If Dean Stanley had spoken thus, he would have uttered the real sentiments of the school he represents. But it would be disclosing too much. The Catholic Church, it would seem, is not the only one that strives to hoodwink her hearers and disciples, and keep them from knowing too much. But all this is a digression from our main purpose.

We are further perpetually reminded, lest we should forget it, by these self-constituted advisers, that while biblical science has been progressing among the sects and other outsiders, Catholics have remained in ignorance. They are fettered by the chains of Church authority. If they would only make bold to unshackle themselves, to exercise their own judgment in rejecting or adopting this or that book, in deciding on the sense of this or that passage, they would possess the key of knowledge, and soon become masters in the science of Scriptural exegesis. All this may sound very well, and those who utter it so pompously pride themselves, perhaps, on their originality. But the Church has a life of eighteen centuries or more, and her memory is yet fresh and unimpaired, as it was in the days of her youth. She remembers well how this same language has resounded in her ears almost from the earliest period of her existence. The heretics whom she cast out of her



bosom from the very beginning, because they attempted to ground their wicked opinions on false interpretations of the inspired writings, would not give up their delusion, if such it really were, even when driven out of her communion. They believed, or affected to believe, that they alone understood the sacred books, and that Catholics, who clung to the authority of the Church in interpreting the sense of Scripture, gave proof thereby of their folly and ignorance.<sup>1</sup> They invited them to come out and share with them the privilege of deciding what books to reject and what to retain, and in those retained of expounding the text by the aid of private judgment. They assured them that only thus could they be rescued from their unhappy state of ignorance, and attain the blessed knowledge of Scriptures in all its fulness.

St. Irenæus testifies this of his own times: "They (heretics) seduce the minds of the unlearned; and by falsifying the divine oracles, or by wrongfully explaining what was rightfully said, draw them into bondage, and, *under pretext of science*, overthrow the faith of many."<sup>2</sup>

St. Augustine reiterates the same complaint, that they attempted to "deceive Catholics by *false promises of reason and science*."<sup>3</sup> And, again, in his *Sermons on the Psalms*, he warns his hearers against "those who are enemies of Christ's dispensation, inasmuch as they forbid us to believe the Unknown, and hold out to us on their part a promise of certain knowledge, as all heretics are accustomed to do."<sup>4</sup> And Tertullian had long before said of them the same thing: "They are all swollen with pride; they all profess to bestow knowledge with certainty."<sup>5</sup> St. Cyril, of Jerusalem, reproaches them with trying "to gain over unwary Catholics by their smooth tongue and plausible discourse."<sup>6</sup> They professed their anxiety to deliver Catholics from a grievous yoke, and render them self-taught. Their alluring promises are thus stated by St. Augustine, who had known them from his own sad experience:

<sup>1</sup> St. Irenæus says: "While wonderfully extolling themselves, they inveigh against us as unlearned and utterly ignorant." Nos ut indoctos ac prorsus ignaros insectantur, seipsum autem mirifice extollunt.—Opera Ed. Massuet., Paris, 1720, p. 30.

<sup>2</sup> Seducunt mentem imperitorum, eosque depravandis oraculis divinis, iisque quæ recte dicta sunt male exponendis captivos trahunt, scientiæque pretextu multos evertunt. Opp., p. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Hæretici rationis et scientiæ falsa pollicitatione decipiunt.—Lib. vi., de Musica. Inter Opp., Aug. Venetiis, 1730, tom. I, col. 540.

<sup>4</sup> Inimicos huic dispensationi quæ facta est per Jesum Christum . . . generaliter accipere debemus omnes qui vetant credere incognita et certam scientiam pollicentur, sicut faciunt hæretici universi.—Enarrationes in Psalmos (in Psalm viii, v. 3, Ex ore infantium, etc.)

<sup>5</sup> Omnes tument: omnes scientiam pollicentur.—Lib. Præscript., cap. lxi.

<sup>6</sup> Δία τῆς χρηστολογίας καὶ τῆς ἐνγλωττίας.—S. Cyrilli, Opp. Ed. Toutée. Venetiis, 1763, p. 52.

"To those whom they wish to entrap they promise to explain everything, no matter how obscure, and then blame the Catholic Church chiefly on this account, that she commands all who come to her to BELIEVE; but they boast that they impose no necessity of believing, but open the sources of teaching."<sup>1</sup>

The bold, defiant, dogmatic tone, in which heretics give out their interpretations of Scripture, as if no one could understand it but themselves, was set down long ago by St. Augustine as a characteristic mark of heresy. He says: "In no other way have heresies arisen, and perverse doctrines that ensnare souls and cast them into the abyss, than because the Scriptures, which are good in themselves, are ill understood, and what is thus ill understood is rashly and boldly asserted."<sup>2</sup> They went further, and instead of following the Scripture, which was originally their pretence, assumed to be its absolute masters and arbiters, rejecting or receiving both text and sense as it suited their whims. "See," says St. Augustine to them, "how you are bringing about the destruction of all Scripture authority by making one's private opinion the judge of what he is to approve or disapprove in Scripture; in other words, every one, instead of becoming subject to faith by Scripture authority, subjects the Scripture to himself, so that nothing pleases him, because it is vouched for by this high authority; but each one considers it written well, because it pleases him."<sup>3</sup> They looked on it as their privilege to accept or discard any portion or book of Scripture, as their private judgment or caprice prompted them.<sup>4</sup> Their critical eye discovered at a glance, says St. Jerome, which Epistle was Paul's and which was not; and their decision was pronounced, adds the holy Doctor, "with the magisterial tone so peculiar to heresy."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ita ut eis, quos illectant, rationem se de obscurissimis rebus polliceantur reddituros eoque Catholicam maxime criminantur quod illis, qui ad eam veniunt, præcipitur ut credant, se autem non jugum credendi imponere, sed docendi fontem aperire gloriantur.—De Utilitate Credendi ad Honorat., cap. ix. tom. viii. p. 58.

<sup>2</sup> Neque enim natæ sunt hæreses, et quædam dogmata perversitatis illaqueantia animas et in profundum præcipitantia, nisi dum scripturæ bonæ intelliguntur non bene, et quod in eis non bene intelligitur etiam temere et audacter asseritur.—In Ioan. Tract. xviii. tom. iii. col. 430.

<sup>3</sup> Videtis ergo id vos agere ut omnis de medio scripturarum auferatur auctoritas, et suus cuique animus auctor sit quid in quaque scriptura probet, quid improbet; id est ut non auctoritate scripturæ subjiçiatur ad fidem sed sibi scripturas ipse subjiçiat; non ut ideo illi placeat aliquid quia hoc in sublimi auctoritate scriptum legitur, sed ideo recte scriptum videatur quia hoc illi placuit.—Adv. Faust Lib. xxxii. cap. xvii. tom. viii. col. 461.

<sup>4</sup> They call it their *privilege*, but (adds the Saint, indignantly) *sacrilege* would be the truer name. "Eas (the Scriptures) . . . sic excipiunt ut suo quodam privilegio, immo sacrilegio, quod volunt sumant, quod nolunt rejiciant."—De Dono Persever., No. 26, tom. x. 834.

<sup>5</sup> Cum hæretica auctoritate pronunciant et dicant: illa Epistola Pauli est, hæc non est.—Proem, in Ep. ad Titum.

They cast away, as they pleased, verses, chapters, and whole books, in a word, any and everything that seemed to stand in the way of their favorite doctrines, whether of their own coining or borrowed from the philosophy of the learned Pagan world that surrounded them. Thus Marcion rejected the entire Old Testament. In this he was imitated by the Priscillianists and the Manicheans. Dositheus, as St. Jerome says, was willing to admit the Pentateuch, but would not hear of the Prophets, or other inspired writers before Christ.<sup>1</sup> Theodore of Mopsuesta, whose rationalism has made him quite a hero in the eyes of modern biblical students,<sup>2</sup> despised the book of Job as the work of some learned heathen. He was willing to acknowledge that Solomon was the author of Proverbs, the Canticle, and Ecclesiastes; but flatly denied the inspiration of these books, and cast them with contempt from the canon of Scripture. He proscribed also the Paralipomena or Chronicles and the Books of Esdras, with the Catholic Epistle of St. James.<sup>3</sup>

But it was not in the books of the Old Testament only that heretics exercised their detestable "privilege" of private judgment, or, as it is now called by a high-sounding word, criticism. Of the New Testament the heretic Marcion, says St. Irenæus,<sup>4</sup> admitted only the Gospel of St. Luke and the Epistles of St. Paul; but even this is limited by the testimony of Clement of Alexandria and St. Jerome, who affirms that he rejected the Epistles to Timothy and Titus. Cerinthus and the Ebionites would not hear of St. John's Gospel. Such also was the case with the Alogians, whose name (enemies of the Word) stamps them as forerunners of the Arian heresy. Not content with rejecting all the writings of St. John, they went still farther. In order to heap insult on the holy Evangelist and the Disciple "whom Jesus loved," they had the face to attribute his Gospel to the very heretic (Cerinthus) against whom it was written. Tatian and his followers, the Encratites, could not bring themselves to believe in the Acts, nor in St. Paul's Epistles. The Manicheans and other raving blasphemers of the Holy Ghost, as St. Irenæus says, in order to make void the gift of the Spirit, rejected St. John, the Acts of the Apostles, and St. Paul. On the

<sup>1</sup> Dositheus was unquestionably a Samaritan; but his relations with Simon Magus, to whom he held the position, first of master, and then of disciple, will admit of his being classed with Christian heretics.

<sup>2</sup> Even Catholics of rationalistic tendency, like F. Simon, cannot conceal their admiration of this forerunner of the new exegesis.

<sup>3</sup> This we learn from Leontius Byzantinus, and as we have no copy of his work we can only refer to the authority of the learned Augustinian, Christianus Lupus, in his Scholia to the work of Tertullian, *De Præscriptionibus*.—See *Christiani Lupi Opera*, Venetiis, 1727, tom. ix. p. 168.

<sup>4</sup> Lib. III. Adv. Haer. cap. xi. ed. cit. p. 192.



contrary, the Valentinians gave the preference to St. John and made frequent and abundant use of his Gospel, as St. Irenæus relates. Others who blasphemously separated Jesus from the Christ, drawing a distinction between Jesus who suffered and Christ who remained impassible, extolled St. Mark, and preferred his Gospel, because they foolishly imagined that it favored their unchristian error (St. Irenæus, p. 190). The Arians showed themselves rightful heirs of the spirit of heresy by rejecting the Epistle to the Hebrews.

But sometimes they did not think it necessary or expedient to repudiate entire books. To cast aside a portion answered their purpose, and they acted accordingly. Thus Tertullian says of one of the heresies of his day: "*Ista hæresis non recipit quasdam scripturas, et si quas recipit, non recipit integras.*" (De Præscript., cap. xvii.) "This sect does not admit some books of Scripture, and those that it admits, it will not admit whole and entire." Marcion acknowledged St. Luke's Gospel, but only after he had clipped and pared it to suit himself, or his theory rather. He left out the genealogy, which is at the beginning, with many things out of our Lord's discourses; and, as St. Irenæus playfully remarks, he seems to have succeeded in convincing his followers, that by giving them only a part of the Gospel he had proved himself wiser than the Apostle who had given it in its entirety to the Church. St. Epiphanius says that the Gospel of St. Luke, as it came from Marcion's hands, mutilated in its beginning, middle, and end, could only be compared to a moth-eaten garment. In the same way this precursor of the new exegesis cut out of St. Paul's Epistles all mention of God as Creator of the world. Though, like all heretics, inconsistent with himself even in this plan of warfare against revealed truth, he seems to have been the first who adopted this ingenious expedient of expunging obnoxious passages, instead of throwing out the whole book. The words of St. Cyril of Jerusalem, "*Marcion primus est ausus etc.,*" and of St. Irenæus, "*solus manifeste est ausus,*" etc., imply this much. By *solus* St. Irenæus means the "only one" down to his day. Cerinthus and the Ebionites did the same thing with St. Matthew's Gospel. St. Ambrose, St. John Chrysostom, and St. Epiphanius accuse the Arians of omitting or otherwise falsifying portions of the Gospel of St. John. St. Athanasius says that the Macedonians wilfully corrupted the text of St. Paul to the Romans. Anastasius Sinaita bears positive witness that the Eutychians cut out of St. Mark and St. Luke the verses that tell of our Lord's agony and bloody sweat in the Garden of Olives.

One of the Holy Fathers (quoted by Eusebius, though without

mention of his name) speaking of these wicked corrupters of Holy Writ, and referring especially to Theodotus of Byzantium, Artemo, and their followers, begins a long invective with these words, "Sacras audacter depravant Scriptures," etc. "They unblushingly falsify the Holy Scriptures;" and after a little continues thus: "I can scarcely believe that they are unaware of the folly and rashness of this desperate attempt of theirs. For they either do not hold that the sacred and divine Scriptures were dictated by the Holy Ghost, or they must make out that they are wiser than the Holy Ghost. What else is this than the madness of those who are, as it were, bodily possessed by the Devil?"

Can anything be more horrible in the eyes of him who has the blessing of faith in addition to the Christian name, than this wicked, deliberate falsifying of God's revealed Word! What a depth of blasphemous pride and contempt of God's infinite wisdom and truth is disclosed by such attempts! Well does St. Ambrose intimate, that the Devil would scarcely venture to make so bold. When on one occasion he quoted Scripture to tempt our Lord in the desert, we are justly shocked by the detestable impudence of the arch-fiend in attempting to turn the written Word of God against its Divine Author. But in extenuation it may be said, that he quoted correctly, and only endeavored to insinuate a false meaning. He did not venture to tamper with or falsify the text. But what Satan dared not do against our Lord living in the flesh, heresy dares against Him yet living and teaching amongst us in the person of the Church, His spouse. Nor is this any strained metaphor of figurative language. It is His own positive declaration. Her teaching is not her own but His, just in the same way that His teaching, to use His own words, was not His own but of the Father who sent Him. (John xiv. 24.) And we have His express warrant for it when He says to the teaching body of the Church: "As the Father hath sent me, so do I send you." "He who heareth you, heareth me, and he who despiseth you despiseth me." (John xxi. 21; Luke x. 16.) And after thus insulting and trampling on God's Word, and despising the Church and Him from whose hands she came no less than the Scripture which He intrusted to her keeping, does heresy ever betray a sense of shame or even consciousness of having sinned? Far from it; she glories in her shame. Her type was prefigured long ago in the wicked woman of Solomon (Prov. xxx. 20), who after her sin "eateth and wipeth her mouth," and coolly asks, "Wherein have I offended? Stand aloof and touch me not, for I glory in being the work of man's hands, and I know that I am far better and holier than the Church founded by Christ and spread through the world by His Apostles." This is virtually the language that heresy has spoken

ever since the days of Simon Magus. All this may be blindness, and no doubt such it is, but voluntary and inexcusable, the blindness of deadly sin. Who does not recognize in this the depth spoken of by the Prophet,<sup>1</sup> into which when a man has once fallen, the indifference which followed upon loss of faith is succeeded by scorn and contempt of God and His teachings! It seems a hard and awful saying; but how can we help considering those who act thus, as on the verge, if not in the actual state, of final reprobation, seeing how thoroughly imbued they are with the spirit of Satan, if not positively crazed and maddened, as the Holy Father above quoted says, by his bodily possession.

But there was another and subtler way of falsifying the Scriptures, and

Nequid inausum  
Aut intrectatum scelerisve dolive fuisset,

heresy had recourse to this likewise. It consisted in leaving the text unaltered, but meanwhile altering the sense by artful glozing and deceitful commentary. And this is better for heresy's purpose, for it misleads more silently and more effectually. Any attempt to mutilate the text by addition or retrenchment is too often accompanied by awkwardness and bungling, that are sure to be examined and thus bring home detection and shame to the forgers. But the sense of Scripture is something more impalpable; and by the trickery of cunning men may be so skillfully handled, altered, travestied, and perverted, as to escape the notice not only of the ignorant but even of the intelligent reader. Tertullian says that some heretics used the knife (*machera*) in dealing with Scripture, while others more crafty made use of the pen (*stylus*). Here is what he says of the latter process: "Even when heresy admits the Holy Scriptures in their integrity, by devising meanings opposed to their true meaning it perverts them. For a forged sense is as contrary to truth as a forged text."<sup>2</sup>

And this, it need scarcely be added, was the most universally practiced form of opposing revealed Truth and eluding Church authority from the very beginning of the Christian religion. There is no opinion so absurd, Cicero used to say, that may not plead in its favor the authority of some philosopher. In the same way there was no form of religious error so senseless or shocking, that was not supported by texts of Scripture, adroitly explained by wicked men to suit their purpose. The Unity of God, The Divinity of Our Lord, the Trinity of Persons—all were denied and the denial sustained by appeals to the Written Word. In the

<sup>1</sup> Impius cum in profundum venerit, contemnit. Prov. xviii. 3.

<sup>2</sup> "Tantum veritati obstrepit adulter sensus quantum et corruptor stylus." De Præscr., cap. xvii.



Scripture, Manes found his impious Dualism, Valentinus his fanciful Æons, and the Gnostics their abominable doctrines, which no Christian can hear without shuddering. In the hands of those heretical jugglers, Scripture was a magical weapon which could be wielded at will, and could be used to defend to-day the doctrine which it would destroy to-morrow. With devilish ingenuity they managed even to draw from the holiest of books the praises of sin and impiety; and learned from its pages to make heroes and demigods out of Cain, the men of Sodom, and Judas Iscariot. And the Christian world of our day may well blush in seeing that the panegyrists of these reprobates of the Old and New Testaments have not died out with the Cajani or Cainists. For some of them have raised their voice, and been listened to without censure or reproof, in the Lutheran and Anglican Churches (so called) of modern times.

The Church is wise because she is taught of God, and designed by Him to be the salt of the earth. But even apart from the Holy Spirit of Truth, that perpetually dwells within her, nineteen centuries of existence in this wicked world have sufficiently schooled her in the ways of poor, erring humanity. *Nil admirari*, though formulated by a Pagan, is more of a Christian than a heathen maxim, and the Church has had its truth forced upon her by ages of experience. Hence, when she sees modern heretics walking in the footsteps of their predecessors and abusing Scripture as they did, she is not taken by surprise, even though she weep over the sacrilegious boldness that not only distorts the sense and spirit of God's Word, but presumes to mutilate or reject its letter and text. One heresy may differ from another in details; but the principle of heresy is always the same. In every place and in every age she despises Church authority. As to Scripture, she professes to hold it in reverence as the Word of God, but she will have it only on her own terms. She must make her own of it, assert her lordship over it, and use or misuse it as she will. She considers it her right to decide and dispose of it, as if it were her lawfully inherited possession, to declare how much of it she will renounce and how much she will retain; and of what she chooses to retain, the sense and meaning must be subject to her pleasure. This is not exactly the language she uses; but it is certainly what she does every day and has done from the beginning. And it is easier and safer to discover principles from habitual action than from mere written theories.

The heretics of to-day who owe their origin to Luther and Calvin, though constantly appealing to Scripture, have no more respect for it than had their predecessors, the early heretics. Like them, they will not let it stand in the way of their fancies, but will use either knife or pen (the *machæra* and *stylus* of Tertullian) as best

suits their purpose. It comes as easy to them to reject a book as to misinterpret a passage. And like the old heretics, they will allege critical or other grounds for cutting a book out of the sacred volume, but take good care to conceal their true reasons. Thus, to give an example, they will throw out the two books of Machabees, and give as ostensible cause that they are not found in Hebrew, and are not included in the Canon of Esdras. As if Esdras had received a commission from Heaven to seal hermetically the canon of inspired writings, or Almighty God had lost the right of inspiring His prophets and messengers through any other medium than the Hebrew tongue. They artfully kept back their true reason, which is, that the Catholic doctrine of praying for the dead is contained in the Machabees. They were too shortsighted to see that denying the canonicity of the book availed them nothing or very little; for the book is unquestionably (leaving out all question of inspiration) a true historical record, and the unchanging tradition of the Jews for twenty centuries proves that, even before the coming of Christ, while they were yet "the peculiar people" and Church of the true God, this was their doctrine, which could not have come to them unless through Divine revelation.

Luther did not formally, like Marcion, throw out of the canon any of the Evangelists, but he freely expressed his poor opinion (developed by his disciples into contempt and rejection) of some of them. He arrogantly compared the inspired historians of the new law with one another, and gave some the preference over others. Matthew, Mark, and Luke were not worthy to stand by the side of John or Paul, who give us Christ's words instead of his works. John's Gospel is the only nice and true chief Gospel, that is to be preferred and esteemed far, far beyond the other three Gospels. So too the Epistles of St. Paul and St. Peter far surpass the three Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke.<sup>1</sup> In thus passing sentence

<sup>1</sup> "Johannis Evangelium ist das einige, Zarte, recht Håuptevangelion, und den andern dreien weit, weit furzuziehen und hoher zu heben. Also auch Sanct Paulus und Petrus Episteln weit uber die drei Evangelia Matthaci, Marci, und Lucã furgenhen." These words appeared in the original Wittemberg edition of 1522, but were retrenched by the orthodox timidity of subsequent Lutheran editors. They again reappeared in the editions of Leipsic, Altenberg, and Halle. The last-mentioned edition was due to Walch, who was a zealous champion of Lutheranism, but a man of some honesty. In his edition of Luther's collected works (Luther's Sæmmtliche Schriften, Halle, 1740-50, twenty-four vols. in 4to) he has had the courage to reproduce not only the suppressed prefaces of the great reformer to the books of the New Testament, but also some passages, cancelled because unedifying, of his Haus-Postille. In the preface to the New Testament of 1522, from which we have already quoted, he further says, encouraging his readers to judge and discriminate, as he himself did between the writers of the New Testament: "From all this, then (dear reader!), thou canst decide and distinguish *which are the best* of all these books. For John's Gospel and St. Paul's Epistles, especially the one to the Romans, and St. Peter's first Epistle, are the right kernel and marrow amongst all the books." This preface may be found in the Erlangen edition, published in our own day by Dr. Irmischer.

of depreciation upon writers inspired by the Holy Ghost, even though they are not swept out of the canon, have we not the root and germ of the broadest rationalism? But Luther was not content with half measures, disapproving of books and yet retaining them as canonical. Whenever it pleased him he went further and boldly pronounced that such or such a book was unworthy of the canon, and threw it out accordingly. This he did with St. James and the Apocalypse or Book of Revelations. Of the former he says: "I hold this for no apostle's work, and here is my reason. In direct contradiction to St. Paul and all other Scripture it allows justification to works. . . . In the second place it will teach Christians and yet never once mentions the passion, resurrection, and spirit of Christ. He (St. James) names Christ occasionally, yet teaches nothing of Him, talking only of ordinary belief in God. . . . And this is the true touchstone whereby to reprove all books, namely, by seeing whether they preach Christ or not, for all Scripture beareth witness to Christ (Rom. iii. 21), and St. Paul will know of nothing outside of Christ. (1 Cor. ii. 2.) Whatever does not teach Christ is not apostolic, even though St. Peter or St. Paul should teach it. On the other hand, whatever preaches Christ would be apostolic, even if it came from Judas, Annas, Pilate or Herod. But this James does nothing more than urge the law and its works, etc."<sup>1</sup>

At the close of the same preface he gives his final decision. After saying that St. James wished to guard against those who relied on faith, without works, he goes on to say that he failed, for he had neither sufficient spirit, nor understanding, nor words, for the undertaking. "He tears the Scripture to pieces, and thus contradicts Paul and all Scripture. . . . Therefore I will not have him in my Bible, amongst the right, chief books. . . . One man is counted as no man in worldly affairs; how, then, can this one alone count anything against Paul and all the rest of Scripture?"<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Ich achte sie für keines Apostels Schrift, und ist das meine Ursache. Auf's erste, dass sie stracks wider S. Paulum und alle andere Schrift den Werken die Gerechtigkeit gibt. . . . Auf's ander, dass sie will Christenleute lehren, und gedenke nicht einmal in solcher langer Lehre des Leidens, der Auferstehung, des Geistes Christi. Er nennet Christum etlich mal; aber er lehret nichts von ihm, sondern sagt von gemeinen Glauben an Gott. . . . Auch ist das der rechte Prüfestein alle Bücher zu tadeln, wenn man siehet ob sie Christum treiben oder nicht, sintemal alle Schrift Christum zeigt (Rom. iii. 21) und S. Paulus nichts denn Christum wissen will (1 Kor. ii. 2). Was Christum nicht lehret, das ist noch nicht Apostolisch, wenns gleich S. Petrus oder Paulus lehrete. Wiederumb, was Christum prediget, das wäre Apostolisch, wenns gleich Judas, Hannas, Pilatus, und Herodes thät. Aber dieser Jacobus thut nicht mehr, denn treiben zu dem Gesetz und seinen Werken, u. s. w." *Luther's Works*, Erlangen ed. vol. lxxii. p. 156.

<sup>2</sup> Summa, er hat wollen denen wehren die auf den Glauben, ohn Werck, sich verlassen, und ist der Sach mit Geist, Verstand und Worten zu schwach gewesen, und



He expressed the same opinion, but in more jocular style, in his convivial hours. (See his *Tischreden*, printed at Frankfort, in 1567, fol. 494.)

This bold, undisguised utterance of Rationalism, the first, perhaps, ever heard in the modern world, was cautiously suppressed by his orthodox followers. But there it stands in the edition of 1522, and since the time of Walch no editor has ventured to conceal it. The Rationalists of our day have taken good care to parade it, as a testimony to the new exegesis from the highest authority. This has been done by De Wette, in his ter-centenary "*Worte Luther's*," and again by Bretschneider, in his "*Luther an unsere Zeit*." Nor was he less outspoken in his condemnation of the Apocalypse, rating it with the apocryphal Fourth Book of Esdras.

"I say what I feel. For more than one reason I hold it to be neither apostolic nor prophetic. First, and above all, the apostles do not deal in visions, but prophesy with plain, dry words. . . . Again, there is no prophet in the Old Testament, to say nothing of the New, who deals so thoroughly in visions and images, so that I almost hold it like the Fourth Book of Esdras and can find no trace that it comes from the Holy Ghost. . . . This book does not suit my spirit, and I have reason enough not to think highly of it, for in it Christ is neither taught nor recognized. To do this, however, is the first duty of an apostle, as He says, 'You shall be my witnesses' (Acts i. 8). Therefore, I hold to the books that give me Christ, clear and pure."<sup>1</sup> Luther afterwards became ashamed of this intemperate judgment, and did not wait for his disciples to piously remove out of sight this reckless effusion of their master. He suppressed it himself. And thus it is entitled in the Erlangen edition: "Preface to the Revelation of St. John, of the year 1522, suppressed by Luther in later editions of the New Testament." It would have been a sore loss to the non-Catholic world, had Luther succeeded in driving the apocalyptic Scarlet Woman, the Beast, and Antichrist out of the canon.

---

zereisset die Schrift, und widerstehet damit Paulo und aller Schrift. . . . DARUMB WILL ICH IHN NICHT HABEN IN MEINER BIBEL in der Zahl der rechten Hauptbücher. . . . Ein Mann ist kein Mann in weltlichen Sachen; wie sollt denn dieser einzeler nur allein wider Paulum und alle andere Schrift gelten? *Ibid.* p. 158, in note.

<sup>1</sup> Ich sage was ich fühle. Mir mangelt an diesem Buch nicht cinerlei dass ich widder apostolisch noch prophetische halte. Auf erste und allermeist dass die Apostel nicht mit Gesichtern umgehen, sondern mit klaren und dorren Worten weissagen, . . . Auch so ist kein Prophet im Alten Testament, schweig im Neuen, der so gar durch und durch mit Gesichtern und Bilden handel, dass ichs fast gleich bei mir achte dem vierten Buch Esdr.s, und allerdinge nicht spuren kann, dass es von dem Heiligen Geist gestellet sei . . . mein Geist kann sich in das Buch nicht schicken, und ist mir die Ursach gnug, dass ich sein nicht hoch achte, dass Christus darinnen widder gelehret noch erkannt wird, welchs doch zu thun für allen Dingen ein Apostel schuldig ist, wie er sagt. (Acts i. 8.) Ihr sollt meine Zeuge sein. Darumb bleib ich bei den Büchern, die mir Christum hell und zein dargehen. (*Ibid.* p. 169, 170.)

Luther did not confine his lording it over Scripture to the books of James and John, nor, indeed, to the New Testament. Of St. Jude he says: "No one can deny that his epistle is an extract or copy of St. Peter's Second Epistle. . . . He alleges sayings and facts that are nowhere found in Scripture." He adds that it is an unnecessary epistle. (Ibid. p. 158.) According to Luther, the Epistle to the Hebrews is not of St. Paul nor of any apostle. It has knotty points in it that can scarcely be explained away. It has its mixture of wood, straw, and stubble. (Ibid. pp. 154, 155.) The Books of Kings are only Jewish Calendars, yet they are more trustworthy than the Chronicles! ("Darumb ist den Büchern der Könige mehr zu glauben, denn der Cronicken." Tischreden, Frankfurt, 1567, fol. 495.) The Book of Esther deserves more than any other to be put out of the canon. It Judaizes and contains a great deal of heathenish naughtiness. (Tischreden, fol. 494, *verso*, and Latin Works, Ed. of Erlangen, vol. vii. 195.) Job, Jonah, the Canticle, Isaiah, and the Prophets, did not escape his critical rod. But why continue the enumeration? Enough has been said to prove the utter want of reverence with which Luther felt himself privileged to speak and write of God's revealed Word.

The work begun by the Reformer of Wittemberg was taken up and pursued with ardor by his followers. The consequence is that scarcely one single book of the New Testament has escaped their destroying hands. Sieffert, Schultze, Schott, Fischer, De Wette, and Schneckenburger deny the authenticity of St. Matthew. Michaelis will not allow the canonicity of St. Mark and St. Luke. Schleiermacher thinks the Gospel of St. Luke to be the work of four different authors. Vogel, Horst, and Ballenstedt reject the Gospel of St. John. Baur denies the credibility of the Acts, and De Wette, bolder still, maintains that it betrays ignorance of Jewish manners, contains errors, and narrates miracles partly irrational, partly immoral. Semler and Eichhorn doubt the genuineness of the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of the Epistle to the Romans. Mayerhoff pronounces spurious that to the Colossians. Schmidt and Kern have their doubts about the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians. The three epistles to Timothy and Titus are repudiated by Schleiermacher, Schott, Baur, Mayerhoff and Schrader. Credner and Neudecker have spared the Epistle to Titus, but give up, as not genuine, the two addressed to Timothy.

The Catholic Epistles have fared worse and have been sacrificed each in its turn. Luther condemned that of St. James as "an epistle of straw," but his early followers restored it to the canon. Kern and De Wette have again displaced it. The First Epistle of St. Peter is rejected by Cludius, the Second by Semler, Schott, Guerike, and others. The Second and Third Epistles of St. John

are condemned by Fritzche, Paulus, and Credner; and all three by Lange, Cludius and Bretschneider. The "unnecessary" Epistle of St. Jude is denied by Bolten, Dahl, and Bergen. Finally, the Apocalypse, in spite of all its good service against the Roman Antichrist, has been thrust aside, not only by Luther and Calvin, but also by some of their latest disciples,—Semler, Michaelis, De Wette, Bretschneider, and many others.<sup>1</sup>

The book at the head of this paper calls attention to another way in which heresy is wont to domineer over the Word of God, and irreverently trample it under foot. It is the way of translation; we mean wicked, deliberately unfaithful translation. This is one of the most artful ways of teaching religious error in God's name. It is more insidious and more fatal than mere comment for the unlettered and the unwary. The simple reader is ordinarily fonder of his privilege than the student; he uses no note or comment. But the comment is there unseen and does its work. It has been foisted adroitly into the text and makes a portion of it. This branch of our subject is too ample for the small space at our command. We shall return to it and point out some, not of the unimportant minutiae that need revision, but of the glaring errors of doctrinal sense introduced into the text under the cover of translation. Will these be corrected by the Committee of Revision? We have very little hope of it.

---

<sup>1</sup> See Rev. Mr. Dewar's *German Protestantism*: Oxford, 1844. To its pages we are principally indebted for the above catalogue of Lutheran theologians who study the Bible in order to overthrow its books, one by one. (See pp. 122, 133.)



## THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES IN THE RECENT TRANSLATION OF ALZOG.

*Manual of Church History.* By the Rev. Dr. John Alzog, Professor of Theology at the University of Freiberg. Translated, with additions, by F. J. Pabisch, D.D., President of the Provincial Seminary of Mt. St. Mary's of the West, and Rev. Thos. Byrne. In three volumes. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co., 1878.

THE translation of Dr. Alzog's *Manual of Church History* is an important labor, giving, especially to the students in our ecclesiastical seminaries, a learned summary of ecclesiastical history, such as has not hitherto been accessible to English readers. The additions of the learned translators to the references of the author increase its value, as Dr. Alzog cites constantly articles in German periodicals that cannot easily be obtained in this country, and would be unreadable to many students. A reluctance to overload the work has, perhaps, prevented their carrying this out sufficiently, and references to sources more at the command of English-speaking students would greatly enhance the value of the work for practical purposes.

Leaving, however, this point to more competent critics, we must express surprise and regret at the portion devoted to the Catholic Church in the United States. To cite as authority an author like O'Kane Murray, who made no original research, and to whom a newspaper hoax or a magazine story is as authentic material for history as a missionary report to the Propaganda or the acts of a council, prepares the reader's mind for some strange results.

The subject of the Church in this country is not treated in any philosophical, systematic manner, so as to give the student a clear idea of the origin of the Church in the different parts of our territory, initiated under different national guidance, implanting the ecclesiastical law, ceremonies, festivals of several nations on our soil, to be blended at last into the Church as it is in our day.

In the Spanish portion we find the silly fable of Friar Juan Xuarez having been Bishop of Florida given as a fact, and the assertion made that he and his companions were the first missionaries to set foot on our territory. That Xuarez was a bishop is contradicted by every contemporaneous document, by the silence of all the Spanish writers, and by intrinsic facts. Under the bull of Pope Julius II., the Catholic king nominated bishops in the Indies, and, by Spanish regulations, those nominated wore some of the insignia of bishops, and enjoyed certain powers and privileges. They were constantly spoken of as bishops. But neither

Cabeza de Vaca, the historian of the expedition, nor any of the documents of the time, speak of Father Xuarez as any more than a commissary, and his portrait, preserved with those of the rest of the twelve pioneer Franciscans, gives him no attributes of the episcopal state. Barcia, historian of the Indies, who prepared his *Ensayo Cronologico* on Florida, under the name of Cardenas, giving ecclesiastical affairs careful notice, had evidently found no allusion to such a bishop or bishopric.

The pretended See would not be in Florida, but in Mexico, and, if it had been erected, would appear in the lists of Mexican Sees in the councils and elsewhere, but there is no trace of any such See. None of those who wrote of the bishops in Spanish America, like Gil Gonzales Davila, though they gathered up much that needed scrutiny, found any trace of such a See. Had the See been erected with jurisdiction over Florida, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction there would have naturally connected Florida with Mexico. Yet, in the voluminous controversy between the Franciscans of Florida and Juan Ferro Machado, the priest sent as his delegate by the Bishop of Santiago de Cuba, in which the very jurisdiction of the bishop is questioned, Father Ayeta never refers to any such Bishop of Florida, although the fact would have been a strong one in his favor if Florida had ever been formed into a distinct diocese; and this Father, examining all the records of his Order, would not be likely to overlook the argument that a son of St. Francis had actually been appointed.

The reference made to a modern French writer, who compiled without accurate guides, was the only authority for the fable, and so stated guardedly when first mentioned. The slightest examination would have shown those who have built on sand how worthless it was.

The origin of the Church in the Spanish portion is thus erroneous, and the noble Dominican, the first whose voice was raised in the Western World in the cause of human freedom, is denied his just honor of having been the first to rear a chapel on our soil for white and Indian.

For the French portion it is equally misleading. The See of Quebec is said to have been established in 1675, through the influence of Louis XIV. The influence was rather against it. The Archbishop of Rouen, who had exercised jurisdiction in this country, wished the new bishop to be one of his suffragans, and the King, anxious to make another court bishop of the stamp of the Four Articles, delayed the matter for years, so that Clement X. was surely not strongly influenced by Louis XIV., when he made Quebec an Episcopal See by his bull of October 1st, 1674, dependent immediately on the Holy See, putting an end to the influence

of the Archbishop of Rouen, and all hope of planting Gallicanism in Canada.

The position of the Catholics in the English colonies is more important, as out of their feeble Church grew in time the See of Baltimore, and the many of which it has been the fruitful parent.

We are astonished to be told of these colonial Catholics that, "during the war of Independence they were placed under the jurisdiction of the Apostolic Vicariate of London." This leaves the Catholics from the time of the settlement of Maryland to the American Revolution under no episcopal supervision. Yet it is very certain that the Vicar Apostolic, the Chapter during the vacancy, and finally the Vicars Apostolic of London, from the time of James II., did exercise authority over the Maryland Catholics. The ordinance of Bishop Bonaventure Gifford, regulating the holidays of obligation in this country, would alone suffice to show that their authority was recognized and was exercised. The missionaries (except during a brief period of a secular mission under the authority of the Propaganda) were English Jesuits and Franciscans; and as all regulars in England, by the decision of the Holy See, had to obtain faculties from the Vicars Apostolic, those who came over, came with such faculties, and were subject to a Vicar-General in this country. So far from it being a fact that the Revolution was the time when the Catholics in the colonies were placed under the care of the Vicar Apostolic of London, it was just the time when the intercourse, a century old, was broken off. "There was but little communication between the Catholics of America," says Bishop Carroll, "and their bishop, the Vicar Apostolic of the district of London, on whose spiritual jurisdiction they were dependent. But whether he did not wish to have any relation to a people whom he regarded in the light of rebels, or whether it was owing, says my old MS., to the natural apathy of his disposition, it is certain that he had hardly any communication either with the priests or the laity on this side of the Atlantic. Anterior to the Declaration of Independence he had appointed the Rev. Dr. Lewis his vicar; and it was this gentleman who governed the mission of America during the time that the bishop remained inactive."

We are next told that Pius VII., by brief of April 8th, 1808, made New Orleans a suffragan of Baltimore. New Orleans was not even a See. The diocese of Louisiana, established in 1793, embraced the portion of the old diocese of Santiago de Cuba, which was on the mainland, and had been directed by an auxiliar. Like Santiago and its other division, San Cristobal, it was a suffragan of Saint Domingo. When Baltimore was made a metropolitan See, four new Sees, erected within the limits of the old diocese of Baltimore, were made suffragans, but there is no allusion to Louisiana. That bishopric was va-



cant, and the future appointment a matter of great delicacy and difficulty. The Holy See sought a way out of the labyrinth, not an increase of obstacles. It made Louisiana immediately subject to Rome. When the first Provincial Council of Baltimore convened in 1829, it is noted expressly, after stating that Archbishop Whitfield convoked it: "Revmm quoque Episcopum Sancti Ludovici, Neo Aureliæ administratorem, S. Sedi immediate subjectum, eo quod dioceses quibus præest intra Fœderatæ Americæ limites sitæ sint, invitavit, ut, salvis ceteroquin suis privilegiis, Concilio interesset." Even when the acts of the council went to Rome, no one seemed aware that a brief of Pius VII. made New Orleans a suffragan of Baltimore, whose bishop might be summoned in the usual way; and if the brief was unknown in Baltimore, New Orleans, and Rome, we may well doubt its existence.

In regard to religious orders, the confusion is equally strange. Speaking of the Society of Jesus, this work says: "After its suppression, Charles Carroll and six companions, who arrived from Europe at the opening of the present century, perpetuated its traditions in the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, under the direction of the Rev. Robert Molyneux, which they entered May 10th, 1805."

Who was this Father Charles Carroll, whom it took more than a quarter of a century after the suppression to cross the Atlantic to America? We confess most absolute ingorance of any such Father. We do not find him in Oliver or in the Maryland lists. It cannot be a mistake for John Carroll, who certainly did not arrive at the opening of the present century, having been then for years the honored bishop of Baltimore. How this mythical Father, who came only about 1800, was required to perpetuate the traditions of the old society, when the members in Maryland and Pennsylvania had formed a kind of association for that purpose, is not very evident.

But that they or any other priests organized the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in this country is something new, and will be so to the members of the Society of Jesus. There is no trace of any intercourse between the Fathers of the Sacred Heart and the ex-Jesuits of the English province. Father Paccanari endeavored to induce those in England to enter this Society of the Faith of Jesus, but letters from members of the old society, to the brethren in America, show that they declined chiefly on account of the fourth vow, which would require them to defend orally and in writing the "Brief of the Suppression," whereas they considered their absolute obedience to it all that was demanded. Repulsed in England, the Fathers of the Faith made no attempt to win the few ex-Jesuits here.

Gradually the Fathers of the Faith and of the Sacred Heart

began to join the organization, which had been maintained intact in Russia, and which was simply an unsuppressed portion of the Society of Jesus. The Holy See permitted this without any definite sanction. The ex-Jesuits in America began to seek a reunion with that branch of the old Society. Rome gave an oral consent, and the Maryland Fathers wished to act upon it, but Bishop Carroll advised delay. He thought a *vivæ vocis oraculum* a very unsafe dependence, as in case of the death of Pius VII., a successor not friendly to the Order might arraign them as rebels, who, after submitting to the brief of Clement XIV., resumed their habit, vows, and life in defiance of it, and the difficulty of proving canonically the *oraculum* would be fatal. But they persevered, and it was the Society of Jesus that they re-entered, Father Molyneux being appointed Superior by Father-General Gruber.

Coming to less important matters, such as the sketch of Catholic periodicals, it is not easy to see why, if the *American Celt* and *Irish World* are to be noted as Catholic papers, the *Shamrock*, edited by Thomas O'Connor, is not placed at the head of all, and the *Green Banner*, edited by the Rev. Thomas S. Levins, and the original *Metropolitan Magazine*, not deemed worthy of mention, the latter as our first attempt at a monthly.

We need not dwell on minor errors, calling Father Serra an Italian; placing Segura's mission in Maryland; making missionaries from the seminary at Douay co-operate with the Jesuits in the Indian missions in Maryland; making a mission on Neutral Island, "whence it was removed to Mount Desert Island;" sending Hennepin to the mouth of the Mississippi; making Bishop England, recently arrived in this country when made bishop, etc.

The able translators are scarcely pardonable for so sorry an account of the Church in this country, as they so recently had residing in their seminary the Rev. J. M. Finotti, than whom there are few in the country better versed in the past, and whose collection of books and material for a history of the Church in the United States, can scarcely be equalled.

The extent of historical research and study in the various States, and the familiarity of many Protestant students even, with our earlier annals, makes it essential that in a work of this standard, this portion should be above criticism, either in conception or execution.

Before too many copies are printed this portion needs a thorough re-casting, if not re-writing, for it is not what should be placed in the hands of students as a guide in the seminaries in this country; and in those of England and Ireland, where the translation will be welcomed, it will be a national shame to have such a summary placed as our own account of our own history.

CATHOLICITY AND PROTESTANTISM IN RELATION  
TO OUR FUTURE AS A PEOPLE.

UNTIL a few years past the people of the United States looked forward to the future with a strong and general conviction that a glorious destiny awaited them. We believed that our material resources would insure, in their development, universal plenty and comfort. The ease with which remunerative employment could be obtained, and the abundance and cheapness of the necessities of life kept off the debasing influences which tend powerfully to demoralize the lower classes in Europe. The absence of overgrown fortunes, the prevalent simplicity of life, and our youthful vigor preserved us, for the time being, from the vices and corruption which attend luxury.

We congratulated ourselves on having the best government in the world. Whence our political constitutions and the principles that underlaid them had been derived, were questions about which we were but little concerned. It was a popular notion that they had been evolved from the brains of our forefathers in the times that immediately preceded our successful struggle with Great Britain for national independence.

In accordance with this notion, flattering to our pride and widely current, though it needs no profound acquaintance with history to prove it a sheer delusion, demagogues and newspapers constantly repeated that our government was an experiment which no other people had ever been sagacious enough and good enough to attempt, or, if they had, had not been equal to the task of conducting it to a happy issue. The conditions essential to success on our part were with almost universal assent proclaimed to be intelligence and virtue, both of which it was assumed we possessed in eminent degree, and both of which, it was confidently believed, we would ever continue to possess.

There seemed, too, no limits to our power of assimilating to ourselves the emigrants who were flocking to our shores. They came by hundreds of thousands; they were merged at once into the body of the people of the United States, and their children were undistinguishable from those who traced back their descent to colonial ancestors, unless in the manifestation of even greater energy and a stronger desire to improve their fortunes and advance in social position. From this intermingling of the blood of Celt and Saxon, Teuton and Scandinavian, the inhabitants of the United States, it was confidently predicted, would combine the highest and noblest natural elements of all those races, and uniting them into



a homogeneous whole would grow up into a people superior in physical, intellectual, and moral endowments to any other nation or race on the face of the earth. As regards energy, industry, intelligence, virtue, civil equality, personal freedom, good order and peace in society, general comfort, contentment and good will between different classes, general refinement, purity of morals, respect for law, reverence for religion, and all the elements, conditions, and characteristics of the highest civilization, it was believed that we would become an example and a model to all other peoples.

But of late the people of the United States have become less sanguine as to their future, and they are now by no means as confident of a happy and glorious destiny as they were thirty years ago. Apprehensions are entertained not merely by a few persons, here and there, of more thoughtful and penetrating minds, or of more gloomy temperament, according to the judgment that may be passed upon them, but there is a very general foreboding of evil, which finds expression in various forms and takes to itself different shapes according to the characters and thoughts of those who entertain it, and which evinces almost universal doubt and fear as to our future conditions.

It is not our intention to analyze this feeling, and attempt to resolve it into its constituent elements, nor to follow it out in the different directions it takes referring to our political, our social, our moral, or our religious future ; the fact that such a feeling of doubt and uncertainty exists is undeniable. It finds expression in newspapers and pamphlets, in popular harangues, in public lectures, as well as in pulpit discourses and thoughtful essays. It has its ground, unquestionably, in the conviction that, though our material resources are undiminished, those resources no longer avail to furnish means for comfortable support to the whole body of the people ; that deep and bitter social antagonisms are plainly manifesting their existence among us ; that principles which hitherto have been regarded as political axioms, forming the permanent foundation of civil freedom and good government, are now doubted or denied ; that there is widespread skepticism as to the very existence among us, as actual realities, of public and private virtue ; that the majesty of law, far from being revered as sacred and inviolable, is sneered at, and its highest sanctions resolved into brute force, or the craft of politicians, or, at best, into the arbitrary determination of a mere majority of individuals ; that the bond of matrimony is no longer regarded as indissoluble ; that the relations of husband and wife and parents and children are not revered as resting on divine sanctions, but looked upon as deriving their whole significance from mere natural affection or civil enactments ; that morality has no other basis than the conventionalities of society or the power

of public opinion ; and that religion itself is only a respectable name for superstition, having its origin in certain natural emotions, and having no other value than what resides in its ability to gratify those emotions.

Must we, then, despair of our future? Is there not ground for hope that we will eventually attain the exalted destiny which Providence seems to have plainly marked out for us. We firmly believe there is ; but our trust and confidence is based on grounds entirely different from those of non-Catholic writers. The reasons they generally give for the hope to which they cling are various, but they are all, it seems to us, equally fallacious.

1. Much stress is laid upon a certain conservative power which is supposed to reside in the people as a body, which allows moral disease to run its course, corrupting the body, politic and social, and bringing it almost to the point of dissolution ; but then, when the disease has reached its crisis, this conservative power, it is expected, will summon up the vital energies of the nation, and enable it to rise up from its almost fatal sickness, not only convalescent, but purified, invigorated, regenerated.

There is a modicum of truth in this, as there is in the same theory in regard to the body of an individual. As long as the vital powers are sufficiently vigorous to overcome the disease and rally from its effects, such a reaction is possible. But where this is not the case, where the disease has become too deeply seated, the blood poisoned, the physical constitution impaired, and the vital organs no longer able to perform their normal functions, collapse ensues from which there is no reaction, and the result is death.

2. Another favorite idea, particularly of the last generation, is that virtue and intelligence in the people are sure guarantees of peace and good order in society, of the perpetuity of political institutions such as we possess, of personal civil equality and freedom, and of continued material prosperity and progress in civilization.

But have we, as a people, actually and in fact, these guarantees? And, if we have, is there just reason to expect that we will continue to possess them? Whatever power they have resides, too, in their union. The existence of the one without that of the other, we need scarcely say, will be ineffectual. It surely requires no long argument to prove that a certain degree of intelligence is necessary to the existence of virtue in positive, effective form. On the other hand, mere intelligence by no means implies virtue as an inseparable concomitant, or as a necessary consequence. Some of the greatest monsters that have lived on earth, some of the very worst men that have ever cursed society, were men of great intelligence, possessed of keen perceptions, of thoroughly trained minds, of great knowledge. It is too late in the life of mankind to pretend,

in the face of all the lessons of history, that mere knowledge of right and wrong is necessarily accompanied with, or productive of, the will to abstain from wrong and do what is right. The names of Nero, Henry IV. and Frederick Barbarossa of Germany, of Voltaire, Rousseau, Mirabeau, Mazzini, and a host of others, come to mind as examples of the truth of what we have just said. Three-fourths of the criminals in our public prisons have been fairly educated, so far as mere mental training goes, and if all who violated the law, penal and moral, had their deserts, the proportion of *intelligent* and highly "educated," cultivated, refined convicts would be vastly greater. The greatest criminals of our times, those who without the excuse of sudden temptation, of pinching poverty, and actual destitution, have coolly, deliberately, systematically broken over all the restraints of honor and honesty, and carried distress through their wholesale frauds, and robberies, and forgeries, into thousands of families, have generally been highly "educated" men, men of intelligence, refinement, culture.

It is the merest cant therefore to talk about intelligence alone being any safeguard against corruption, which, once it finds lodgment in the heart of a people, saps their strength, perverts the action of every department of government, no matter what its outward form may be, renders every civil institution by which the principles of freedom are attempted to be preserved, ineffective and makes utterly futile for promoting national progress and prosperity the richest and most varied material resources. It is not worth while to argue the point. With all the systematic persistent efforts to ignore the fact and put it out of view, the common sense of mankind, and the universal tradition of truth first revealed to man, and however obscured still existing everywhere, compel the admission that intelligence without virtue is no safeguard against that perversion of will, that course of demoralization which, in nations as well as individuals, insures their decadence and their eventual ruin.

Along with knowledge of the truth, with the intelligent perception of what is right and good, must be conjoined virtue, the actual doing of the right and good. For virtue is not an empty name, nor is it a mere refinement. It rests on positive principles, from which it derives all its value, strength, and reality. Those principles we need not say have their source and origin in religion. From it they derive all their power.

This is an axiomatic truth. Even those who deny it, and endeavor to construct a theory of virtue which will exclude religion, are always compelled, consciously or unconsciously, to fall back upon religion, in one way or another, in order to find a foundation for their theories. Even while with loud professions of scorn, they speak of religion as a delusion, a baseless fabric of disordered fancy,



they are compelled to make it by implication the foundation-stone, the very centre and ground principle of all their theories.

Pantheism, which denies all personal existence to God, and resolves Him into a mere aggregate of natural powers, has its religions. There is even a religion of Atheism. And the modern phases of that system of utter doubt, which denies the possibility of certainly knowing anything about God and his existence or non-existence, has its religion of "the unknowable." Whatever of truth, therefore, there is, amid all the prevailing confusion of thought, in the popular theory of the conservative power of intelligence and virtue, it falls back necessarily upon religion for support.

Nor can there be question or doubt as to what religion we must depend upon, to make and keep the people of the United States virtuous. However the prevailing skepticism of the age may magnify and extol ideas which they find, or imagine they find, in ancient heathen religions, those for example of the Persians, the Hindoos, and Chinese, however carefully they may keep in the background the fact that whatever of truth these religions embodied has never actualized itself in an effective practical way among those people—even if this be put out of view, in reference to heathen systems of religion, the history of the world sets forth the fact too plainly to be ignored or denied, that no other religion than Christianity (and its type and predecessor, Judaism) has ever been a living power to enlighten, purify, and elevate the body of the people. It is not necessary to dwell on this. It is, or at least until a few years back was, almost universally admitted by the people of the United States. Our political institutions, our organic laws, our whole system of legislation imply it. Christianity, according to the decisions of our Supreme Courts, State and Federal, is part of the common law. The fact that there are now those who can openly question and deny the necessity of Christianity as a power to preserve within us, as a people, the conditions and elements of true national prosperity, and yet can escape universal detestation and reprobation, serves to show how far we have receded from that reverential belief in the Christian religion, which until recently we prided ourselves upon as a distinguishing national characteristic, and how rapidly and how far we have slid down into skepticism and irreligion, which even among the heathen have always been recognized as sure evidences of decay in manly vigor and intellectual and moral strength.

We assume, therefore, that Christianity is the only power which can prevent our decline, as regards all the elements required to make a people truly great and noble. But there are two forms of Christianity which claim acceptance, Protestantism and Catholicity. It is entirely aside from our purpose to discuss these with reference

to their respective doctrines, or to inquire which of them is the embodiment and teacher of that revelation of truth which was made by our Saviour. We propose only to consider their respective ability to fulfil those functions which religion must fulfil, or else the process of decadence in morals and in all the elements of national greatness will go on unchecked and render it impossible for us as a people to attain the exalted position to which, as we have hoped and believed, we were destined in the ordering of Divine Providence.

1. The first ground for questioning the ability of Protestantism to do this work, is that it presents no positive religious truths for acceptance. Certain of its sects, it is true, have certain formulas of doctrine embodied in their respective so-called confessions of faith; but, in the first place, these are matters of controversy, even between the different Protestant sects; and, in the second place, they are not put forth in any instance whatever as infallibly true, and as challenging assent on the basis of divine authority. Consequently it is impossible that they should exert any controlling influence even over the members of the sects who professedly believe them, much less over the people of the United States as a whole. At best they are mere opinions resting on no broader or firmer basis than the judgment of the individuals who entertain them. It is scarcely necessary, therefore, to say, that they are utterly deficient in that supreme power of control which Christian faith possesses and exerts. A religion with no dogmas authoritatively challenging belief on the ground that they are absolutely and infallibly true, a creedless religion (and this is what Protestantism not only now acknowledges but boasts itself to be) is a self-contradiction, a moral nonentity. It has no authority to teach definite positive truths; no power, therefore, to direct the conscience.

2. We take up, as our next point, the relations comprehended in the family. These relations rest upon divine sanctions. They are divine in their origin; the observance of the obligations comprehended in them is enjoined by express commandment of God; they are so perfectly adapted to the nature of man to his personal needs and wants, and to the relations in which he stands to society at large, that strict regard for these relations and for the rights and duties growing out of them has been universally considered, even among semi-barbarous peoples, indispensable conditions to individual welfare and national prosperity. It is an acknowledged standard for measuring public and private morality. What, now, can Protestantism do, what is Protestantism doing to promote reverence for the family relations, and belief in their divine origin and sanctity?

In answer to this question we take up the marriage relation out

of which the family grows. History tells us what Protestantism at its outset did in weakening in the minds of those over whom it obtained sway, belief in the indissolubility of the marriage bond, and belief in marriage itself as a divine institution. The record of the bigamy of Philip, the Prince of Hesse, a leading adherent and protector of Protestantism, which bigamy was allowed and sanctioned in writing by Luther, and his fellow "Reformers," is a well-known and significant page in the chronicles of the sixteenth century, though no more significant than many others of like import that might be cited. The repeated divorces and remarriages of Henry VIII., the head of the Reformation in England, form a whole chapter in the history of that country. It is well known that under the influence of the Reformation marriage, the solemnization of which as a sacrament had been entirely in the hands of the Church, was looked upon as merely a civil contract, and that some Protestant sects made it a part of their religion, to contract marriages only before a civil magistrate. The sense of anything sacramental in the marriage ceremonial has become so weak among Protestants that as regards any practical importance it has, it might as well not exist. The civil law has come to be looked upon as the foundation on which the marriage relation rests, as the source whence it derives its validity and as the expounder of its obligations and duties.

There are, it is true, in the disciplinary codes of some of the Protestant sects, declarations recognizing the divine character of the marriage relation, providing for its solemnization by ministers, forbidding marriage within certain degrees of consanguinity, and prohibiting a second marriage to persons who have husbands or wives living, from whom they have been divorced by decrees of civil magistrates. But these declarations and prohibitions are for all practical purposes, obsolete and dead. There is no practical enforcement of them. There is not a sect, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, or Calvinistic, with all their countless subdivisions, that has not scores and hundreds of persons in "good standing" in their "churches," who have been divorced by the civil law and yet have married again, though the divorced wife or husband is still living. Such instances can be found, too, among even the ministers of the different Protestant sects. Whatever, therefore, the printed declarations in the formulas of belief and books of discipline of Protestant sects may profess or prohibit, they all follow, in actual practice, the enactments of the civil law and the decisions of our courts.

The conclusion then is irresistible that it is utterly futile to look to Protestantism to effectively restrain much less to extirpate the loose and atheistical ideas which have come to prevail so widely



among the people of the United States in regard to the marriage relation.

What we have just said of the relation between husband and wife, is equally true as regards the relation of parents and children. While Protestantism theoretically holds that this relation is of divine origin, and that the rights and duties flowing from it are of divine obligation, it practically makes them to rest simply on natural law, and on legislative enactments defined and enforced by our civil courts. The rights of parents over their children, as regards education, have all been virtually surrendered and abnegated by Protestant sects to the State. For the definition of parental rights and duties, Protestantism, in practice, now looks not to divine revelation expounded in any authoritative way, but to the civil law. It practically follows the decisions of civil tribunals.

3. If we turn to the matter of personal integrity and honesty, both in public and in private life, we find that the influence of Protestantism, as a religious system, amounts practically to nothing in the way of restraint or purification. We make here no sweeping charges as to the personal characters of Protestants. It is not with individuals we are dealing, but with Protestantism in its practical action as a system. By its fundamental principle, it relegates to every individual the right of solving questions of conscience, of determining for himself what is honest and what is dishonest. If an individual, under the influence of subtle temptations, under circumstances where the judgment is clouded, and the line between honesty and dishonesty becomes faint and difficult to be clearly perceived, steps over to the side of dishonesty, there is no authoritative tribunal in Protestantism to teach him his error, to point out to him his sin, and declare with unmistakable certainty what he must do to relieve himself of guilt. He may go on in a constant repetition of dishonest acts, maintaining his position as a member of the sect to which he adheres, without restraint except such restraint as his own individual conscience may exercise, until public exposure overtakes him; and then if any disciplinary action is taken, it is in the form of ejection from the sect of which he was an adherent, the prime motive of which is the relieving of the sect itself from odium and discredit, not the deliverance of the ejected member from his sin.

4. Another point at which the inefficiency of Protestantism as a corrective and conservative power plainly shows itself is its inability to soften and break down the existing antagonisms in society, which are daily becoming deeper and more pronounced. Its inability to reach the poor, to exert any reformatory influence over the vicious, the criminal classes, the outcasts of society, is matter of constant lamentation on the part of thoughtful Prot-

estant ministers. Scarcely a convention, or convocation or conference of any Protestant sect is held but the subject comes up; and, in the discussion which ensues, the fact is brought plainly to light that whatever hold Protestantism may have upon the higher and middle classes of society, it has none whatever upon the lower.

How utterly irreconcilable this fact is with the claim of Protestantism to be *par excellence* Christianity, is aside from the purpose of this paper to show. We bring it up here simply in its relation to the subject of national prosperity. Protestantism does not, cannot, reach the poor. Consequently Protestantism does not, and cannot, check the socialistic tendency, the spirit of radical revolution which is spreading with fearful rapidity, and which, if it once gains the ascendancy, will repeat in this country, under conditions that will make them far more terrible than the social convulsions which, from time to time, threatened the very existence of Christian society in the Old World. Protestantism can do nothing, does nothing for the outcast, the vicious, the destitute classes of society. We do not wish to be misunderstood. We are not accusing individual Protestants of having no natural feelings of humanity. It is Protestantism as a system that we are discussing. There are many noble examples of generosity among Protestants, but in that respect they differ in no way from men who are kind and generous, though they believe in and profess no religion. They are generous, not because they are Protestants, but because they are naturally kind-hearted and humane.

We have said that Protestantism has no power over the poor, in preventing on their part the growth of feelings of jealousy, envy, and hatred of the wealthy, which threaten the peace and good order of society. So, too, it is wanting in real effective power over the rich. It can speak with no authority to them with respect to their obligations to "consider the poor." From regard to its fundamental principle that the individual judgment is the interpreter of divine revelation, it must leave to the individual conscience of the wealthy of its "churches" what each one will do, and what he will not do, in regard to works of benevolence; and, as a matter of actual fact, the benevolent wealthy among Protestants do not exercise their benevolence as a religious duty but as an act of humanity. What they do in this way is usually and to the greatest extent done in a purely humanitarian way. Protestantism, too, expressly denies the doctrine that there is any merit in good works, personal mortification, and self-denial. It thus takes from its adherents one of the strongest motives to acts of charity. Finally, on this point, in virtue of its principle of individual judgment as to religious obligations and duties, it makes

itself a principle of separation and division among men instead of a bond of union. However much it may speak in words about the brotherhood of men, it turns that truth in fact into a mere sentiment, and leaves to each individual to make out of it whatever he pleases, much or little. Thus Protestantism has no real power to restrain in the wealthy the inordinate desire for riches, the growth of luxury and self-indulgence, of indifference for and contempt of those who are socially beneath them.

It is evident, therefore, that we cannot look to Protestantism to check the growing tendency to socialism in our midst nor any of the evils to which it gives rise. In fact Protestantism is itself socialistic in principle. Its treatment of the poor is at bottom socialistic. It seeks to solve the problems of the different conditions of persons in society by the action of civil laws, and not of Christian charity. It depends upon poor laws, laws for the suppression of mendicancy, poorhouses, and workhouses, the raising of money by poor-rates and its distribution by public officials, overseers of the poor. Wherever Protestantism shapes the policy of a country and forms the ideas of the people, the poor have come to be looked upon as criminals, and practically they are often treated with less consideration.

5. Protestantism cannot be relied on as a corrective of the growing disregard for the sanctity of law. We are not referring here to outward violations of law in the form of criminal acts, but to the growing disbelief in the objective authority of law, as such. The Christian idea of law is that its authority is divine. It has its source in God, the source of all authority, secular or spiritual. Government is the embodiment of this authority as regards the relations of men in society. In republican governments this authority comes from God to the officers of the government mediately through the people. Its source is not in the people, but in God. The people do not create it; they receive it from God, and delegate it to those whom they appoint as legislators, to embody it in legislative enactments; as judges to interpret it and apply it practically to the facts and occurrences which fall within its scope; and as administrative officers, to give practical effect to its provisions. These officers are responsible to the people for the manner in which they discharge their trust, but they are responsible to them, not as the original fountain or source of law or as the creators of its authority, but as the stewards of God, who is the source of all law, of all right, of all obligation, and of all authority.

This is the only Christian idea of government. On any other ground law is nothing else than tyranny, and its resistance by one individual, or by a thousand, is no crime, properly speaking. It carries with it no moral culpability; it is not a sin. On any other



ground except that of the divine origin and authority of law, legal punishments are nothing more than the expressions of the will of the greater number, or the more powerful body, of persons in a community, and have no moral character whatever. Accordingly there is no moral obligation on the part of the individual to submit to punishment. If he does submit, it is simply because superior force requires submission.

We need not say that these ideas of government, and of civil authority, are simply anarchical. They justify revolutions, conspiracies, combinations to set law at defiance, wherever a number of individuals choose to oppose themselves to civil authority. Yet these are just the ideas that are widely prevalent in our midst, and there is nothing in Protestantism to resist or prevent their spread. In fact, Protestantism practically favors them. Its fundamental principle, in constituting the individual judgment the supreme arbiter and determiner of right and wrong, justifies them.

We do not forget that Protestantism refuses to accept this statement as correct, and endeavors to evade its point by declaring that it does not make the individual's judgment, but the Bible, the determiner of right and wrong. But, after all, it is the Bible, as interpreted by the individual judgment, and thus the question of what the Bible means and teaches, is relegated to the individual judgment, and the individual judgment becomes in actual fact, in Protestantism, the supreme judge, the final tribunal, in the decision of every case.

The traditional belief, too, in the sacred Scriptures as the written word of God, which Protestantism inherited from the Catholic Church, has been so weakened, particularly of late years, that even the reverence professed by Protestants for the Bible, and which still occupies so prominent a place in their various printed creeds, is fast dying out. The assertions and doubts among them as to the inspiration of the Scriptures; as to what parts of them are to be accepted as authentic, and what shall be rejected as spurious; what renderings in their King James's version are erroneous; whether the Greek text from which the translation was made, was not imperfect and corrupt; and what changes should be made both in it and the popular English version,—these and kindred questions which, according to the fundamental principle of Protestantism can only be solved by a process of human criticism, and about which every one is free to adopt whatever opinion he chooses, have almost destroyed the traditional convictions of Protestants in the Bible as a record of divinely revealed truth.

Without entering further into the subject, we are justified in concluding from our discussion of the five points stated, that Protestantism cannot exert the restraining, corrective, and conservative

influence necessary to check, much less to extirpate the growing immorality, irreligion, lawlessness, and open defiant denial of legitimate authority, both in Church and State, which if allowed to go on will destroy all possibility of our reaching the exalted position among the nations of the world which, until recently, we regarded as our certain destiny. Were Protestantism, therefore, the only form of Christianity existing in our midst, the people of the United States would be compelled to look forward to their national and social future with most gloomy forebodings, if not with despair.

But the Catholic religion challenges our acceptance as the religion of Christ, and its claims are acknowledged by a large portion of the people of the United States. It is in place therefore to consider the influence of Catholicity with reference to the same points by which we tested Protestantism.

1. The first objection we made to Protestantism was that it had no fixed positive truths authoritatively challenging belief. The contrast here between it and the Catholic religion is broad and obvious. The Catholic religion comes forward in no timid hesitating way, as though doubtful of the validity of its own claims to be heard. There is no uncertainty as to its requirements and demands. Its dogmas are definite, precise, and distinct; the doctrines it teaches are not put forth as opinions resting on human judgment, but as the truth of God, having God for their author, revealed by Him, and committed by Him to the Church to teach with authority, and with the absolute, infallible certainty, which divinely given authority implies.

There is no room, therefore, for vacillation or uncertainty on the part of any one who accepts the Catholic religion as to what the doctrines of Christianity are, or what are the principles by which his conduct should be regulated. He may not always be controlled by those principles, he may not live up to his known obligations, but there is not the slightest uncertainty as to what those obligations are. His convictions are not based upon his own subjective feelings and opinions, they ground themselves on the authority of the Church to teach and guide him, and on the infallibility with which she has been invested in order that she may fulfil her teaching function, and thus secure, not frustrate, the purpose for which it was given.

It is evident, therefore, that the influence of the Catholic Church (without regard now to the moral character of that influence), upon those whom that influence controls, is definite, positive, and authoritative. Indeed her enemies charge this upon her, as a ground of objection and opposition.

2. We showed the want of restraining, correcting, and controlling power in Protestantism, as regards the family relations. Let

us now examine Catholicity with reference to the same point. The Catholic Church teaches that marriage is a sacrament, that the relation is of perpetual obligation; that it is God who joins together husband and wife, and that no human power can dissolve the union; that though the State assumes that it may decree divorces, it is an act of usurpation, and that such decrees are invalid in conscience and in the sight of God.

Departure from this principle of the indissolubility of the marriage relation is always fraught with evil. It is acknowledged to be so, even by those who deny that marriage is indissoluble. Our legislatures and courts discourage divorces, because of their pernicious effects upon public morality.

We cannot enter here into details to show how the Catholic doctrine of marriage practically operates in preventing the immoralities which grow out of looser and lower ideas. It is universally felt that it does. Every husband and wife married to a Catholic knows that his or her partner in marriage will never seek a divorce, unless he becomes utterly reprobate in conscience, and an apostate to his religion.

The very different manner, too, in which the passion of love is treated by the Catholic Church, from that in which it is practically regarded outside the Church, contributes most powerfully to preserve those who accept her teaching from sins of impurity. There is no deification of the mere passion of human love, no recognition of the popular idea that its very violence will excuse indulgence, if not, indeed, sanctify it. On the contrary, it is to be ever held in check, and kept in constant subjection. Love for God is the only affection that can be allowed unlimited sway in the human heart, and all other feelings and affections, from whatever source they spring, and towards whatever object they tend, must be held entirely subordinate to the honor and glory of God, to whom all thoughts, feelings, desires, and emotions must be directed as their last end.

Then, too, another sacrament, that of penance, or as it is commonly called confession, comes in to exert a most effective specific influence and constant restraint from sins involving violations of the sixth commandment (or, as Protestants enumerate it, the seventh). The seeds of conjugal infidelity and of impurity under every form, are nipped in the bud. They cannot find lodgment in the mind of a Catholic who regularly attends to his religious duties, as unconscious thoughts and desires, unrecognized until, growing through indulgence, they take the form of immoral actions, open or secret. The examination of conscience, which forms a part of the daily devotions of pious Catholics, and always precedes confession, brings them to light, puts the person who is tempted by impure thoughts, upon his guard, making him conscious of the



necessity of constant vigilance against the very beginnings of evil and of keeping his heart pure. If sinful desires obtain entrance and finally overpower him, and his sin takes the form of a positive act, it is because he has not been vigilant and faithful, and not because of any uncertainty as to the moral character of the act. He knows that he is violating a commandment of God, and is acting in direct violation of his religious obligations.

How powerfully the influence which the Church thus exerts through her doctrine and sacraments, promotes purity of morals, is manifest. It is felt and acknowledged, almost universally indeed, by non-Catholics as well as by Catholics. Attempts are sometimes made by Protestants in the heat of controversy, and led away by passion and prejudice, to gloss over the truth and misrepresent facts bearing on this subject, but the superiority of the services rendered to society by the Catholic religion in the exaltation of woman from the inferior position she occupied in all nations before the establishment of the Church, to her proper place in the family, and in preserving purity of morals as regards the marriage and family relations, cannot be hidden.

It needs only to consult the records of our courts in regard to applications for divorces, proceedings for abortion, and for violations of the marriage relation, for desertion, and for bigamy, and like criminal acts, to convince every one who is open to conviction, of the vast difference between Protestantism and Catholicity in this respect. The files of our daily newspapers in their reportorial columns furnish like evidence. So, too, the reports of medical societies and the published statements of eminent physicians, furnish concurrent and indisputable proof of the salutary influence of the Catholic religion in preventing, in those over whom it has influence, what physicians are constantly referring to as a cancerous moral, disease, destroying the health and the vigor and the morals of the community; and that to such extent that, in New England particularly, the slow increase of population from the paucity of births in non-Catholic families, has become plainly marked.

3. We now turn to the influence of the Catholic religion as regards personal integrity. Here, too, the contrast between it and Protestantism is obvious. According to the verdict passed upon us by Europeans, official dishonesty and corruption prevail among us to a degree unknown in any of the nations of the Old World, unless perhaps Turkey and Russia. The exact correctness of this judgment we need not here examine, nor is it necessary to make any comparison between ourselves as a people, and those of other civilized countries as regards the decline amongst us of honesty and strict integrity. That there is a lamentable absence of these virtues is generally admitted.

Can the Catholic religion do anything to check and correct this? We have seen that Protestantism cannot. In proof that the Catholic religion can, and does, we direct attention to the following considerations:

1st. Dishonesty is a vice which usually develops itself by a gradual process. A man previously honest may, and sometimes does, under the influence of overpowering temptation, commit a flagrantly dishonest act; but such instances are rare and exceptional. Covetousness, inordinate love for money, or for what money will purchase, for the power, influence, and social position which it may be made the indirect means of obtaining, are prime motives, usually, to dishonest and corrupt conduct. With those who are outside of the Catholic Church, and who believe in no religion, there is nothing except the individual's own personal integrity, his sense of what is due to himself and to others, his personal pride and self-respect, to hold him back, and enable him to stand firmly on the ground of strict honesty. There is nothing, if he is a Protestant, beyond his own personal regard and reverence for the divine commandments. His religion is a thing entirely between him and his God. His inward struggles, his temptations to swerve from the straight line of rectitude, are hidden in his own heart and seen only by the eye of Him to whom all things are visible. Evil desires may take possession of him and gradually eat away all strength of purpose, so that when temptation assails him, it finds him weak, helpless, disarmed, and incapable of resistance. Or, he may but slightly deviate at first from the straight path of honesty; the act may be repeated, again and again, each repetition becoming greater and bolder, during all the while, until the dishonesty becomes so flagrant that farther concealment is impossible. He has had, meanwhile, nothing to restrain him, nothing to strengthen him when he attempted to resist, but his own personal sense of right and wrong. There was no one to whom he could lay bare the inmost secrets of his heart, no one to whom he could speak with absolute unreserve of his temptations, his struggles, his sin; and then, beyond and above all this, and what is of infinitely greater importance, there was no one who could speak *to* him with the voice of DIVINE AUTHORITY, who could warn him, check him, restrain him, at the very outset of his dishonest career, and prevent his entering upon it; who, even before the temptation assumed form and shape, could bring to light the seeds of sin lurking in his heart in the form of hidden desires of which he himself was perhaps unconscious, and which, if not plucked out, would sprout into dishonest acts.

The Catholic religion supplies all that we have seen is here wanting in Protestantism, and supplies it effectually. The individual is not left to himself to stand or fall, as the case may eventuate in

the time of trial. The whole power of the Church, speaking and acting with divine authority, comes in to sustain him. There can be no gradual, unconscious falling away in personal integrity; no unconscious cherishing of feelings and desires that sap his firmness of purpose, gradually weakening, and in the end destroying his rectitude of character, without his becoming aware of it until revealed to him by his fall. In the confessional his heart is laid bare to him who sits there as the representative and vicar of Christ, clothed with that authority with which Christ has invested him, the bearer and applier of the healing power, the efficacious medicine for all moral disease, comprehended in the pregnant declaration: "WHO HEARETH YOU, HEARETH ME;" "Whoso sins *ye* forgive they *are* forgiven." The penitent who has been assailed by conscious temptation, or in whose heart desires which, if indulged in, would grow and bring forth noxious fruit in the form of dishonest acts, goes into that confessional and lays bare his heart. His own exposure of his spiritual condition is aided, if necessary, by the questions or suggestions of the priest who sits there as a spiritual physician, and who, not simply with the aid of human study of moral disease and human experience as to its indications and symptoms, but with the keener, clearer, and far more penetrating insight specially given by divine help in the tribunal of penance, probes searchingly yet tenderly the spiritual wounds of his penitent to their inmost depth, warns him, instructs him, reproves him, encourages and consoles him.

How such an institution (humanly speaking, if we dare so speak of a divinely constituted sacrament), works to deliver from temptation those who otherwise would yield to it; how it confirms those who are already firm of purpose, and gives strength to those who are weak, persons who are outside of the communion of the Church have some faint idea of, but can never fully understand until they have bathed in the healing invigorating waters of this spiritual Bethsaida. The penitent goes into the tribunal of penance, worn, weary, defiled with the dust and sweat of his conflicts with temptation, bowed down under a consciousness of his sins; he comes forth, healed, cleansed, refreshed, invigorated, prepared to keep watch and ward with keener vigilance against the first beginning of temptation, and to strive with increased earnestness of purpose to preserve his integrity.

This is no ideal picture, no fancy sketch drawn from a mere subjective conception of the tribunal of penance, or confessional, as it is usually called. Every Catholic who regularly and faithfully attends to his religious duties will recognize its fidelity to the actual reality of his own experience. And the world, though destitute of this knowledge, yet reasoning from what it sees and learns, bears



testimony to the truth of all we have said, in the judgment it practically pronounces on those whom it knows regularly approach the tribunal of penance. Whatever feeling it may have as regards them in other respects, it knows that they have a safeguard in the habit, which gives them moral strength beyond any that attaches to them personally. We need only refer in proof of this to the fact, that many employers who have no belief in the Catholic religion as divinely revealed and divinely established, and no specially kind feelings towards it or towards Catholics, yet encourage those of their employees who are Catholics, to go regularly to confession, under the conviction that by so doing they will secure on the part of those employees greater fidelity to the interests intrusted to them and a more conscientious discharge of their duties.

2d. The public is aware, to some extent at least, of the influence of the Catholic Church in causing restitution by penitents, of moneys and property dishonestly acquired. They know that the Catholic doctrine of contrition for sin, requires more than a mere feeling of sorrow for the sin committed. *Penance* is not in the Catholic faith, as is repentance in the Protestant belief, a mere sentiment of regret; it is a real act as well as a deep feeling; it looks forward to the future in the form of sincere and firm resolve to abstain from sin; as regards the present and the past, it requires actual reparation. The public becomes aware, from time to time, of restitution made for thefts, for peculations and for other acts of dishonesty. But it becomes acquainted, probably, with not one-twentieth part of the instances in which restitution is made.

How powerfully this doctrine of the Church, a doctrine that, like all Catholic doctrine, is not a dead letter, or a mere theory, but a living operative principle, works to prevent dishonesty, and prevent Catholics yielding to temptation, in either their private relations, or their public official positions, must be apparent. Catholics know that if they commit wrong, the consequences of that wrong will follow them throughout life, requiring reparation to the full extent of ability to make it. No law of limitation, no lapse of time exonerates from the obligation. If the wrong was committed in youth or early manhood, and the ability to repair it comes only with extreme old age, the reparation must be made, or the guilt of withholding that reparation will rest upon the soul of the wrong-doer.

Catholics know this, believe this. It is surely unnecessary to point out how powerful a restraint it is upon those who are tempted to swerve from the path of rectitude.

The force of what we have said will be in no way weakened nor its point blunted by statements that, nevertheless, there are unchaste, and dishonest Catholics, persons who are known as Catho-

lics, persons who believe the Catholic religion to be true, who believe in no other religion, and who yet notoriously break the commandments forbidding adultery and theft. There are such Catholics, we freely admit. They occupy, however, a very different relation to the Church, than persons of like character occupy in Protestant religious organizations. They may rent prominent pews in Catholic churches, may make liberal donations to objects of Catholic charity, may be prominent as regards social position, wealth, influence in business and political circles, but all the prominence they acquire in the Church itself, is prominence in *not* attending faithfully and regularly to their religious duties. They are known to the priest, known to themselves, and soon become known to their fellow-Catholics, as persons who, whatever else they may be, or may not be, however high they may stand socially, however they may be personally esteemed, however wide their personal influence, yet still they are *not* PRACTICAL Catholics. They are *not* seen frequently entering the tribunal of penance, confessing and obtaining absolution for their sins; nor regularly assisting at "the tremendous Sacrifice of the Altar;" nor regularly approaching the Holy Table and receiving on bended knees, the Bread of Heaven. Their very relation to the Church, therefore, proves the power the Church exerts through her doctrines and sacraments. In the case of such Catholics they not only do not, but *cannot*, continue in the *wilful* commission of known sin, and yet approach the sacraments of the Church. However numerous such Catholics may be, they prove nothing, therefore, against what we have said; for, they are notoriously those whose faith is not accompanied with good works, and who neglect to avail themselves of the means by which the Church guides, strengthens and purifies those who wish to be guided, strengthened, and purified by her.

4. We have spoken of the inability of Protestantism to influence the poor, and bridge over the chasm, daily becoming wider and deeper, between the destitute and the well-to-do classes. The Catholic Church is emphatically the Church of the poor. No one is excluded from her sacraments because of rank or social position. The wealthy, the highborn, the noble, the king, are welcomed, but they come, if they come at all, poor in spirit, whatever they may be as regards external circumstances; and they must bow as humbly and as contritely as the meanest beggar, if they desire to receive the sacraments of the Church. But upon this point we need not dwell. The Catholic Church is the known and acknowledged "Church of the poor." It is felt and known by the poor themselves; it is felt and known by the world at large. The Catholic religion is the only religion that reaches, and that ever has effectually reached them. If then, that part of the people of

the United States, daily becoming larger, which may be classed among the poor, are to be brought and kept under the influence of Christianity, it will only be through the Catholic Church. This, and the remark holds good both as to the virtuous poor and to the vicious, is so generally admitted that we need not enlarge upon it.

As regards the antagonisms in society, daily becoming deeper and more pronounced, and felt by all who study "the signs of the times," to constitute a real peril to the peace of society and the stability of our political institutions, no other power than that of the Catholic religion can hold these antagonisms in check, can restrain the passions to which they give rise, and infuse that goodwill by which alone those, who are now regarding each other with feelings of mutual distrust, if not with fear and hate, can be prevented from coming into open collision.

These antagonisms existed in pagan Rome, deep and bitter. They almost disappeared during the Middle Ages under the influence of Catholicity. There were differences then as regards rank, wealth, social position, and social influence. Society was divided into classes; and the differences and distinctions between them were then more marked than they now are, in any country. Christianity did not originate those differences and distinctions, though she did recognize them, and did not attempt in any violent way to destroy them. But Christianity did, during the Middle Ages, not only soften down those differences, and eventually destroy some of them, but, what is still more to the point, she so authoritatively and effectively inculcated into the minds of all the law of Christian charity, that the feelings of bitterness and hatred which those distinctions would have otherwise engendered, were replaced by feelings of mutual regard and consideration. The haughtiness and contempt which, outside the Church, the powerful felt and manifested towards the weak, had to give way when noble and the king were taught that the lowest of his vassals and the meanest of his slaves were their brothers in Christ, who might, by patient endurance of the rigors of their lot, attain higher seats and more glorious crowns in the kingdom of Christ than they; and when they had practical evidence of this in the Church's frequently investing some one from the lowest ranks of society with the power of a priest or the dignity of a bishop, and requiring the noble of the earth to do him reverence.

In like manner she taught the poor slave patience and submission, under the conviction that whatever might be the toil that wore out his body, however mean his employment in the eyes of men, his thralldom and humiliation touched not his soul, and that at the Altar of His God, and in the sacraments of the Church, he was free and equal to the mightiest who wore a crown and sat upon



a throne; and that for every menial service he performed, for all the toil and humiliation he endured under earthly masters, if performed and endured for the sake of Christ who died for him, yet still lived and personally communed with him when he received Him at the Altar, he, the poor bond slave, would be recompensed a hundred fold by an inheritance of ineffable peace and never-fading glory in the kingdom of Heaven.

Thus rich and poor, mighty and weak, highborn and low, were brought together in the Church, not as enemies, but as more than friends, as brothers in Christ.

And, though in those ages of transition—wild and stormy as such ages (and with such material as the Church had to deal with) necessarily must be,—this law of Christian charity was not always observed in practice; though the wild, fierce feelings and traditions of previous barbarism occasionally broke through the restraints imposed upon them, and though the law of Christian charity was thus violated, yet the existence and the obligations of the law were acknowledged, and the violations became fewer and less flagrant as the influence of the Church increased.

Protestantism when it acquired power, checked the progress of the law of universal charity. In the peoples over whom it has obtained sway questions respecting the mutual rights and interests of rich and poor, employer and employee have been taken out of the scope of religion and given over to the human sciences, so called, of political economy and social philosophy. The countless charitable foundations through which the Church alienated suffering and supplied destitution were destroyed; the influences by which she repressed the antagonism of different classes in society were resisted and opposed; and now those antagonisms are again manifesting themselves, as they did in ancient heathen Rome, threatening to break out with like violence and with like disastrous effects; or if they are repressed, are repressed only by superior force, treading down the poor into the dust, but leaving in their hearts deep feelings of bitter hate and a fierce desire for vengeance, utterly incompatible with that peace which Christ came to give.

What the Catholic Church has done in the past, she can do in the present and future; she is doing it in the face of all the efforts to embarrass and thwart her action. Even those who hate and fear her, feel this. She is, and she is recognized as, the only power that can hold together in bonds of amity and Christian love the otherwise hostile classes of society.

5. The last point we referred to in our discussion of Protestantism was reverence for the majesty and divine authority of law. We showed that in its fundamental principle Protestantism denies his, and that the Protestant principle of private judgment when car-

ried out logically to its legitimate consequences destroys in the individual the sense of moral obligation to obey law.

To this can clearly be traced the lawlessness of our age, and this is now the special peril that hangs over society. The Catholic Church squarely meets it with uncompromising opposition. It denounces as a doctrine of the devil, the idea that law is nothing more than the expression of the arbitrary wishes and purposes of individuals. It teaches that it has its origin in the will of God, that from Him it derives its authority, its sanctions, its right to enforce its enactments. Thus it strikes at the very root of the evil which now threatens the peace of society and in fact imperils its very existence.

We cannot enlarge upon this, but the truth that this is the doctrine of the Catholic Church, and that it is powerfully effective in preserving social order and peace, is acknowledged both by those who believe in and revere the teaching of the Church, and by those who disbelieve and oppose it.

In Europe the monarchs and kings who hate and fear the Church, and who would, if they could, make her their bonds slave to do their behests, are well aware of the conservative influence of the Church and avail themselves of it for their protection, even whilst they are plotting and warring against her. She is the only barrier against the destructive spirit of radical revolution which aims at sweeping away not only dynasties and thrones, but every political institution which stands between civil society and the mere arbitrary will and passions of individuals; which, under the pretext of popularizing the institutions of society, would destroy them and enthrone in their place, under the name of a republic, an absolutism, of which, as to character and consequences, the "Reign of Terror" in France is a historical exemplification.

We have entirely failed in our purpose, if we have not clearly shown, imperfect as is our statement of the influence exerted by the Catholic religion as respects the five points stated, that to it the people of the United States must look for the correcting, purifying, preserving, and conservative power which alone can arrest the decadence in morals now plainly going on amongst them, and which alone can infuse and keep alive those principles of integrity, of purity, of reverence for law and authority, of Christian charity, without which no nation can become or can continue, truly great and noble. The increased influence of the Catholic religion instead of being (as some pretend) a source of apprehension, therefore, as regards our future prosperity, should be looked upon as affording strong ground for hope that we will not fail in the grand and glorious mission which, as a people, we have, at least until recently, firmly believed we were destined to fulfil.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## MISSIONARY RECTORS.

[It gives us pleasure to lay before our readers the following letter from Rev. F. Porphyrius. He need make no apology for its form. Any communication from his pen, whether in epistolary or other form, will always find a place in our pages. The translation he adopts of the "Instruction," which has caused such a stir as its transatlantic framers could never have anticipated, is timely. It is, besides, sufficiently accurate; and his comments on the same are such that no one, we apprehend, can justly find fault with them.—Eds. A. C. Q. R.]

MESSRS. EDITORS: You will forgive me, I trust, for addressing you in what is, perhaps, an unusual way. I can only plead in excuse, though you may refuse to admit the plea, that I am not very conversant with the ways of the world, knowing but little of its arbitrary laws and fashions, and not caring much how soon even that little may fade out of my memory. Not that I am an enemy of true politeness, or prefer rudeness to courtesy. On the contrary, I have the highest respect and even veneration for true politeness, which I hold to be the legitimate outcome of the spirit of Christianity, born of the Gospel, and which can have no real existence, no life, apart from Christian charity. Hence, I would not willingly offend. If, therefore, I am now violating the etiquette of journalism, for this, too, I suppose, has its laws and fashions, you may at once punish the offence by consigning my letter to the flames.

I am somewhat of a solitary, partly from choice and partly from circumstances, and live a good deal of my life in what the world loves to call a lonely cell. Never was epithet more devoid of rhyme and reason. My cell is not lonely, but haunted by a thousand pleasing memories, and blessed by the presence of many great and good men who have gone the way of all flesh, but yet live in their immortal works. In them I find the best of company, and from their conversation derive far more pleasure and profit than I could ever hope for in the idle gossip of every-day visitors. With the outside world I do not mingle much; never, indeed, unless when summoned by the voice of authority, or persuaded by the entreaties of my clerical friends to lend them what help I can in their ministerial duties.

As neither my inclination nor my many duties allow me time to read the papers, what I know of daily events in Church and State is gathered from those clerical friends who kindly invite me now and then to share their religious labors. Of late, the most exciting topic of discussion amongst them was the recently issued "Instructio" of the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide, regarding Missionary Rectors and the new mode of trial which must precede their deposition, etc. I was not a little puzzled in hearing the widely varying constructions put upon



the document by different clergymen. Some—and they were very few—modestly confessed that they did not exactly understand the whole bearing and purpose of the “Instruction,” but that the course of time and the voice of authority would bring out practically its true interpretation. Others looked on it with complete indifference, content with respecting it as the mandate of ecclesiastical authority. Some were dissatisfied and disposed to quarrel with it; they saw in it little or no good, for in their opinion it left things pretty much *in statu quo*. Others, on the contrary, hailed it with wild rejoicing as the greatest boon ever conferred by the Holy See on the American Church, the Magna Charta of emancipation from clerical serfdom of a century, the long-lost but now recovered palladium of ecclesiastical liberty.

Struck with wonder at this diversity of views, I asked for a sight of the document, and my wonder increased a hundredfold when I read the Instruction, and saw how clearly and unmistakably one was its meaning, which had been subjected to so many different interpretations. I told them as much, and even made bold to add (though they took it in good part) that they reminded me *salva reverentia* of heretics who read God’s law and revelation, not to learn its true sense, but to find in it their own conceits. “In the same way,” said I, “you read the Roman rescript and discover in it, not what it contains, but what is uppermost in your heart and desires. Why do you not get a literal, accurate translation of the document? It will be a great help towards discovering its true meaning.” “Oh! we have studied it in a translation,” quoth one of the Magna Charta partisans. “And, pray, who made the translation?” I ventured to ask. “The editor of the St. Louis *Western Watchman*,” he replied with an air of triumphant defiance. I recognized at once the vulgar American prejudice, which, professing to scout all authority, human and divine, bows down blindly to the newspaper as its oracle, and was about to express myself to that effect. But luckily I held my peace; for, as I afterwards learned, there was among my hearers a gentleman of the press. And even in my uneventful life I have had occasion to find out that the wrath of newspaper-men, book-makers, *et id genus omne*, is no less implacable than that of the “godlike Achilles.” So I merely inquired for a copy of the translation, which when handed to me I read over carefully, comparing it meanwhile with the original Latin. When I had done reading, my opinion was asked. Compelled thus to speak the truth, I candidly stated that the translation did not seem to me quite accurate in some places; but (this I added to propitiate all sides) since the document had been interpreted in various ways, it was to be expected that it should be differently translated by different hands, translation being only a form of interpretation. They then asked me to translate it. To this I agreed on one condition, namely, that when I had written it out, I should send it to the editors of the REVIEW, and ask their opinion of its fidelity. To this they all assented, and, what is more, pledged themselves to abide by the editors’ decision.

Hence, you see, Messrs. Editors, that I had a good and sufficient motive for writing to you, though I may not have done it in the right way. Of this I leave you to judge.

A few days after this conversation I received a copy of the *Catholic Standard*, containing a translation of the "Instruction," which, on reading and comparing with the Latin, struck me as having been carefully made, and a faithful rendering of the original document. I therefore adopt it, instead of making a translation myself. Please republish it together with the Latin text, amending, if any amendment is necessary. With your permission I will follow it with a few remarks on its general scope, and on the intention and meaning of some of its clauses.

*Instructio S. Congregationis de Propaganda Fide. De modo servando ab Episcopis Fœderatorum Septentrionalis Americæ Statuum in cognoscendis et definiendis causis criminalibus et disciplinariis Clericorum.*

Quamvis Concilium Plenarium Baltimoreense II. ab Apostolica Sede recognitum, certam quamdam iudicii formam, iam antea a Concilio Provinciali S. Ludovici sancitam, in criminalibus clericorum causis ab ecclesiasticis curiis diœcesium Fœderatorum septentrionalis Americæ Statuum pertractandis servandam esse decreverit, experientia tamen compertum est, statutum iudicii ordinem haud undequaque parem esse ad querelas eorum præcavendas, quos pœna aliqua mulctari contigerit. Sæpe enim postremis hisce temporibus accidit, ut presbyteri iudiciis ea ratione initis latisque sententiis damnati, remoti præsertim ab officio rectoris missionarii, huc illuc de suis Prælatiis conquesti fuerint et frequenter etiam ad Apostolicam Sedem recursus detulerint. Dolendum autem est, non raro evenire, ut in transmissis actis plura, eaque necessaria, desiderentur atque perpensis omnibus, gravia sæpe dubia oriantur circa fidem documentis hisce in causis allatis habendam vel denegandam.

Quæ omnia S. Congregatio fidei propagandæ præpositæ serio perpendens, aliquod remedium hisce incommodis parandum, ac ita iustitiæ consulendum esse censuit, ut neque insontes clerici per iniuriam pœna afficiantur, neque alicuius criminis rei ob minus rectam iudiciorum formam a promerita pœna immunes evadant. Quod quidem facili pacto obtineret, si omnes præscriptiones a sacris canonibus sapienter editas pro ecclesiasticis iudiciis, præsertim criminalibus, ineundis et absolvendis servandas omnino esse præciperet. Verum animo reputans, in prædictis Fœderatorum Ordinibus regionibus id facile servari non posse, ea ratione providendum esse duxit, ut saltem illæ de admissio crimine accurate peragantur investigationes, quæ omnino necessariæ existimantur, antequam ad pœnam irrogandam deveniatur.

Itaque SSmo. Domino Nostro Divina Providentia PP. Leone XIII. approbante, in generalibus comitiis habitis die 25 Iunii 1878 S. C. decrevit, ac districte mandavit, ut singuli memoratæ regionis sacrorum Antistites, in Diœcesana Synodo quamprimum convocanda quinque, aut ubi ob peculiaria rerum adiuncta tot haberi nequeant, tres saltem presbyteros ex probatissimis et quantum fieri poterit in iure canonico peritis seligant, quibus consilium quoddam iudiciale, seu, ut appellant, Commissio investigationis constituatur, eidemque unum ex electis præficiant. Quod si ob aliquam gravam causam Synodus diœcesana statim haberi nequeat, quinque vel tres prouti supra per Episcopum interim ecclesiastici viri ad munus de quo agitur deputentur.

Commissionis ita constitutæ princeps erit officium criminales atque

disciplinares presbyterorum aliorumque clericorum causas, iuxta normam mox proponendam, ad examen revocare, rite cognoscere ac ita Episcopo in ipsis definiendis auxilium præbere. Satagant propterea oportet ad hoc munus electi, ut accuratæ fiant investigationes, ea proferantur testimonia atque a præsumpto reo omnia exquirantur, quæ ad veritatem eruendam necessaria censentur ac ad iustam sententiam tuto prudenterque ferendam certa vel satis firma argumenta suppeditent.

Quod si de alicuius Rectoris missionis remotione agatur, nequeat ipse a credito sibi munere deiici, nisi tribus saltem prædictæ commissionis membris per Episcopum ad causam cognoscendam adhibitis, eorumque consilio audito.

Electi Consilarii in suscepto munere permanebunt ad proximam usque Diœcesanæ Synodi celebrationem, in qua vel ipsi confirmentur in officio vel alii designentur. Quod si interim morte, aut renuntiatione vel alia causa præscriptus Consiliariorum numerus minuat, Episcopus extra Synodum alios in deficientium locum, prout superius statutum est, sufficiat.

In causis cognoscendis, iis præsertim in quibus de Rectore missionario definitive a suo officio amovendo agatur, iudicæ commissio hanc sequetur agendi rationem.

1. Ad commissionem investigationis non recurratur, nisi prius clare et præcise exposita ab Episcopo causa ad deiectionem finalem movente, ipse Rector missionarius malit rem ad Consilium deferri, quam se a munere et officio sponte dimittere.

2. Re ad Consilium delata, Episcopus vicario suo generali vel alii sacerdoti ad hoc ab ipso deputato committat, ut relationem causæ in scriptis conficiat, cum expositione investigationis eo usque peractæ, et circumstantiarum, quæ causam vel eiusdem demonstrationem specialiter afficiant.

3. Locum, diem et horam opportunam ad conveniendum indicet, idque per litteras ad singulos consiliarios.

4. Per litteras etiam Rectorem missionarium, de quo agitur, ad locum et diem constitutum ad Consilium habendum advocet, exponens, nisi prudentia vetat, uti in casu criminis occulti, causam ad deiectionem moventem, per extensum, monensque ipsum Rectorem, ut responsum suis rationibus suffultum ad ea præparet in scriptis, quæ in causæ expositione vel iam antea oretenus, vel tunc in scriptis relata fuerint.

5. Convenientibus consiliariis tempore et loco præfinitis, præcipiat Episcopus silentium servandum de iis, quæ in Consilio audiantur; moneat investigationem non esse processum iudicæ, sed eo fine habitam, et eo modo faciendam, ut ad cognitionem veritatis diligentiori qua poterit ratione perveniatur, adeo ut unusquisque consiliarius, perpensis omnibus, opinionem de veritate factorum, quibus causa innititur, efformare quam accurate possit. Moneat etiam ne quid in investigatione fiat, quod aut ipsos, aut alios periculo damni vel gravaminis exponat, præsertim ne locus detur actioni libelli famosi, vel alii cuicumque processui coram tribunali civili.

6. Relatio causæ legatur coram Consilio ab Episcopi officiali, qui etiam ad interpellationes respondebit a præside vel ab aliis consiliariis per præsidem faciendas ad uberiorem rei notitiam assequendam.

7. Deinde in Consilium introducat Rector missionarius, qui responsum a se confectum leget, et ad interpellationes similiter respondebit, facta ipsi plena facultate ea omnia in medium afferendi, intra tempus tamen a Consilio determinandum, quæ ad propriam defensionem conferre possunt.

8. Si contingat, Rectorem missionarium, de cuius causa agitur, nolle



ad Consilium accedere, iterum datis literis vocetur, eique congruum temporis spatium ad comparandum præfiniatur, et si ad constitutum diem non comparuerit, dummodo legitime præpeditus non fuerit, uti contumax habeatur.

9. Quibus omnibus rite expletis, Consiliarii simul consilia conferant, et si maior pars consiliariorum satis constare de factis arbitretur, sententiam suam unusquisque consiliarius in scriptis exponat rationibus quibus nititur expressis; conferantur sententiæ; acta in Consilio ab episcopi officiali redigantur; a præside nomine consilii subscribantur, et simul cum sententiis singulorum in extenso ad Episcopum deferantur.

10. Quod si ulterior investigatio necessaria vel congrua videatur, eo ipso die, vel alio ad conveniendum a Consilio constituto, testes vocentur, quos opportunos Consilium iudicaverit, audito etiam Rectore missionario de iis quos ipse advocandos usse voluerit.

11. Singuli testes *pro causa* seorsim et accurate examinentur a præside et ab aliis per præsidem, absente primum Rectore missionario. Non requiratur iuramentum, sed si testes ipsi non renuant, et se paratos esse declarent ad ea quæ detulerint iuramento, data occasione, confirmanda, fiat adnotatio huiusmodi dispositionis seu declarationis in actis.

12. Consentientibus testibus, et dirigente prudentia Consilii, repetatur testimonium coram Rectore missionario qui et ipse testes si voluerit interroget per præsidem.

13. Eadem ratione qua testes *pro causa*, examinentur testes *contra causam*.

14. Collatis tunc consiliis fiat ut supra n. 9.

15. Quod si testes nolint aut nequeant Consilio assistere, vel eorum testimonium non dum satis luculentum negotium reddat, duo saltem ex Consilio deputentur, qui testes adeuntes, loca inuisentes, vel alio quocumque modo poterunt, lumen ad dubia solvenda requirentes, relationem suæ investigationis ad Consilium deferant, ut ita nulla via intentata relinquatur ad verum moraliter certo cognoscendum antequam ad sententiæ prolationem deveniatur.

16. Omnia acta occasione iudici in medium allata accurate in Curia Episcopali custodiantur, ut in casu appellationis commode exhiberi valeant.

17. Si vero contingat, ut a sententia in Curia Episcopali prolata ad Archiepiscopalem provocetur, Metropolitanus eadem methodo in causæ cognitione et decisione procedat.

Datum Romæ ex ædibus præfatæ S. Congregationis die 20 Iulii anni 1878.

† IOANNES CARD. SIMEONI,  
Præfectus.

† IOANNES BAPTISTA AGNOZZI,  
Secretarius.

[TRANSLATION.]

*Instruction of the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide, on the Mode of Procedure to be Observed by the Bishops of the United States of North America, in Examining and Deciding Clerical Cases, whether of Crime or of Discipline.*

Although the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, approved by the Holy See, enacted that a certain kind of judicial form, already sanctioned by the Provincial Council of St. Louis, should be observed by

the ecclesiastical courts of the dioceses of the United States of North America, in criminal cases of the clergy, nevertheless experience has shown that the prescribed form of trial is not quite sufficient to prevent complaints on the part of those who happen to be visited with punishment. For, of late, it has often happened that priests condemned by judicial trial and sentence of this kind, especially when removed from the office of Missionary Rector, have complained in various quarters of their Prelates, and have had recourse, likewise, not unfrequently, to the Apostolic See. It is to be regretted, moreover, that not seldom it happens that in the official papers transmitted to us, many and, it must be added, necessary documents are wanting, so that upon examination of the whole, serious doubts frequently arise as to the credit to be accorded or refused to the documents brought forward in the cases alleged.

All which things having been seriously weighed, the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide has concluded that some remedy must be provided for these troubles, and the ends of justice attained, so that innocent clergymen may not be punished nor the guilty escape with impunity by any improper form of trial. All which could be easily effected if the Sacred Congregation were to command that the wise provisions of the Sacred Canons for conducting ecclesiastical trials from beginning to end, especially in criminal cases, should be unfailingly observed. But the Sacred Congregation, taking into consideration that in the aforesaid country this cannot be carried out without difficulty, has determined to make provision that there shall be, at least, such careful inquiry into the party's guilt as is absolutely necessary, before sentence is pronounced.

Wherefore, with the approval of our Most Holy Father, Leo, by Divine Providence thirteenth Pope of the name, in general assembly held, on the fifth day of June, 1878, the Sacred Congregation has decreed and strictly commanded, that each bishop of the country above-mentioned, in a Diocesan Synod, to be convoked as soon as possible, shall select five, or, where the peculiar circumstances of the place do not admit of such number, at least three priests, of the most worthy, and, as far as possible, skilled in canon law, who shall form, as it were, a kind of judicial council, or, as it is called, a Commission of Investigation, over which he shall appoint one of their number to preside. But if, for weighty reasons, the Diocesan Synod cannot be held immediately, let the Bishop, meanwhile, depute five or three ecclesiastics, qualified as above, for the purpose.

Of the commission, so constituted, the principal duty shall be to inquire into, and take due cognizance of, cases, whether criminal or disciplinary, of priests, and other clergymen, according to the rule which immediately follows, and thus assist the Bishop in deciding the same. Hence, those chosen must take good care to make diligent inquiry, to bring out the testimony, to interrogate the defendant on all points that may be deemed necessary to elicit the truth, so as to furnish certain, or, at least, sufficient grounds for a safe, prudent, and just decision.

And should there be question of removing a Missionary Rector, it shall not be lawful to depose him from office, unless the Bishop shall have previously engaged three at least of the aforesaid councillors to examine the case, and shall have listened to their advice.

The councillors chosen shall remain in office until the meeting of the next Diocesan Synod, wherein they shall be confirmed in their office, or new ones appointed. But if, in the meanwhile, the number of councillors be lessened by death, voluntary withdrawal, or other cause, let

the Bishop, *extra synodum*, substitute others, as above provided, in their vacant places.

In dealing with cases, those especially where it is question of definitive removal of a Missionary Rector from his office, the judicial commission shall act as follows :

I. There shall be no recourse to the Commission of Investigation, unless after a clear and precise statement by the Bishop of the cause that calls for removal, the Missionary Rector should decline to resign of his own free will, and should prefer to have his case referred to the Council.

II. The matter having been laid before the Council, the Bishop shall charge his Vicar-General, or other priest deputed to this end by himself, to draw up in writing a statement of the case, with an account of the investigation as far as it has gone, and of the circumstances that may have a special bearing on the case or the evidence.

III. He shall appoint a suitable place, day, and hour, for the meeting and notify the same by letter to each councillor.

IV. He shall also, by letter, summon the Missionary Rector in question to appear at the place and time appointed for holding the meeting, stating in detail (unless prudence will have it otherwise, as in the case of occult crime) the cause that calls for his removal, and warning him further to prepare an answer, supported by proofs, to the charges and evidence so far given, whether by word of mouth or in writing.

V. When the councillors assemble at the time and place appointed beforehand, let the Bishop enjoin secrecy as to all things that may be uttered in Council ; let him further warn them that the investigation is not a judicial process, but undertaken with the end, and to be so conducted, as in all diligence to ascertain the truth ; so that each councillor, having duly weighed all things, may be able to form an accurate opinion of the facts on which the case is based. Let him also warn them against anything during the investigation which might expose themselves, or others, to injury ; above all, that no occasion be given for libel suit or other action before a civil tribunal,

VI. A written report of the case shall be read by the official of the Bishop, who shall likewise answer all questions put by the chairman, or by the other councillors through the chairman, in order to get at the full truth of the matter.

VII. The Missionary Rector shall then be brought before the Council to read the answer he has prepared, and to answer all questions as above. He shall, further, have full liberty to produce, yet within a period of time to be determined by the Council, whatever else may help his defence.

VIII. Should it happen that the Missionary Rector, who is on trial, refuse to appear before the Council, let him be summoned once more by letter, and a suitable space of time fixed for his appearance. Should he fail to appear on the day appointed, unless he can plead legitimate excuse, let him be accounted contumacious.

IX. When all this has been duly done, let the members take counsel together, and if the greater number think the facts sufficiently proven, let each councillor state in writing his opinion with the reasons on which it is grounded, and let these opinions be collected.<sup>1</sup> An account of the

<sup>1</sup> "Gathered or brought together." The original (*Sententie conferantur*) will bear this meaning. If "conferantur" is used in the sense of "compare," it can only mean to compare the written vote with that given *viva voce*. But is this likely? Any other comparing of opinions was already done during deliberation.



proceedings shall be drawn up by the Bishop's official, and signed by the chairman on behalf of the Council, which, together with the opinions of each, in full, shall be laid before the Bishop.

X. Should further investigation be deemed becoming or necessary, on the same day, or another day of meeting to be appointed by the Council, let such witnesses as the Council think fit, be called, the Missionary Rector having been allowed a hearing as to the witnesses he may wish to have summoned.

XI. Each witness for the prosecution shall be carefully examined, apart from the rest, by the chairman, and by the other councillors through the chairman, in the absence of the Missionary Rector. No oath shall be required, but if the witnesses do not refuse it, and declare themselves ready, if need be, to confirm by oath their testimony, let a note of such disposition or declaration be made in the report.

XII. Should there be no discrepancy in the testimony, and the Council in its prudence think fit, the testimony shall be repeated in presence of the Missionary Rector, who shall have the right of questioning, if he choose, the witnesses through the chairman.

XIII. Witnesses for the defence shall be questioned in the same way as witnesses for the prosecution.

XIV. After mutual deliberation, they shall proceed as above (No. IX).

XV. Should the witnesses be unwilling or unable to appear before the Council, or their testimony not be sufficient to throw light on the case, let two councillors, at least, be deputed, who, by conversing with the witnesses, visiting the localities, or endeavoring in any other way to enlighten their doubts, shall hand in to the Council a report of their investigation, so that nothing be left untried to discover with moral certainty the truth before a decision shall be given.

XVI. A record of all that has been said and done during the trial shall be carefully kept in the (archives of the) Episcopal Court, so that it may be produced without difficulty in case of appeal.

XVII. Should it happen that an appeal be taken from the judgment pronounced in the Episcopal Court to that of the Archbishop, the Metropolitan shall proceed in the same way in the trial and decision of the case.

Given at Rome, from the House of the aforesaid Sacred Congregation, the twentieth day of July, in the year 1878.

JOHN CARD. SIMEONI,

Prefect.

JOHN BAPTIST AGNOZZI,

Secretary.

The *Instructio* is not altogether new, for substantially it is the same that was sent to the bishops of England in the autumn of 1853. It may be found in the Appendix to the Council of Westminster.<sup>1</sup> The only point of difference worthy of notice is in No. IX. In the English document the concurrence of two-thirds (*duabus saltem ex tribus partibus*) of the councillors is required, while in our Instruction a bare majority (*major pars*) will suffice. In England two out of three, or, in the case of five councillors, four must agree.

<sup>1</sup> *Acta et Decreta I. Concilii Prov. Westmonasteriensis habiti Mense Julio, MDCCCLII. Parisiis (Migne) 1853. Appendix of Documents, p. 157.*

What is a missionary rector? As regards England, the answer is very plain. The decree of the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda, instituting missionary rectors for the English Church, was issued on the 21st of April, 1852. The object of this new institution, as set forth in the preamble of the decree, was to combine and harmonize, to some extent, the creation of the hierarchy with the missionary *status* of the country, "ut status missionis aliqua ex parte cum institutione diœcesium sit componendus." It then continues: "In each diocese, by authority of the bishop, but with the advice of the chapter, let some churches be chosen which appear most suitable to be considered as quasi-parishes (ad instar parœciarum). For these there shall be appointed a missionary rector, who shall have charge of the church and of souls, *like all the rest* (quemadmodum cœteri), who are appointed to churches in that country. Nevertheless, he shall be considered as permanently appointed."<sup>1</sup> The missionary rector in England, therefore, differs from the other clergy and resembles the ordinary Parochus solely because of his irremovability; while he differs from a parish priest and is like the other clergy in this, that he has not the care of souls *nomine proprio* or *jure proprio* (in his own name and right), but by appointment of the bishop.

But what is a missionary rector in the United States? It is very certain that we either had them already, as far as the reality goes, minus the name, or that we have them now, and are to have them henceforth, *et re et titulo*, both in name and in reality. This clearly appears from the first paragraph of the Instruction, where mention is made of "missionary rectors" in the United States who have been deprived of their office by bishops, and who have carried their complaints *huc illuc*, and even sought redress at the hands of the Holy See. Every one conversant with the history of the appeals made to Rome of late years, since the last Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1866, must know that the appellants in all cases, perhaps without exception, were so-called "pastors" of churches, not assistants or other clergy. It is clear, therefore, that Rome already considers, and intends to consider, all duly appointed "pastors" hereafter as "missionary rectors." It makes no difference that we have received no decree, instituting the office by this special title. And much less is it necessary, or becoming, to suppose an oversight on the part of the Sacred Congregation in legislating for a class that does not exist. Missionary rectors may be legislated into existence indirectly as well as by direct enactment, where the authority that does it is supreme. Rome has signified plainly enough her good will and pleasure that our "pastors" shall henceforth be regarded as "missionary rectors." And the will of authority, however expressed, is binding. *Quod principi placuit, legis habet vigorem*. This seems to be the state of the case at present. If there is to be any limitation, it will be made known in due time.

<sup>1</sup> Ibid. p. 155.

The right to a trial before deposition is guaranteed by the Instruction to all missionary rectors; for, in their case, it is expressly stated that they cannot be deposed unless after judicial process. But this privilege is not so exclusively theirs (and this seems to have been generally overlooked), that no others can be admitted to a share of its benefits. The fourth paragraph of the Instruction distinctly states that the chief duty of the Commission of Investigation shall consist in examining the cases of priests and other clergymen (*presbyterorum et aliorum clericorum*), and thus helping the bishop to arrive at a just decision. It is not stated, indeed, that they may lay claim to having their case so investigated. But the clause reads very much like an intimation of Rome's desire, that, where possible, every sentence of condemnation should be preceded by such show of legal forms as will divest it of any shadow of arbitrary exercise of power, and leave, as far as possible, no just ground for complaint or subsequent recourse to higher authority.

This proposal, for so it may be called, by Rome of the extension of judicial forms to clerical cases generally, seems to be peculiar to this country. In the decree for England there is no mention of trial for others than missionary rectors. And though it has been stated that even the other clergy there are likewise entitled to it, the writer of these lines has looked in vain through the First, Second, and Third Provincial Councils of Westminster for anything that warrants the assertion. It may have been so provided by subsequent legislation.

The councillors who are to constitute the Council or Commission of Investigation are to be chosen in the synod but not by the synod, nor do they need its approbation. Still, as a rule, when officials are appointed in a synod, it is only right and proper to seek the advice of the synod, and such no doubt was the intention of the Council of Trent in legislating about officials to be chosen in a synod. Benedict XIV. also supposes this when he says, in an analogous case, that a bishop satisfies his obligation "*si synodi consilium exposcat, etsi ex causis sibi notis illud amplecti postea noluerit*;" that is, "provided he ask the advice of synod, even though for reasons best known to himself he decline to follow it" (*De Synodo Dioecesana, Romæ, 1806, tom. ii. p. 92*). Fagnanus, in his Commentary on the Fifth Book of the Decretals, at the chapter *Cum olim*, lays down the same doctrine (*Comment. in Decret. Venetiis, 1697, tom. v. p. 251*). And the general principle is clearly expressed by the Fifth Council of Milan, under St. Charles Borromeo, in these words:

"Quibus in actionibus aut deliberationibus ab Œcumenica Synodo Tridentina aut Provincialibus Conciliis constitutum est de Capituli Clerice consilio aliquid agendum esse; non propterea tamen illud sequendi necessitatem sibi impositam esse Episcopus existimet, nisi in iis tantum de quibus id speciatim nominatimque cautum est."—(*Acta Ecclesiæ Mediolanen, part i. p. 282.*)

"In all cases and deliberations where it is enacted by the General



Council of Trent, or by Provincial Councils, that something has to be done by advice of the chapter or the clergy, let not the bishop suppose that there is laid on him thereby the necessity of following such advice, unless in those cases only where special provision to this effect by name has been made."

One of these exceptional cases is that of the *Examinatores Synodales*, who must not only be proposed in synod by the bishop, but must be agreeable to the synod and approved by the same. "*Qui Synodo satisfaciant et ab ea probentur*," says the Council of Trent (Sess. xxiv. De Reform, cap. xviii). They are to be voted on, but whether by secret or open suffrage is a matter of no importance, as the Sacred Congregation of the Council has more than once declared.

The case of which Benedict XIV. speaks above is that of the *Judices Synodales*, whose mode of appointment, viz., in synod but not by synod, resembles exactly that of the new councillors. The end for which both are appointed and their chief functions are the same, though the former were the recipients or capable of receiving, *occasione data*, a jurisdiction, to which the latter can never lay claim. They were both intended to be means in Rome's hand for arriving at the truth, securing the ends of justice, and preventing unnecessary appeals to Rome by having all cases or most of them judged on the spot by competent judges. And had bishops throughout the world carried out the wise provisions of the Council of Trent, there would have been fewer appeals to Rome and no need of councillors. These synodal judges were clergymen of position or dignity, chosen or reappointed in each synod, and whose names were to be transmitted to the Apostolic See, in order that when necessity arose, she might delegate to them the hearing of local cases. Their station, their being on the spot, and the solemn form of their appointment, would naturally concur to impress all with the persuasion that they would prove competent judges. Yet this wise regulation so conducive to a proper administration of justice has failed, by negligence of the bishops to forward to Rome the list of synodal judges after their appointment. In the archives of the Congregation of the Council, says Benedict XIV., not one list can be found of judges, whose names were sent to Rome by any bishop. And he adds that there is but one example of it on record, and that mentioned by Card. Bellarmine. As the Holy See was never furnished with these names, she provided her own judges, and when complaints were afterward made of the incompetency of these in some cases, she quietly reminded the bishops who clamored for the employment of their own *Judices Synodales* that they themselves were to blame in not observing the plain injunction of the Council of Trent. How was she to know, much less choose out of, names that lay buried in diocesan archives? And thus "*incuria Episcoporum*," as Benedict XIV. complains, it has come to pass that the Holy See judges as she thinks fit, without the least reference to Synodal Judges. One reason that readily explains the growing uselessness of

synodal judges, was the gradual disuse of the synods in which they were appointed, though Rome provided amply even for this contingency.

What are the powers of the councillors, properly speaking? Are they judges, or fellow-judges with the bishop? Certainly not; nor is there any word in the instruction that would imply it. When they meet, they are to be expressly *warned* (Rome's own word) by the bishop that their investigation is no judicial procedure, but to be conducted solely with a view of ascertaining the truth, and of reaching a definite opinion on the truth of the facts involved in the case. When they have carefully investigated, formed a conscientious opinion, and committed it to writing, all their duties, rights, and powers have reached their limit. But may they not be said to *try* the case? They may, in a loose sense; but not according to the strict judicial meaning of the term. They only investigate; the bishop alone is the judge, and he alone decides. Yet their investigation, by law, makes part of the judicial form that must be observed before the bishop proceed to final sentence.

But, at least, the bishop will have to decide according to the votes of the majority. Not at all. The meaning of the word *vote* must first be distinctly understood, for it has two senses in ecclesiastical usage. In the first place it means suffrage exercised by right, and having power, when it obtains a majority, to control or check legislative or judicial action. Thus in a diocesan synod, when it is a question of Synodal Examiners, a majority of votes can throw out the bishop's appointees. But "vote" in ecclesiastical parlance signifies also, and perhaps much more frequently, something else. A written (or printed) opinion, containing the reasons on which it is grounded, and intended to be submitted to any ecclesiastical tribunal, theological, canonical, or otherwise, is called a *Votum*, and he who offers it is called a Councillor. If they are printed, and this is generally the case at Rome, it is invariably headed "*Votum Rdi. Consultoris N. N.*" In this sense, the opinion, reasoned out in writing, of each of the bishop's councillors, is a vote, but in no other. The bishop consults him, so to speak, and he hands in his opinion in writing. The bishop is bound to read and duly weigh it. He is not bound to follow it. But in the Roman Instruction the word *votum*, though it might have perhaps been used, is not used at all, and perhaps designedly. The words used are "*audito eorum consilio*," "after hearing their advice." This the bishop *must* do. But to listen to their advice and weigh it, is one thing; to contract thereby a legal obligation to follow it, is quite another. The general principle governing this matter was laid down in the words I have quoted above from St. Charles's Fifth Council of Milan. "Where it is enjoined, that something must be done by advice of chapter or clergy, let not the bishop suppose that this imposes on him the *necessity* of following such advice." Their advice is no legal check to his decision. It is intended as a moral check to summary, unconsidered sentence, or rather a moral help

to just and equitable decision. And there will be no danger, ordinarily speaking, of its being disregarded.

If there be nothing more in the Instruction, some one may ask, what is the use of it? Has the American Church gained any substantial good by the change? Had I to answer in the affirmative, I might fail to convince some of those who gratuitously thrust themselves forward as first and sole interpreters of the document. For, very likely, they are now groaning under their disappointment. They have found out, it is to be feared, that in their case the wish was father to the thought; and that in those wild outbursts of rapture with which they saluted the Instruction, they were only blindly worshipping the figments of their own disordered imagination. Nor let my clerical friends blame me if, addressing a wider circle, I repeat in stronger terms what I more than once said to them in conversation. Those who prefer cool reflection to hasty argument, the more calmly they study out the true meaning of the document, the more readily will they be convinced of its obvious sense. I wish to assert nothing special of my own faculty of interpretation, much less to boast that I have succeeded in disengaging the true sense from all clouds of doubt. But I have endeavored to do so, and am willing to be further taught and enlightened by those who are wiser than myself.

But to return to the question: Will this change be productive of good? Any one who has due reverence for Rome can scarcely bring himself calmly to debate the question whether a canonical regulation for the better government of the American Church, long and patiently discussed and weighed at Rome, and at last deliberately adopted by one of her highest tribunals, is or is not likely to benefit our Church. There can be no doubt that it must and will do good. It is not class legislation, as some unthinkingly imagine and say, meant to exalt one order of the clergy at the expense of the other. It is intended for the common good, both of bishops and of priests.

It does not deprive the bishop of any of his faculties, or strip him of the least portion of his governing and judicial power. It only adds to his episcopal administration of justice the perpetual prestige of an ecclesiastical court, of which he is central point and sole judge, and of which the new judicial forms will only serve to invest his decisions with additional weight and dignity. As to the second order of the clergy, it protects them from the effects and evil consequences, as it protects their superiors from the responsibility, of arbitrary use of power. For even legitimate power may be arbitrarily used. It makes it nearly impossible for an innocent man to be involved in unjust condemnation; it cuts off all or almost all hope from the guilty of escaping just punishment.

It will also be an advantage to Rome. Appeals will no longer be the miserable, loose, slipshod things they were, a mere waste of time and money, ending in uncertainty or in utter hopelessness of ever coming to a decision. Besides, the cases of recourse to the Holy See



will be, necessarily, much fewer. And when it does take place, as the whole *procès verbal* must be forwarded to Rome, one hour's examination of it will be sufficient to bring to light the merits or the worthlessness of the appeal.

The new legislation introduced by the Instruction will do good everywhere, and therefore should everywhere find a welcome. It has also in it germs of further development for good, of which we may learn hereafter. It should neither be hailed with intemperate exultation, nor frowned upon in a skeptical, captious, fault-finding spirit; but like every other boon that comes to us from our mother, Rome, it should be received with devotion, reverence, and thankfulness.

Wishing to yourselves, Messrs. Editors, and to your journal, a prosperous New Year, I remain,

Your humble servant in Dno,

F. PORPHYRIUS.

## BOOK NOTICES.

ELEMENTS OF INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY. By *Rev. F. De Concilio*.

This is the first instalment of a work intended by the author to cover the whole range of philosophy. It is meant to be a textbook for those especially who are unable to read any of the ordinary handbooks of philosophy written in Latin. We cannot but be thankful to those whose labors help to render this study less severe, and to bring it within the reach of larger numbers of our youth. There can be no question that for Catholics the study of philosophy is a necessity. In the intellectual, as in the religious world around them, the utmost anarchy prevails. The revolt against the Church was followed by an effort to discard the scholastic system of philosophy, which the most distinguished men in the Church had used and consecrated to her service. But the attempt has ended in disaster. The history of modern philosophy reveals a succession of systems, one more erroneous and pernicious than another; idealism, sensism, skepticism, pantheism, materialism, nihilism; of which the outcome is chaos.

The literature of the day, with which young Catholics must become more or less familiar, reflects this confusion and contradiction. The books of science, the reviews, and magazines, which they can scarcely be expected not to read, abound in reckless assertions, false assumptions, or illogical conclusions, which it is essential that they should be able to detect and expose. They must know how, at a glance, to distinguish a fallacy from an argument, and recognize sophistry from sound reasoning. More than this, to sustain their part as educated Catholics, they must be ready not only to refute, but also to convince; not only to defend the truth, but also to attack error and rout its forces; to uphold the truths of reason as well as to guard those of revelation. Hence the need, greater now than ever before, of studying the science of philosophy, and especially of a careful training in logic.

For this reason, on its first appearance, we welcomed Fr. De Concilio's book as an encouraging sign that there was a greater demand

among Catholics for works on philosophy, and that competent men were devoting themselves to the task of preparing such works for the public. On its merits as a textbook we were not yet ready to speak. We waited till we could examine it more at leisure, and hear from teachers whose experience would give weight to their judgment. Now that we have read it, we must say that we are somewhat disappointed in it. Whilst it cannot be denied considerable merit, it has also serious defects. Nor can it serve as a safe and useful textbook without much correction and many changes.

The reverend author frankly invites criticism from "the learned professors of this study scattered throughout the land, from whom we (the author) shall thankfully receive any suggestions or corrections which they shall see fit to make." Emboldened by this invitation, we venture to make some observations. And first, as to the form. To many the catechetical form of question and answer appears to be too puerile for a textbook on philosophy. A professor who cannot formulate questions for his pupils as well as any author can do it, is not fit for his office. But if this form *is* used, as it is in some compendiums of theology, at least let the questions be real questions; let them be to the point, and lead easily to the answer. In these respects the book before us is very defective, as may be seen at a glance almost anywhere throughout the volume.

The subjects treated in the "Elements" are generally well divided and distinctly stated. We cannot admit, however, that the author's opinions are always sound or his explanations as clear as they should be. Even a hasty examination will disclose several instances of confused or incorrect statements, and so large a number of verbal inaccuracies and grammatical mistakes that we are at a loss to account for them except on the score of extreme haste. We will point out some examples.

In the introduction, Art. II., in answer to the question, "How is philosophy divided?" the author first divides *being* into rational, real, and moral. After defining each of these parts or divisions of being, using the definite article, however, incorrectly, he goes on as follows: "The rational (being) is called logic, etc. The moral (being) is the science of ethics, etc. The real (being) is called metaphysics, and is subdivided into *three* parts, because, as St. Thomas observes, real being may be classified under *four* heads." Of course, *three* is a printer's mistake. But the reverend author must pardon us for saying that these sentences denote unmistakable confusion of ideas. Logic is not rational being, but, from treating of rational being, is called rational science, etc. On page 12, we read: "The natural philosopher studies the body." Not at all. It is the physician that studies the body; the natural philosopher studies bodies. This is one of the many instances where a wrong use is made of the definite article. Another may be found on the same page. But in truth, they are "too numerous to mention."

On page 32 we find this curious specimen of scholarship: "The word *universal* is derived from the Latin words *unum versus alia*, and signifies a thing which refers to many." This has, at least, the merit of novelty. To say that the Latin word *universalia* is derived from *unum versus alia* is just as correct as to say that *universaliter* is derived from *unum versus alia ter*. It is well known to every one who has studied Latin etymology, that there is a large class of adjectives in *alis* derived from substantive nouns or adjectives, and that *universalis* is one of these, derived from *universus*, which is formed of *uni* and *versus*, meaning *turned or gathered into one, entire, whole*.

On page 21 we read this definition of logic: "Logic may be generally understood as meaning the right use of those faculties which

are destined to acquire knowledge." That is, logic is the right use of the reasoning faculties. We had an idea that logic *teaches* the right use of those faculties. Compare this sentence with the one quoted above: "The rational (*being*) is called logic," and it will be hard to say which is the graver mistake. If clearness of ideas and precision of language are needed at all times in a treatise on philosophy, they are especially necessary in definitions. We think the author singularly unhappy in this Introduction to Logic. We can admit neither his division of logic nor the explanation he gives of it. And it is on his own principles that we feel compelled to reject both.

And first, the division is faulty. Logic is *not* divided into natural and scientific. It is divided into natural and artificial or acquired. Either kind may also be scientific. One who has by nature strong powers of reasoning and a correct judgment is said to possess *natural* logic. If he knows by the force of native genius or, better still, by education, the leading principles on which sound reasoning depends, his logic, on the author's own showing, is *scientific*. If, besides, he is trained in the application of those principles and knows how to use the *rules* of logic, he is said to be versed in *artificial* logic. The argument to prove that logic is not an *art* does not convince. It proves too much. Indeed, it would follow that music, painting, any of the fine arts, or any of the industrial arts, would cease to be an art, if the artist should know the principles of the science on which his art depends. There is no need to enlarge on this point. We hold with the best authors, that logic may be considered both as an art and a science. And in this connection we may be allowed to observe, that there appears in this volume a striking disregard of the views and merits of other authors distinguished in this branch of study. A reasonable respect for the opinions of others, at least some indication that there *are* other opinions entitled to consideration, will do more to gain the favor of the judicious than the most positive tone of assurance. We think an impartial examination of this book will discover no grounds for overconfident satisfaction on the part of the author. We will go on with our list of errors.

In treating of certainty our author is obscure, from failing to distinguish between subjective and objective certainty, or rather between certitude and certainty.

For certitude, according to Dr. Newman, is a state of the mind; certainty, a quality of propositions.

Thus on page 83, certainty is defined to be: "That state of the mind by which it firmly adheres to a known truth without fear of the opposite." This is evidently subjective certainty or certitude, though it is very awkward to speak of a *state of the mind by which it* (the mind) *adheres*, etc. Then follows this sentence: "It (that is, that state of the mind called certainty) may be *metaphysical*, *physical*, and *moral*." We think this division is applicable only to objective certainty or the certainty of propositions.

Among the incorrect expressions and inaccurate statements which are plentifully sprinkled throughout the book, we may notice the following: On page 105 the fallacy which our author calls *ignorantia elenchi* is, we presume, our old acquaintance *ignoratio elenchi*. The former is generally regarded as a species of the latter. There is a wide difference between "ignorance of the point at issue" and "ignoring or evading the point at issue." Besides the incorrect use of the definite article, to which we referred above, we noticed several instances of the wrong tense used. For an example, see page 148, the first sentence in the Introduction to Ontology. The explanation of *universals* is not satisfac-



tory. They are not well defined, and no distinction is made between *direct* and *reflex* universals. The chapter on Being contains several errors. *Equivocal* seems to be taken for *analogical*, and *univocal* for *identical*. How can being be "predicated of itself *univocally*," when univocal means a term (p. 56) "that is applied to *several* objects under the same signification?" And what is meant by this sentence in Article 3? "We have said that being is predicated univocally only of itself, therefore it is attributed analogically to all other subjects." What subjects are these which are not being? The last paragraph in the third chapter on the distinction between Essence and Existence is simply unintelligible.

On page 181, in the article on the Beautiful, besides the expression "the beautiful natural," already noticed in the *Catholic World*, we must object to the following sentence: "Man is composed of body and soul; the body consists of motive, vegetative, sensitive faculties; the soul of intellectual and volitive faculties." Can a substance which is endowed with faculties be said to *consist* of those faculties?

On page 190 there are two mistakes. It is not grammatical to speak, as this article does repeatedly, of "introducing form *in* matter." An arrow does *not* reach the mark because it is *thrown* by the archer. Arrows are supposed to be *shot* with a bow.

On page 195 "particular goods" should be "a particular good." Goods (the plural noun) means wares or property.

On page 196 we are told that, "a man digging the foundation of a house finds a treasure. The actual effect of the man's action is digging, but accidentally the other effect is connected with it." Not so. Though the finding of a treasure may be accidental, it is also actual, unless it should take place in a dream. Actual is not opposed to accidental, but to potential or virtual.

On page 174, in the article on "The Goodness of Being," we must take exception to the definition of goodness, as too restricted. It applies only to that which is *formally* good, whereas it ought to include also that which is *fundamentally* good, or which contains the reason and foundation of goodness. Not only is that good which *is* sought after, but also that which *may be* sought after, which contains in itself a reason why it may be an object of appetite. If the definition does not include this, it cannot be applied to the three kinds into which the author divides "goodness." But why omit the very important division of which the old authors make so much, the "bonum honestum, delectabile utile?"

On page 215 the author explains the nature of accident. "It is intrinsically necessary for the nature of (the) accident to be supported; but it is quite indifferent to the same nature *what* it is supported by—by its own substance, or any other force sufficient to uphold it." Here there is some confusion of ideas, arising, we think, from the use of the word *indifferent*. If this were true, as it reads, it would follow that there is no extraordinary exercise of divine power in the Holy Eucharist. If it be "indifferent to the very nature of accident *what* it is supported by," then in every case it would require the action of some extrinsic cause to determine it to "its own substance or to some other force sufficient to uphold it." In other words, if this be true, accident does not inhere in substance by the force of its nature, but remains in suspense, *indifferent* till its mode of existence or its inherence is determined by Omnipotence. This we cannot admit. It is not indifferent to the nature of accident *what* it is supported by. It belongs to its nature to inhere in a subject. Inherence in substance is necessary to the very notion or definition of accident. Not, indeed, that it must *actually* in-

here in a subject ; but it has that aptitude and tendency by the exigence of its nature. Hence it can never be *indifferent* as to what it is supported by. It has by nature a fixed tendency to inhere in a substance. What God does in the Eucharist is not to change the nature of accident, but to supply, by his power, that which before was done for the accidents, by the substance ; that is, to uphold them in existence supernaturally.

On page 230 the author undertakes to show how grammar is founded on ontology. His theory is partly false and partly fanciful. Grammar, as an art, is concerned with the rules for speaking and writing a language correctly. As a science it deals with the principles common to all languages. In so far as it treats of the connection between ideas and words it is a rational science, and belongs to logic rather than to ontology. It is not true that "our speech is real and objective, because the verb *to be* necessarily implies real existence." This is a fanciful theory of ontologists. The verb *to be* can be employed to express abstract concepts, universal ideas, and possible things. Our speech is real and objective when our ideas represent real and objective things. No doubt every language and all speech must express *being*, with its properties and categories, causes, relations, etc., since these include all that can be talked or written about. But the art of grammar is no more dependent on ontology than the art of logic. Let the author select an example more to the point.

Thus far we have dealt principally with the defects of Fr. De Concilio's Elements. It is evident that some of the faults we have pointed out, are of a more serious character than others. Some are merely grammatical errors or verbal inaccuracies, which, though very unsightly in a textbook, do not seriously affect its merits as a philosophy. Others are far more important. The introduction to logic and the chapter on Being, need to be remodelled. Obscure passages, such as we have called attention to, should be made clear. The author's idea of what the style should be is well expressed in the preface : "It must be of a didactic nature, that is, brief and concise, but above all, perfectly clear." In carrying out this idea he has achieved only a moderate measure of success. Where he is obscure, it is in the ideas rather than in the words. These are, on the whole, good English words. Indeed the author affects a preference for words of Anglo-Saxon origin. But, like most foreigners, in dealing with such words he lacks the delicate instinct to appreciate their nice shades of meaning, and to apply them correctly. The book is full of inaccuracies, both of expression and statement ; mistakes of language and style which would be considered discreditable in one to whom English were not a foreign tongue. And what shall we say of his effort "to illustrate his theories by quotations from the poets, to lessen the tension of the mind by something pleasing and interesting?" We can at least give him credit for a good intention. It was certainly a "new departure" in a textbook of philosophy. And now that the experiment has been tried, we are "free to admit" that it is an unquestionable failure. With the exception of a few short lines, the quotations neither illustrate the theories nor lessen the tension of the mind. The theories are as easy to understand as the illustrations ; and the text is less of a strain than the poetry. We see no objection, as Fr. De Concilio proposes, "to mix the useful with the sweet." It is not an easy matter, however, to select from our didactic poets lengthy passages that will serve as illustrations of abstruse theories, and yet deserve to be called "sweet" poetry. An obscure proposition or argument is not made clear by the jingle of rhyme.

The chief merit of the "Elements," and it is no inconsiderable merit, lies in the skilful division and orderly arrangement of the subjects.

The chapters are not too comprehensive; the articles are sufficiently short; the subject-matter distinctly stated. It is true, we miss many points that might well have been introduced; some that might even be considered necessary. In this respect Father De Concilio's book is more meagre than Hill's *Elements*. But we have no desire to quarrel with it on that account. We cannot look for everything in an elementary treatise. And besides, where the outline is too bare, as it often is, it can be filled in by reference to the fuller treatment of the same subjects by Hill.

There is one article, the fourth in Chapter II. of Anthropology, which should have been omitted. It can serve no good purpose in a book intended for young persons; it may do much harm. We have heard it spoken of as positively indelicate. Let the reader imagine, if he can, a class of young ladies in one of our academies, presided over by a nun, discussing and commenting upon the subject of that article! Its treatment should be left to the special science to which it belongs. We hope, for the sake of decency, that in a second edition, this article will disappear.

It is the orderly arrangement of the subjects treated, that gives to this volume that degree of clearness which it retains in spite of its mistakes and inaccuracies, to which we do not pretend to have done full justice. If we have seemed to dwell upon its defects rather than its merits, it is because the former are scattered and need to be searched for in detail. But we have reviewed the book in no unfriendly spirit. We cheerfully acknowledge all the merit to which it can lay claim. Fr. De Concilio has undertaken to labor in a field which promises a plentiful harvest and in which there is room for many workmen. We wish him success in his enterprise. That his book has faults must be evident, we should suppose, even to the author. We think he will be thankful to us for giving him the opportunity of making the corrections which we have shown to be necessary. With such changes as we have suggested it can be made a useful book, especially for the pupils of female academies, and other students whose previous attainments may not have fitted them for a more thorough course of philosophy.

---

THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY EPOCH: being a history of France from the beginning of the First French Revolution to the end of the Second Empire. By *Henri Van Laun*. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1879. Two vols. 8vo.

THE French Revolution was only a phase, though the most conspicuous one, of the modern Revolution, or spirit of revolt and rebellion against God and all authority derived from Him. Most men of our day, some of them very honestly, imagine that it originated in a love of liberty and independence, developed by that culture, which grew out of the invention of printing and Luther's Reformation. If true liberty and independence of merely human control are meant, this is not true. For, the spirit of individual, municipal, civil, and national liberty was as well understood in the Middle Ages, as now; and we beg leave to add, though it may shock the ears of modern Liberals, better appreciated and far more extensively practiced than in our day. Liberty, as it is called, or Liberalism, as it should more properly be called—for it is not a virtue, nor a right, nor anything good and creditable—is with too many nowadays not independence of usurped or unlawful sway, but is simply a rebellion against God's authority or any authority derived from Him.



It is the spirit of Satan manifesting itself in those whom he has won over, and through them perpetuating the work he began with Eve and Adam in the earthly paradise. He promised them freedom from God's authority in order to enslave them the more securely. And this is the very spirit of modern Liberalism. It protests against authority, but it cunningly hides what is thereby meant, the authority of God or of those who hold from Him whether in the religious or secular sphere. It is willing to submit, nay glories in submitting, to any authority, provided it be not the authority of God or of those, with whom He has shared it. This is evident from the homage modern Liberals accord to whoever is the head of their party for the time being. And, if we look below the surface it is a thousand times more clearly seen in the oath-bound obedience which, in Europe at least, the members of secret societies give, not only without a murmur but with cheerfulness, to their hidden chief. They know not who he is, but they will commit any crime, even sacrilege, perjury, and murder at his bidding. This proves how hollow is the pretext, that they are fond of independence and striving to establish the principle of self-government. It is not thirty years, since a member of the "*Marianne*," a secret society in France, was commanded to assassinate his own mother. She was suspected of giving information to the police about the dark doings of her son; and at the next meeting of the Lodge, it was decreed that she had incurred the penalty of death. Her son was chosen to execute the sentence of the secret tribunal, not only to bind him closer by crime to his associates, but also with the diabolical intent of impressing upon him and others the terrible lesson that family, social, moral, religious, and other ties, are but gossamer threads, in comparison with the iron chains that bind the members of a secret society to the underground government to which he has once sworn allegiance. The fact we allude to cannot be called in question. For the son, though willing enough to commit the crime, proved practically no adept but a bungler, and, therefore, was caught, convicted, and guillotined. The whole history of his trial, and confession, with the evidence, may be seen in any French or European newspaper of any importance of the year 1853 or 1854, according to the best of our recollection.

The true history of this Revolution, above and below ground, has yet to be written. And M. Henri Van Laun is evidently not the man for the task. His so-called history is a pitiful, contemptible thing. His object is plain enough, to justify the upheaval of disorderly elements in Europe against the existing order of things. But he brings no historical talent to aid him in his sophistry. He has, whenever it suits his purpose, big words and phrases, but no attempt at logical deductions. "Priests and superstition," "priestly influence," "clerical party," these are the stereotyped phrases, with which he explains matters to his liking. He has an introduction, devoted to the period which prepared the way for the French Revolution. But it is neither correct nor philosophical, inasmuch as it dwells on the social and political miseries of France (which no doubt existed), but says nothing of the horrible spirit of irreligion which possessed the big cities and was making its way into the rural districts. And yet this, no doubt, in the eyes of any sound thinker, was one of the primary causes of the French Revolution.

If he is not competent to reason on facts, he is able enough to pervert or state them incorrectly. The American reader ought to feel indebted to him for the information (vol. 1. p. 490) that Spain was induced by Napoleon to sell Louisiana to the United States. Again (vol. 1. p. 399), it is boldly asserted from the lying French Republican rumors of

the day, that Gen. Duphot took refuge in the palace of the French Ambassador, Joseph Bonaparte, and that the Papal troops "fired on them and killed an attache of Gen. Duphot." This is said to justify the French Directory for its subsequent invasion and subjugation of Rome. But the story is false, and there yet live some who have heard the true account from those who were both eye-witnesses and parties to that portion of Roman history. The French Ambassador then lived in the Palace Corsini, under the Janiculum, and very little distant from the palace is an arched gateway, called Porta Settimiana, which opens on the Via Longara. On the north side of the gate, a little to the right hand (we could put our finger on the very spot), a picket station of three or four gendarmes with sentry box was placed by the government of Pius VI. Its object was to watch the headquarters of the Revolutionary propaganda in the Palace Corsini, where disaffected Romans celebrated their Masonic orgies, and prevent them from coming out to create riot and tumult in the city—a practice encouraged by all the embassies of the French Republic throughout Italy. What happened afterwards, showed the wisdom of the Papal government's provision. For on the 27th of December, 1797, after a dinner in the Palace Corsini, a horde of drunken vagabonds, French and Italian, issued from the palace, wearing tricolor cockades and shouting for the Republic, which was to take the place of the Pope's government. The miserable sneak, Joseph Bonaparte, was not with them, but he sent at their head his *attaché*, Gen. Duphot. Marching southward, they came very soon to the picket station at Porta Settimiana, where they were called to halt more than once by Corporal Marinelli, who had charge of the station. As they advanced in defiance of his repeated summons and warnings, he had no alternative but to do his duty as a soldier. He took deliberate aim at the epauletted miscreant, who headed this drunken band and shot him dead on the spot. The moment he fell, his followers fled in confusion. Three or four years before, a similar attempt had been made by a fanatical Frenchman, Hugues Bassville (likewise under the inspiration of the French embassy), but he too fell, a victim not of military discipline, but of popular indignation. To his death we owe one of Monti's poems, and perhaps his best (certainly one of the best that modern Italian poetry has produced), the "*Cantica in morte di Ugo Bassville*." When the French, under Berthier, seized Rome in 1798, Marinelli was compelled to hide himself, and it is to the credit of the faithful people of Rome that his hiding-place, though known to many, was never betrayed, until he emerged from it at the triumphant return of Pius VII. in 1814.

But though our author is ignorant of facts, he is very well posted in hidden motives of the human breast, and can tell us plainly enough of those secret springs that move a Pope to act, while he pretends others. "At first the Pope (Pius VII.) refused (to crown Napoleon) for various reasons, principally because he would not consecrate the usurper to a throne, to which there was a legitimate pretender. But the Pontiff's reluctance *may be more justly ascribed* to the wish of enhancing the price of this favor, and by these means to obtain once more possession of the Legations, Bologna, etc." (Vol. ii. p. 9.) He gives us as history the old stereotyped fable of Wellington's "Up, guards, and at them!" but when he comes to speak of the causes of the uprising of Belgium against Holland and her Nassau dynasty, he seems utterly ignorant that the atrocious anti-Catholic bigotry of the house of Orange was one of the chief causes. (Vol. ii. pp. 196, 297.)

The author is seemingly a Frenchman, and his English betrays it. See vol. ii. p. 227 for one example. He is a Republican and detests,

as heartily as we could wish, the two imperial shams, Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. But he has a word of excuse for every Republican ruffian or hero (so called) who figures in his pages, and sickens us by his frequent reminding us that they were "honest." And this even of Robespierre! He is no Catholic evidently, nor Christian of any kind, for he is indignant at the attempt of the Restoration (so he calls the government of Louis XVIII.), to enforce some kind of respect for the Sunday, as if it were an outrage upon the liberty of French *citizens*, for he would no doubt object to our calling them subjects. (Vol. ii. p. 154.)

His sources of information are not the best. He professes to draw from MM. Taine, Michelet, and Quinet, and from Carlyle. As if Carlyle were not the greatest of all modern shams, and MM. Taine, Michelet, and Quinet were not well known to be neither Christians nor honest men, if we must state the case plainly. They hate and fiercely abuse the Jesuits and the Catholic Church, and this is their passport to the favor of the non-Catholic world, which overlooks the fact that their abuse of Pope and Jesuits is their peculiar way of expressing their hatred of Christianity.

The book is a wretched performance, however we consider it, and does not deserve the name of a history. The author took some pains at the beginning, but the second volume, especially the latter half of it, seems to have been written under compulsion, merely to gratify the publisher's demand for promised copy. We would not have noticed it, were it not that we wished to warn Catholics against it, as we know that too many of them are apt to learn history from these worthless or pernicious sources.

DE RE SACRAMENTARIA. Prælectiones Scholastico-Dogmaticæ quas in Collegio SS. Cordis Jesu ad Woodstock maxima Soc. Jesu studiorum domo in Fœd. Americæ Sept. Statibus habebat A.D. MDCCCLXXVII-VIII. *Æmilius M. De Augustinis, S. J.*, in eodem Collegio Theol. Dogmaticæ Professor. Libri duo priores. Woodstock, Marylandæ: Ex officina typographica Collegii. 1878. Large 8vo., pp. 755.

We have recommended already, and again beg leave to recommend this learned treatise of F. De Augustinis. There is no more important matter in dogmatic theology, none of wider extent; for a hundred practical questions arise every day which moral theology cannot solve without reference to dogma. God's grace is the life of the soul and the sacraments are the ordinary channels through which it is imparted. The sect that breaks loose from Catholic Unity, but does not deny or discard the sacraments, may be in general terms a rotten, withered branch, but secures thereby for such of her children as are in good faith the means of grace and multiplies their chances of salvation. Stagnation of the vital current is not always death, as we see in some examples of the Eastern Churches. But the Churches which have rejected the sacraments are all on the highroad to utter infidelity, if not already sunk in its abyss. The extinction of Christianity among them is only a question of time. Nothing is more striking than the difference between the fallen churches of the East and of the West in this respect. The subtle but indolent Eastern mind goes in one direction, the busy practical Western mind in another. The former will speculate and theorize, from doubt to denial, on all the higher mysteries of God's nature, the Trinity of Persons, or the wonderful fact of the Incarnation. But, in spite of all this it has the deepest reverence for the sacramental system of the Church. Hence the Nestorian or Eutychian, while denying the fundamental truths of the Incarnation, can see no difficulty, and will



think it no hardship to kneel down before a priest, confess his sins, and beg for absolution, or to adore the real presence of Christ our Lord in the Eucharist. But Western heresy is not apt to soar on metaphysical wings. It does not speculate about the nature and *mode* of the higher mysteries. It either simply admits them (not *believes* but *tolerates* them) or flatly denies them, as most "thinkers" outside of the Catholic Church now boldly do. But that God should have chosen visible channels to convey His invisible grace, is quite intolerable to the heretically inclined Westerns, especially those of the Teutonic race. It seems to them a waste of our time and of His power. They will not condescend to inquire whether He *has* done it. They boldly take the ground that He could not and would not, because their "private opinion" has decided that He ought not do it.

F. De Augustinis follows substantially the same method, as his colleague, F. Mazzella. Of this he gives us a brief preliminary sketch in his introduction. Theology being chiefly based on authority, the first duty of a theological teacher is to state clearly what is the doctrine of the Church as defined by herself, accurately distinguishing and separating it from the opinions of the schools and of individual theologians (to which she accords great liberty), and then proving it clearly and convincingly from Holy Writ, and from the Tradition of the Church in all ages, of which Tradition the Holy Fathers are the chief witnesses and expounders. After this, which is, so to speak, the groundwork of theological science, he proceeds to construct the noble edifice. He explains the truths revealed by God and proposed to us by Holy Church, by the aid of sound reasoning, as far as they admit of explanation; or in the case of mysteries he shows how they transcend, but do not contradict natural reason. He further points out the connection and mutual bearing of revealed truths, and brings to light the analogies that exist between the doctrine of the Church and the teaching of reason; which of itself furnishes proof presumptive of the truth of both. To say that F. De Augustinis has done this well would be saying little; for he has carried out his programme with a completeness that deserves all praise.

Another advantage of the course of Fathers De Augustinis and Mazzella is, that, when necessary, they bring the latest teachings of Rome to bear on opinions, which have a Catholic look, but are not in strict conformity with the Catholic dogma. Thus on the last page of the volume before us there is a decision (of which we never heard before) issued in 1875, and condemning an insidious opinion of which the apparent intent was to lessen the difficulties of Transubstantiation, but, instead, did away with the doctrine.

We cordially recommend this book not only to all professors who have the leisure and the good will to improve themselves in that great science, which after the science of the Saints, best becomes a priest. Many are so absorbed in their continual onerous duties arising from the care of souls, that they have little time left for study. But all are not thus situated. And it would be a serious mistake for any of them to suppose that their education is finished, when they have left the ecclesiastical seminary or other house of clerical training. On the contrary, it is only then beginning in earnest. Let each one remember, that his intellectual powers are developing themselves constantly, and the knowledge that he laid up in his storehouse of memory is fermenting day by day, unconsciously taking new forms and striving to purge itself of all dross of error. He is now able to study for himself, and this is chiefly that for which the training of years under a professor was intended.

Let all our young clergy, who have the time and opportunity, give themselves to study; and the habit of studying will at last bring about a love of study, making it a pleasure instead of a task. Let them take up, for example, the works of F. De Augustinis and F. Mazzella and read a few pages every day or at regular intervals. They will soon be astonished and delighted by many things which are new to them, consequences that flow from dogmas or their underlying principles; in a word, much that never occurred to them before, but which they will clearly see was contained, as in its germ, in the knowledge they acquired in the seminary.

---

REPLY OF RT. REV. THOMAS A. BECKER, D.D., BISHOP OF WILMINGTON, to assertions against the Catholic Church made, by Bishop Lee, of the Anglican denomination, in a Sermon delivered in St. Andrew's, Wilmington, Del., Oct. 28th, 1878. *Non nova sed nove.* Baltimore Sun Office, 1878, pp. 35.

There was lately held at Lambeth Palace, England, a Pan-Anglican Synod, that is, an assembly of English-speaking churchmen, designated as bishops by themselves and their co-religionists. Even Catholics, though not recognizing their orders as valid, do not refuse them the appellation, as far as courtesy in civil or social life requires it. But our courtesy, extorted by Christian charity, which for the moment suppresses or thrusts out of sight our positive convictions, is ill-repaid by these gentlemen. For there is scarce one of them who can ever speak of us without using the offensive epithets, Popish, Papist, Romanist, etc. Was it out of the simplicity of his good heart or in a sarcastic vein that Rev. Mr. Nightingale, an English Methodist clergyman, wrote in a book published some fifty years ago, that "these odious nicknames of Papist and Romanist are no longer applied to the Roman Catholic Church by any scholar or gentleman?"

Why these bishops called their assemblage a synod, it would be hard to say. For they decided nothing, agreed to nothing that concerned faith, morals or church discipline. The Catholic Church, to whom they are indebted for the very name of synod, has been holding synods for the last eighteen hundred years; but their object was always to settle something in faith or discipline. Unity of faith comes from the teaching power of the Church; unity of discipline, as far as it may be needed or desirable, from the law-making power left her by Christ. And this is just the difference between the Church and the sects. The latter have neither authority to teach nor to legislate. And they often, though not always, confess it. The Pan-Anglican Synod did homage to the truth from the very beginning by declaring that it "could not assume to exercise any legislative authority."

Bishop Lee, of Delaware, having returned home from this synod, which did nothing and by its own honest confession could do nothing, was naturally expected by his people to say something of the synod. But what could he say of a synod that had done nothing? He had to fall back on the old ground, that is always a safe retreat for the embarrassed pulpit orator. Sterne used to say of himself, that when at a loss for matter in his sermons, he always fell back on his "Cheshire cheese," abuse of Popery. Bishop Lee did the same, and proceeded to attack and vilify the Catholic religion, which according to him was not religion, but "Paganism, a soul-crushing, soul-blighting despotism, a spurious, unchristian faith," etc.

It was this sermon that elicited the reply by Bishop Becker. It fully demolishes all the charges of Bishop Lee, and is a most able defence of all those points on which he attacked the Church. The arguments in

reply to those charges are old and stereotyped like the charges themselves. But Bishop Becker has given them the charm of novelty and freshness, and has succeeded admirably in carrying out the motto of his title page : *Non nova sed nove*.

---

PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC CIVILIZATION COMPARED. The Future of Catholic Peoples. An Essay contrasting Protestant and Catholic efforts for Civilization. By *Baron de Haulleville* With Prefatory Notes, by Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Dechamps, and Pius IX., and an Appendix, containing Notes from various authoritative sources. New York : Hickey & Co., Publishers of the Vatican Library. 1879.

This work, from the pen of the learned and able editor of the *Révue Générale*, of Brussels, is a vindication of an arraignment of the Church as regards her influence upon civilization, made by M. Emile de Laveleye, the literary leader of Liberalism in Belgium, editor of the *Révue de Belgique*, and an occasional contributor to the *Fortnightly Review*.

The author shows that nothing can be more absurd than to suppose that the material prosperity of a people is conclusive evidence of the truth of its religious belief ; and, even if this were true, it would be fatal to every form of worship ever practiced by man. Again, Catholic nations *have* attained to the topmost height of worldly greatness, and it was only when they ceased to be truly Catholic that they lost their splendor. On the other hand, where, we might ask, has a people ever been great because it was Protestant ? What did the ephemeral glory of Sweden, Holland, and Prussia, avail them ? England is great in spite of Protestantism, and because of the principle of liberty handed down from the Catholic ages—the Ages of Faith. Was it Lutheranism that conquered at Sedan ? Would it not be more natural to suppose that the social convulsion which is now shaking the German Empire to its very foundations, is directly traceable to the principles of the so-called Reformation ? Nor is the comparison on economical grounds, in any respect more advantageous to Protestant communities. Where they are prosperous it is not on account of their religion, but owing to local influences ; whereas, even in Protestant Prussia, Catholics have, by their industry, overcome the disadvantages of nature to such an extent as to have honestly gained for themselves the reputation of being the most thrifty people in Europe, or perhaps in the world.

We give here but a faint outline of the subjects treated in detail by Baron de Haulleville, in the first three chapters of his work. The fourth, which treats of colonization, will, perhaps, be the most interesting to American readers. How the Catholic Church has always been the friend of civil liberty is shown in the fifth, and more than one delusion concerning education is dispelled in the sixth chapter. The subject of immorality is one on which Protestants, and, in fact, non-Catholics generally, have every reason to keep silent ; for, Protestantism more than any other heresy, was inspired by lust. And even to-day, in this enlightened nineteenth century, we find Protestant communities wallowing in the most degrading kinds of vice. The statistics furnished in corroboration of this statement are of the most conclusive kind, and cannot fail to leave the impression on every unbiassed mind, that the " Reformation " has been anything but a blessing to the peoples upon whom it was forced by tyrannical rulers. The development of the Protestant principle can bring nothing but ruin.

The work is enriched with an appendix, containing, in the form of statistical and historical facts, ample corroborations of Baron de Haulleville's arguments. It is well printed and neatly bound.



THE JESUITS. By *Paul Feval*. Translated from the French, by T. F. Galwey. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1879.

Years ago, when just entering upon his literary life, and an indifferent as regards religious belief, the author of this work was solicited by the proprietor of a leading Paris newspaper to prepare a series of articles in denunciation of the Society of Jesus. Assenting to the proposal, a mass of material, much of it new and unpublished, was placed in his hands; he examined and studied it. The result was an unexpected change in his opinions of the Order. He found himself, to his utter astonishment, on the one hand, compelled by the very testimony of those who had been its accusers to acquit it of the misdeeds and crimes which they had charged it, and, on the other hand, convinced of their malice, falsehood; and hypocrisy. The manliness of his nature revolted from the task he had undertaken, and he revoked his contract. The study of the documents referred to, made a deep impression on his mind; for, though during a period of thirty years he remained an indifferentist, he tells us that he "continued to think of the Jesuits in spite of himself, and read with a strange eagerness whatever bore upon them," until after many years "God sought him out, allowed unaccustomed sorrow to fall upon him, cast him to the dust, and, in that solemn moment, when the soul hesitates and shivers, called on the one side, by repentance and life, and on the other by revolt and death. He sent the Jesuit, Pierre Olivaint, to assist him, to touch the crucifix to his pains and lift him out of despair."

With a heart full of gratitude to God for his conversion, our author has set himself to work to counteract and repair, as best he may, the evil done by his pen in the years of his irreligion. He confesses that he "has sown his long road with pages in which the name of God is dubiously honored, religion received but an empty respect," and of which he can "scarcely read one with unmixed pleasure." The first of his publications in the cause of his holy faith is entitled *Les Etapes d'une Conversion*. The present volume, which is but the precursor of a third, *The General History of the Jesuits*, upon which he is laboring, is the second.

The object of the author is not to present a history of the labors of the Society, or a studied vindication of it from the assaults of its enemies, but simply "to hold its members up as spectacles before the eyes of men," whom it calls upon to come and see what manner of men they are, the nature of the wicked deeds with which they have been charged, the character of their accusers, and "the justice with which they have been subjected to the universal scorn and derision of the world. "It asks the same question concerning them that was formerly asked concerning our Lord, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" and returns the same answer, "Come and see."

With glowing pen our author sketches the foundation of the Society by St. Ignatius Loyola. We see before us, as in a painting, the warrior of Pampeluna, marshalling his little army of Jesus upon the heights of Montmartre. Then we behold him kneeling humbly at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, and entreating his benediction upon the society and its formal recognition. This obtained, we behold crowds flocking to its standard and enlisting in its service; some founding schools and universities; others combating the errors of the day; and still others, girding their loins and grasping their staves, speeding their way over stormy seas and through uninhabited deserts to the distant regions of America, Asia, Africa, and the isles of the ocean, everywhere triumphing over superstition and false religion, everywhere fertilizing the soil with their

blood, and everywhere making it blossom as the garden of their Lord. Then the scene changes, and we are brought back to the civilized countries of France, and Spain, and Portugal. There we behold the standard of persecution raised against the society. We see infidel philosophers and encyclopædists envious of the success of its schools and universities, courtiers and courtesans of corrupt courts illy enduring the rebuke of their misdeeds, lucre-loving tradesmen angered because the missionaries of the society interfered to protect from their dishonesty and cruelty the poor ignorant savages. We see all these enemies of the society rallying their forces for its destruction, and uniting, with satanic malevolence, in aspersing and calumniating its members. We see its members cast into subterranean dungeons, placed on board of leaking and sinking vessels, and suffering death at the hands of the public executioner. And finally, when malevolence and hatred reigned supreme, and the peace of Christendom seems to require it, we see the Society of Jesus, obedient to the decree of the Sovereign Pontiff, disbanding and ceasing to exist.

These sketches, drawn with a master-hand, furnish a powerful defence of the Society of Jesus against the aspersions of its enemies, who are made to stand before us in their true character, self-confessed hypocrites, liars, and unwilling vindicators of the innocence of those whose condemnation their malice and hatred had secured.

The work has obtained the almost universal commendation of the Catholic press, and we cordially give it the benefit of this expression of our favorable opinion.

THE LIFE OF HENRIETTE D'OSSEVILLE. (In Religion, Mother Ste. Marie.) Foundress of the Institute of the Faithful Virgin. Arranged and edited by *John George McLeod* of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates. 1878.

This very interesting book has a special value for those who are engaged in the work of educating and taking care of Catholic orphans. Madame d'Osseville was one of those remarkable instances in which God shows pre-eminently his power in selecting instrumentalities, according to the judgment of man, not only insufficient, but ill adapted to the great work performed through them. Of a delicate physical constitution, she was affected with curvature of the spine and kindred diseases all her life; she was physically deformed, and suffered from great weakness of body and from agonizing pains, yet she was enabled to found, and for many years, up to extreme old age, to direct, with extraordinary efficiency and success, an Institute or Congregation held in high esteem, which has expanded into a number of houses in France and England, for the care of orphans. The history of her undertaking was marked at first by the obstacles, delays, and bitter disappointments with which God usually tries the faith and patience of those whom he selects for some specially important and blessed work. The solid virtue, too, of the infant congregation was tested in two opposite ways. It had been scarcely formed when Divine Providence called it to a most arduous work, not its own, the attendance on the sick during a most terrible visitation of cholera. Soon afterwards it was summoned to the still more trying task of tending for a time the wounded soldiers in the Crimea. These were entirely different works from that for which the Congregation was founded, the special charge of protecting and educating orphans of the poorer class, and seemed a strange training and discipline. Had it not been for the firm and watchful rule of the holy Foundress, directed with a pure and single intention to the one great



object of her life, her Institute might have been easily drawn aside from its special vocation.

These incidents and many other topics we have not mentioned, connected with the spiritual trials and experiences of Madame d'Osseville are narrated in this work.

A HISTORY OF MARYLAND, UPON THE BASIS OF MCSHERRY. By *Henry Onderdonk, A.M.* Second Revised and Enlarged Edition. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., pp. 360.

This book is gotten up in simple style for the use of schools. The author has done his work of condensing McSherry conscientiously and creditably. About one hundred and fifty pages of the book are of his own composing. They refer to the late war, and are not the least interesting portion. The author has treated the Merryman Case in a very agreeable manner. We would like to see condensed estimates of the true worth of such men among Maryland's sons as Chief Justice Taney. The history is done up in the old style of narrating battles and wars. We submit that this is becoming antiquated. The inner life of Maryland is of much more importance; but we get glimpses of it "few and far between" in the book under review. We understand that the book has been regarded as too decidedly Catholic. We think it is all the other way, inasmuch as it is too negative on Catholic issues. What a glowing chapter, for instance, might be written for our Catholic youth upon the lives of the first noble missionaries! And a chapter upon education in Maryland would have much to say upon the flourishing Catholic institutions that dot the State. Then there are the numerous religious Orders, which are certainly deserving of a more than passing notice. These are precisely the things our Catholic youth ought not be kept in ignorance of. The day is past when a Catholic need fear to hold up his head and speak out the truth. The history of the Church in the United States is a glorious proof of its undying vitality.

LAST SEVEN WORDS OF JESUS ON THE CROSS. By a *Passionist Missionary Priest*. Permissu Superiorum. New York: P. O'Shea, Publisher, 1877.

Volumes have been written and volumes more might be written on the "Last Words" of our Divine Lord while hanging on the cross, without exhausting their meaning. They form a most fruitful subject for devout meditation. Those who seek to be perfect, and those, too, whose aspirations are less high, but who still sincerely desire to overcome temptation and fight the good fight of faith, can find no better spiritual exercise than devout meditation on these Last Words. For, as is well remarked in the work before us, "our Divine Master during his whole life was a most perfect model of all Christian virtues; and like a bright lamp the splendor of His example shone most brilliantly at the close of His life, during His three hours' agony on the golden candlestick of His holy cross." "The last words of every great personage are treasured by all his relations, friends, and admirers. This particularly is the case with the dying expressions of persons eminent for sanctity. But who can be greater than the King of kings, and the sovereign Lord of heaven and earth? Who can be more holy than Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the source of all grace, virtue, and sanctity? He is our Creator, our best Benefactor, our wisest Teacher, our most faithful Friend, our nearest Relative, our Brother, our Father, our Redeemer, our All."

In his exposition of the seven sentences spoken by our Saviour on the



cross, commonly called His "Seven Last Words," the author of the work before us makes the following general division :

"The first three words of our crucified Redeemer have relation to men upon earth. The four last words relate more immediately to Himself. The former represent our Saviour as the most perfect model of good example. The latter represent Him as the most perfect victim of our atonement, and as the full price of our redemption : *Copiosa apud Deum redemptio.*"

Each "Consideration" is concluded with a devout and appropriate prayer. The work throughout is full of edifying and devout thoughts, and constitutes an excellent help towards understanding the profound and most important truths comprehended in the passion and death of our Divine Lord.

A SHORT CATECHISM FOR YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG WOMEN CONTEMPLATING MARRIAGE. By Michael Dausch, Secular Priest of the Archdiocese of Baltimore. Printed at St. Mary's Industrial School for Boys, Carroll P. O., Baltimore County, Md. 1878.

One of the most fruitful causes of the scandals which mark our age, and of life-long misery even where it does not give rise to public scandal, is the rashness and wrong dispositions with which so many persons contract marriage. This is not only the cause of misery and of sin in countless instances, but is wrong in itself. St. John Chrysostom says : "Whenever you are about to take a wife, read not only the laws of the land, but, more than these, consider those of the Church ; for by these, and not by those of the State, will God judge you in that day." Matrimony is a sacrament of the Church sanctifying the relation of husband and wife, and strengthening them for the discharge of the duties of the holy relation into which they have entered.

Catholics living in constant contact with, and often in, the families of Protestants and other non-Catholics, are in great danger of forgetting this, and of insensibly adopting the wrong and loose ideas of matrimony which prevail outside the Church.

The little work before us is designed to guard young persons against this, and to instruct them in the dispositions they should have, and the preparation they should make, for entering into the marriage relation, so as to preserve its sacred character, and faithfully discharge the duties it involves. Father Dausch's work is put forth with the *imprimatur* of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore. In the form of question and answer, it gives plain, practical, and important instructions in regard to the various subjects on which it treats. It is a timely and useful work, and we would be glad to see it in the hands of all young Catholics. Married persons, also, may derive from its pages useful instruction and practical hints how they may avoid the unhappiness which frequently arises in families from want of consideration, ill-judgment, ill-temper, the absence of the dispositions which religion inculcates and encourages, and from other causes.

RAPHAELA; OR, THE HISTORY OF A YOUNG GIRL WHO WOULD NOT TAKE ADVICE. By *Mlle Monot*. Translated from the French, by a Sister of St. Joseph. Philadelphia : Peter F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street. 1878.

A most charmingly written and interesting sketch of the life, useful labors, and charity of a French lady, born in affluence and high station, who passed safely through the perils of the "days of terror," and though exposed to the insidious influences of the corrupt social life of France in high circles, preserved her faith, led an eminently Christian life, devoting herself in her latter years to the establishment of a highly successful educational institution.





